SOUTHERN
HISTORICAL SOCIETY
PAPERS
TRUTH IS THE
PROPER
ANTAGONIST
OF ERROR

SAN · FRANCISCO · PUBLIC · LIBRARY ·

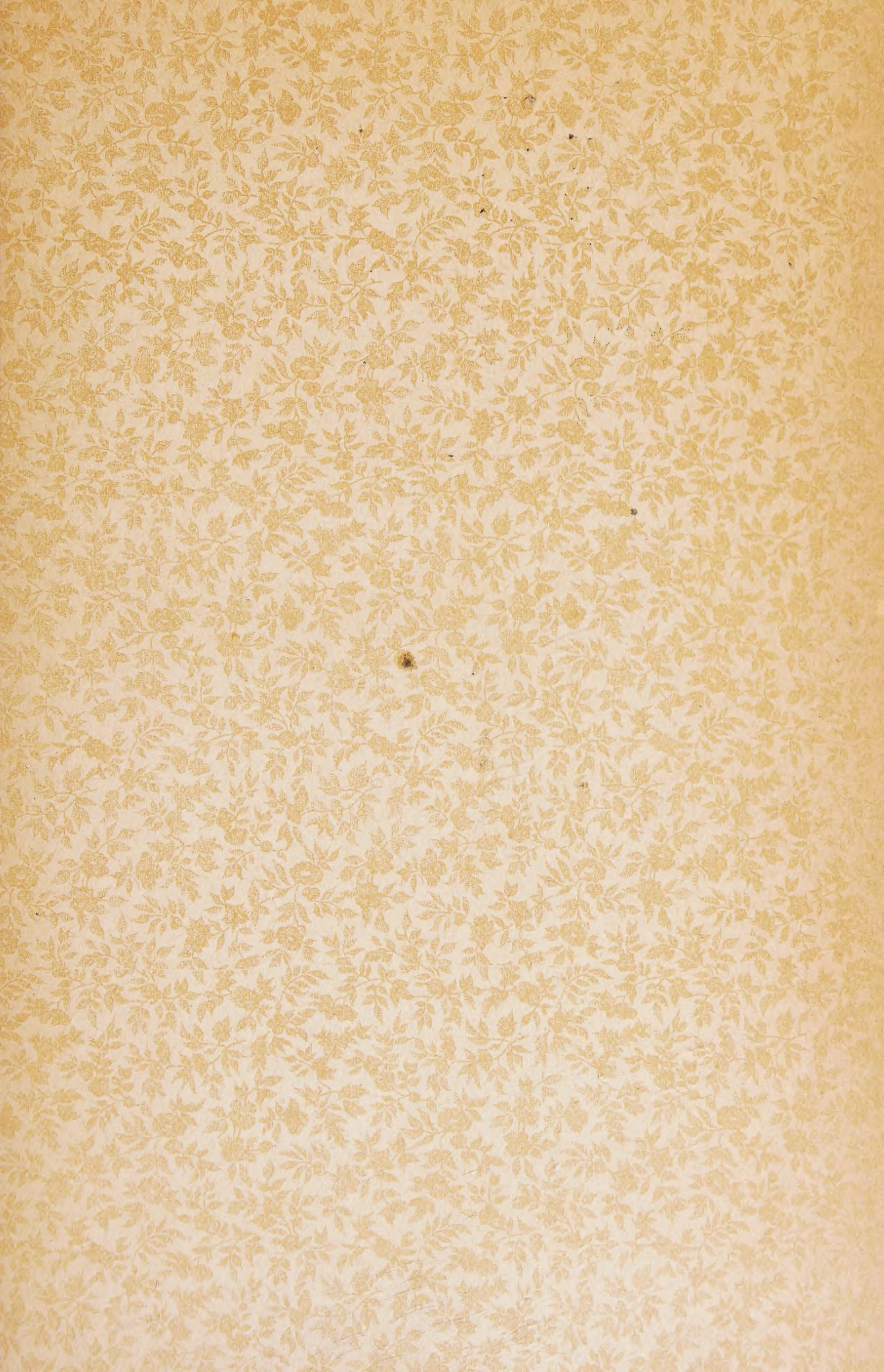
VITA SINE LITERIS MORS EST

STACKS

Class +979.7 S7a5 25

Accession 22062

NOT TO BE TAKEN FROM THE LIBRARY



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/bwb_S0-DSF-023_25

*

WM. ELLIS JONES,
PRINTER.
RICHMOND, VA.

22062
5

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

PAGE.
I. The Career of Wise's Brigade. An Address by General H. A. Wise 1
II. S. S. Prentiss and his Career, by Joseph G. Baldwin....... 22
III. Crutchfield's Artillery Brigade. Reports of its Operations April 3-6, 1865, by Major W. S. Basinger. 38
IV. Miss Emma Sansom—An Alabama Heroine. With an Account of the Capture of Colonel A. D. Streight by Gen. N. B. Forrest, and Details; by Gen. D. H. Maury.. 45
V. James Louis Petigru. A Sketch by W. L. Miller.......... 55
VI. Gettysburg Failure—Some Deductions as to, by R. M. Stribling........ 60
VII. The Hampton Roads' Conference. A Conclusive Statement by Hon. J. H. Reagan........ 68
VIII. The Charge of the Crater. An Account by Colonel W. H. Stewart........ 77
IX. Gen. T. J. Jackson. An Address by Dr. Hunter McGuire. 91
X. The Richmond, Va., Ambulance Corps.................. 113
XI. The Career of the Shenandoah, C. S. Navy............... 118
XII. The Signal Service Corps, C. S. A., by A. M. Taft......... 130
XIII. Burning of Richmond, April 3, 1865, by Col. R. T. W. Duke, 134
XIV. Retreat from Richmond. Reminiscences of Crutchfield's Artillery Brigade, by Captain T. B. Blake............... 139
XV. Tribute to General P. M. B. Young, C. S. A.............. 146
XVI. Historical Sketch of the 23d N. C. Infantry, by H. C. Wall, 151
XVII. History of the Rockbridge 2d Dragoons, by J. S. Moore... 177
XVIII. Sketch of Colonel E. Waggaman, 10th Louisiana Infantry, C. S. A........ 180
XIX. James Murray Mason. A Tribute by H. A. Wise 186
XX. R. M. T. Hunter. An Address by Col. L. Q. Washington, 193
XXI. Letter from General Beauregard to General Wise as to the Crisis of the Confederacy, May 14, 1864. 206
XXII. Malvern Hill. An Address by Hon. John Lamb 208
XXIII. The Slaughter at Petersburg June 18, 1864. Reminiscences of, by Judge William M. Thomas...................... 222

adequately support each other in their defences. None were more exposed to the ravages of war, and none worse scourged by them than were these people between the Rappahannock and the York. Homes, houses, labor, fences, crops, provisions, furniture, teams, stock, household necessaries and comforts, things of affection and things sacred, the very cradles and graves of families, the persons of women and children, and the lives and personal liberty of men were all alike exposed to the dangers and disasters of both servile and civil war; and from the first to the last of hostilities all that the inhabitants of the low-lands had and held dear was laid under the guns of invading and marauding navies and armies. There was no mode of escape, no place of refuge. The defenceless condition was unmitigated, the enemy was unscrupulous and relentless. The fathers and sons and brothers could not stay by the firesides and altars and defend them, and they could not leave them without vengeance being taken for their absence; yet, mainly, they obeyed the calls of duty, honor and patriotism, left all to the Providence of God and the fate of war, and betook themselves, with manly decision, to the camps of the Confederate soldiers, joined them in their privations, endured their marches, hungered and thirsted with them, helped to fight their glorious battles, braved their dangers, shouted in their victories, wept in their defeats, and did all that good and true men could do for country, kindred, honor and renown, from the first, the tocsin gun of Fort Sumter, to the stacking of arms at Appomattox.

We are here to-day not only to collect the means to gather the remains of their dead, but to plead that the good which the living and the dead did, shall not be interred with their bones.

Of these patriotic heroes and martyrs, it becomes me to speak. They were the comrades of my command. They largely filled the rank and file of my noble Brigade, and I know full well where to place them in the estimation of men and soldiers. In speaking of them I do not shrink from being compelled to speak of myself. To have been associated with them; to have been the General who ordered them; to have had their confidence and cheerful obedience; to have had the sympathy of their brave hearts; to have been loved by them as well as to have led and loved them; to have shared with them privations and dangers; to have shouted with them in the charge and in victory, and to have wept with them when all was lost, made of me, even me, that "stern stuff," of which they were composed in earnest, in the unsuccessful because unequal struggle of a war for a principle, a faith, and a feeling, without counting the cost or calculating the issue; they asked not "*whether it would pay,*" or what would be their fate, if they failed. It was enough that honor, and self-respect, and a sense of duty and a love of liberty and of law to guard it, required of them to resist ursurpation, and to assert and fight for the rights of conscience and self-government.

How they fought was worthy of the precious and undying Cause, for which they died—not in vain. During Magruder's stubborn stand across the Peninsula and the York river, from Warwick river to Gloucester Point, the most if not all of these men were enrolled in his lines. They were among the forlorn 7,000, only baring their brave breasts and keeping their vigils against the countless columns of an enemy attacking their redoubts and breast-works with seige-guns of batteries, and bombs of iron-clads. This they encountered unbroken to the last, and until they were ordered to raise their indomitable defences of Yorktown and move to the defences of Richmond. This they did after the victory at Bethel, and after fighting most gloriously the battles at Williamsburg and Barhamsville.

During this period, before the evacuation of the defences of Yorktown, I was in command of a legion of 2,000 men and two regiments of Virginia Volunteers in the Kanawha valley. To pass over the scenes there of Scary and Pocataligo, and the evacuation of that valley, and the burning of Gauley Bridge, and of Carnifax, and of Honey Creek, on the east peak of Sewell Mountain, and of Camp Defiance and the Slaughter Pen of Roanoke Island, after Richmond was invested by McClellan's army, my legion was converted into a brigade of infantry, and was reorganized. The 46th and 59th Virginia Regiments of the legion were left to my command, and to these were added the 26th and 34th Regiments of Virginia, largely composed of men from the counties of Mathews, Gloucester, King and Queen and Essex. This reorganization was effected early in the spring of 1862, and we were soon posted to guard the batteries at Chaffin's Bluff and the entire district from Richmond to Williamsburg, on the James, Chickahominy and Pamunkey rivers.

To the four regiments commanded by Colonel Powhatan R. Page, of the 26th, Colonel J. Thomas Goode, of the 34th, Colonel J. H. Richardson, of the 46th, and Colonel W. B. Tabb, of the 59th, were added two batteries of artillery under Major A. W. Starke, commanded by Captains Armistead and French, with a few cavalry for videttes.

This small force did post duty at Chaffin's for sixteen months, from April, 1862, until September, 1863. During that time they scouted the enemy incessantly, and so effectually as to keep them close to their seventeen redoubts at Williamsburg. The 59th was stationed mostly at the Diascund, its rangers keeping the miserable 5th Pennsylvania Cavalry timidly at bay. Under orders, they guarded the River road whilst the battles around Richmond were going on, until the last at Malvern Hill was fought, when, without orders, they reinforced the fagged forces of General T. H. Holmes, on Lee's extreme right, and where they stood unbroken for two days under the Paixhans and bombs of the enemy's batteries and ironclads, though regiments of infantry and batteries of artillery of General Junius Daniel's command stampeded through their ranks. After that, Colonel A. W. Starke riddled one of the enemy's side-wheel steamers from the heights of Deep Bottom. Again, in 1863, they were given the most difficult order to be executed which can be issued from headquarters. To make a divertisement in favor of Longstreet in his operations around Suffolk, in Nansemond, and to prevent the enemy from sending reinforcements from Yorktown against him, orders were issued to me from Richmond to move with all my available force as low down the peninsula as possible, and to do all the damage possible to the enemy and threaten him as closely as was in my power, without hazarding a battle unless certain of success. With 1,100 men, we moved to the six miles' ordinary in James City, ascertained that the enemy, 3,000 strong, already apprised of our movement, had occupied Fort Magruder and the other sixteen redoubts around Williamsburg, and we planned to destroy his stores of munitions and provisions at Whitaker's Mill, nearly four miles in his rear. Tabb, with only 218 men, a portion of the 59th, was sent forward that night, and we attacked the redoubts in front with 900 men at daybreak the next morning. The plan succeeded gloriously, in destroying from $300,000 to $500,000 worth of stores and their quarters at Whitaker's Mill, witnout the loss of a man. We occupied Williamsburg and vicinity for about a week in face of an enemy in our front three times our number; relieved many of the inhabitants of their durance vile; saved much property, and avenged somewhat the outrages which had followed Shingler's raid, and returned to Chaffin's to meet the thanks of the War Department and of General Elzey. Tabb and Page and Captain Rives, with a section of artillery, especially met my commendation.

After this, in September, 1863, this brigade was ordered to report to General Beauregard at Charleston, South Carolina. Whilst at Chaffin's Bluff, its men and officers began to chafe somewhat that they were not put into a service where more laurels and less hard service could be gained. But there was one officer who nobly said: "I am ready to do my whole duty wherever I am put, and if my superiors in command see fit to give me the least glorious duty to perform, I will do it with the same alacrity that I would or could perform those duties which are crowned with the brightest leaves of honor; and if duty don't require of me to incur greater danger than that of the service at this post, I thank God for the chance of being spared to my little family. Any may have the honors of war, if I can be allowed to do my duty wherever put, and I can be spared to my wife and child." From that moment forward I set that man down as a true man and soldier of the first water and purest crystal, all of which he so proved to the moment of his death at his post, so brightly, so grandly, so great and so good as to make the name of Colonel P. R. Page immortal among angels in Heaven if not among men on earth. During the durance at Chaffin's, the time was not lost in drilling, and without any disparagement to other regiments, my own or those of other commands, I hesitate not to say that the officers of the 26th Regiment of Virginia, from Colonel Page and Lieutenant-Colonel J. C. Council down to the sergeants and corporals, had perfected its drill to a degree superior to that of any regiment known to me in the entire army of General Lee. Mahone had the best drilled brigade, but this was the best drilled regiment known to me in the Confederate army. It twice saved my brigade by its regular and orderly and steady rally; once at the White Oak road, on the 31st March, 1865, near Hatcher's Run, and again on the 6th April, 1865, at Sailor's creek, on the retreat to Appomattox.

And before I leave the camps at Chaffin's and at Diascund and at the White House on the Peninsula, I cannot omit to pay a tribute to the people who remained at home to make bread for our army and comforts for the boys of our brigade. However, other soldiers in the field may have suffered for want of supplies or from neglect of quartermasters and commissaries, I must do credit and pay but just dues to our purveyors as far above the general demerits of their class in the army. Major W. F. C. Gregory, as Commissary, and Majors F. D. Cleery and H. C. Watkins of our brigade were above reproach in the discharge of their duties. Gregory, particularly, was distinguished as surpassing his own superiors so far that in the last retreat he was the main agent of supplies to Johnson's Division, though he was but the commissary of our brigade. But though so well served officially, what I desire to say most gratefully is: that our supplies whilst at Chaffin's were vastly aided and improved by "the old folks at home" in King and Queen, Gloucester, Mathews, Essex and Accomack and Northampton. The latter counties had to run a blockade through narrow passes in the smallest craft, at night, but they sent clothes and medicine and food. Essex and Mathews and Gloucester poured out their cornucopias upon us; but Oh! shall I ever forgot the little hen-coop carts of King and Queen. They were constantly coming packed to the tops of their cover-hoops always with good things from the dear mothers and sisters and wives at home! I had seen those little characteristic carts before the war in the market-places of Richmond, and felt a funny feeling about them, such as used to titulate my nerves by seeing the fish-carts around Norfolk and Portsmouth, drawn by the tackies of Blackwater, 130 of which, in a single day, I have counted which had but thirty eyes. As an eastern shore man I could not but think how incomparable with them was "*the train and steers*" of Accomack. But the war taught me how precious they are and capacious too of every sort of good things. One of those little carts, hauled by a poney, was like an open sesame, it was full of hams and chickens and eggs and melons and cakes and cider and home-made wine and letters and socks and blankets. And the memory of its fullness is nothing to that of its pathos. Not a company got its home greetings that some poor soldier did not bring to me some choicest present of the sweets he so seldom got, compared with my own opportunities. "Why my good comrade keep 'em for yourself, you need them more than I do." But no, he would'nt, he could'nt eat them if I did not take part, and hear what the "old woman" or the children said about us. God bless my true hearted, humble, brave privates who loved for me to taste their morsels of good things. There was no generosity like theirs. It forgot everything but self-sacrifice and devotion, cheerfully made and paid. *They all "accepted their situations*:" to fight to the death and to endure to the end for a faith and a principle, rather than eat the diet of dictation thrown by the hands of tyranny as husks to swine!

We arrived at Charleston in Sept., 1863, with an effective force of 2,850 infantry, and found in Gen. Beauregard and Col. David B. Harris, a Lt.-General and a Chief Engineer worthy of the citizen soldiers who composed our brigade.

The command preceding that of Beauregard had an effective force of 45,000 men, to defend the department from North Carolina to the cape of Florida; whilst Beauregard had for the same defence only about 17,000 effective men. This compelled a distribution of forces very wide apart, and hardly in supporting distances, so large were the districts and extended the coasts of the command. To our brigade was assigned the duty of guarding the entire district lying between the Ashley and the Edisto, with the exception of James' island. On the Atlantic front it extended from the Stono to the Edisto, including Johns' island, Kiahwah, Seabrooks, Jehosse, Kings, and Slau's islands, and the Wadmalaw. At first, our headquarters were at Wappoo, and then farther South at Adams' Run, and extended from Willtown on the Edisto, to the Church Flats on the Stono, posting Willtown, the Toogadoo, the Dahoo, King's island, Glen's island, Church Flats, and the Haulover, near the mouth of the Bohickett on John's island, besides the forces in reserve at Adams' Run. It was a very laborious and hazardous defence of a coast indented for every mile almost, by waters accessible not only to the war steamers, but to the land forces from Morris' island in the occupancy of the enemy. In every emergency these troops did their whole duty promptly, successfully, and with the approbation and commendation of their superiors. Their duties were constant and active during the whole period from September, 1863, until March, 1864, in doing guard duty in the most exposed situations, and in details upon extensive earth-works, at many and various points. But they were not left to non-combatant work alone. They had two memorable opportunities of showing their alacrity and bravery in the fields of battle. The two war steamers, Marble Head and Pawnee, were too curious in running up the Stono to peer at a Quaker battery, which had been placed above the mouth of the Abbepoola, to deter the enemy, and Colonel Page commanding, with Major Jenkins of the South Carolina troops, and Colonel Del. Kemper of the artillery, were ordered to drive them off. This they did with gallantry, riddling the Marble Head, but the Pawnee got a cross fire on our batteries, and forced Page to fall back, but he fully effected the purpose of the expedition, and won my most hearty thanks. He was one of the coolest men I ever saw under fire. On his dull sorrel horse, he rode about the field under showers of shot and shell, without turning his head, or giving it a twitch even at the sound too near of that awful aerial whisper: "where is he? where is he?" before an explosion which crashed as if heaven and earth were coming together. His mounted unconcern was so marked that it did not escape the notice of that cool and gallant soldier, Major Jenkins, the brother of the lamented General M. Jenkins, of South Carolina.

After the fight was over he asked the gallant Page how he could be so unflinching, without a dodge, amidst such bursting of bombs and whispers of danger all around him. His answer was beautifully characteristic, showing the great *integrity* of his courage:

"I did'nt dodge, sir, because I am so deaf I did'nt hear them before their explosion!" A braggadocio would have pocketed the compliment as belonging to his steady nerves. He claimed nothing which did'nt belong to him, and his courage was too honest and real not to assign his apparent indifference to danger to the true cause, his deafness. But there was a much greater and more important instance trying the promptness and the pluck of these men. The enemy designed its attack upon Florida, and a large fleet left the mouth of the Stono, conveying troops for the South. It was uncertain for a time what their point of destination was, when a servant of General Gilmer was captured by my Rebel Troop, as it was called, on John's Island. He was brought in to me as a prisoner of war. He was a light mulatto, who described himself as the son of a slave freed by the Barnes family, near Frederick, in Maryland. He was General Gilmer's cook, was purveying for the general's table on Morris's Island, and had got lost on the Wadmalaw. He was an exceedingly plausible fellow, and after a close and searching examination professed to be wholly ignorant of the design of the Stono expedition. At last he was overcome by my refusal to receive or treat him as a prisoner of war. What then? He was made to apprehend that he would be turned loose, unmolested, to shift for himself. Fearing many imaginary dangers, that he would be shot as a straggler from the enemy, or be caught and sold as a slave and might never see his wife and family again, he made a full disclosure which proved in the sequel to be true, and enabled General Beauregard to forward reinforcements to General Finnegan. Just before these reinforcements were to depart for Florida, General Alex. Schimmelfinnig with 6,000 men crossed over the bars to Seabrook Island, and surprising the picket at the Haulover from that island to the main, he advanced up the Bohickett road and nearly reached the headquarters of Major Jenkins, in command at that point, twenty-five miles from Adams Run. Major Jenkins had no force but two companies of our brigade and Humphrey's troop of South Carolina calvary. The enemy divided into two columns of 3,000 each, the one moving up the Bohickett road, and the other moving to the right over the Mullet Hall creek which heads very near the left bank of the Bohickett. The 3,000 on the Bohickett road were gallantly met by Humphreys and the two companies of infantry, Jenet's and another, and were so closely fought by them as to make them move very cautiously, and to give time for Colonel Page to reinforce Jenkins from Johns Island bridge with a portion of the 26th, and this small force, fighting for thirty-six hours saved Jenkins' headquarters and prevented the enemy from getting to the Abbepoola road, and made him, in fact, retire past the defile at the head of Mullet Hall, when I reached that defile with reinforcements from the 59th, the 46th and 34th, making our whole force but 900 men. Seeing that the 3,000 of the enemy were crossing the Mullet Hall, over the temporary bridging of the channel of that stream, and that they were trying to reach the defile in our rear, we fell back to what is called the "Cocked Hat," a short distance west of the defile and of the Abbepoola road, and there took position and opened fire from two batteries upon the columns of the enemy advancing on the Bohicket road; the 3,000 on the Mullet Hall threatening our left. In half an hour after the fight began, 900 of Colquitt's brigade, bound to Florida, left the railroad cars at Church Flats and reinforced our command. They were posted on the left to check the enemy at Mullet Hall creek, whilst our 900 repulsed the attacking columns on the Bohickett road. This was done handsomely, without loss save to the enemy. They fell back after several hours fighting, and the next morning we could see their strategy. They expected us to pursue them past the defile at the head of Mullet Hall when their forces on our left were to close it upon our rear. We were not to be caught in such a snare, and they were glad to retire in the night as they came. For this the command was highly commended by the report of Colonel Harris and the orders at headquarters. Colquitt's men proceeded the next day on their way to Florida, and were soon followed by our 26th and 59th, to join Finnegan, who met the enemy of the Stono fleet and conquered them gloriously at Olustee.

In April, 1864, we were ordered back to the defences of Richmond. Colonel Tabb, with a small portion only of his regiment, the 59th, was in advance, and was attacked front and rear at Nottoway Bridge, and had to fight in turns on both sides of the parapets thrown up there. He repelled the double attacks handsomely, but with the loss of his lamented Lieutenant-Colonel Jones. The brigade was pushed forward with all expedition, reached Petersburg punctually, and from that time to the surrender at Appomattox, was, I may say, constantly under the fire of the enemy in the trenches and fields around Petersburg and on the retreat.

General Lee was at that time confronted by Grant at the Rapidan. General W. H. C. Whiting was placed in command of the defences of Petersburg, embracing the line of heavy fixed batteries supported by two small local battalions, about 150 militia, one Georgia battalion, and our brigade of infantry.

General Beauregard took his position with about 8,000 effective men at Drewry's Bluff, and all these forces were confronted by Butler's Army of the James, entrenched at City Point and at Cobb's in Howlett's Neck. On the 14th of May, 1864, he presented his plan of strategy to the War Department, at the head of which then were Mr. Seddon and General Bragg. Lee had about 45,000 effective forces; Beauregard about 15,000; and the plan he presented was for Lee to fall back upon the outer defences of Richmond and send to him, Beauregard, 15,000 reinforcements, making, with his own, 30,000 men with which to attack and conquer Butler, gain City Point, cross the James, and attack Grant's on the left and rear, whilst Lee should attack him in front. Thus Grant would have been cut off from the James below Richmond, Petersburg would have been relieved, and Grant's force of about 120,000 then could have been assailed front, flank and rear by 60,000 men under the two choicest generals of the Confederate army. This plan, unfortunately, was rejected by the President, and immediately thereafter General Bragg sent to General Whiting an order saying that General Lee was pressed very hard by Grant, and needed all the reinforcements which could be forwarded to him to save Richmond; and the defence of the capital being much more important than that of Petersburg, he was ordered with all despatch to report with all his available forces at Richmond. This order was submitted to me, his second in command, by General Whiting, for my opinion as to its execution. It was signed by General Bragg officially. I read it with care, and unequivocally gave the opinion that it should not be obeyed, for the reason that to abandon Petersburg was to abandon Drewry's Bluff, and to abandon the latter was to abandon Richmond. General Whiting declared that that was his own opinion, and ordered me at once to make the best preparation for the defence of Petersburg to the last extremity in my power. I state these facts because it has been denied that General Bragg ever issued such an order. It was read and considered by another besides General Whiting and myself. In two hours from the time it was received, and whilst I was issuing orders for the defence of Petersburg, General Whiting again sent for me to wait on him at his quarters. The moment I reported he handed me an order to him from General Beauregard at Drewry's Bluff, to the front of which point Butler had advanced. The substance of that order was that he, Whiting, was, with all his available forces on both sides the Appomattox, Martin's and Wise's Brigade, numbering in all about 5,000 men, to cross the Appomattox and take the road across Campbell's Bridge by the coal pits, and join his right before daybreak the next morning, when he would attack Butler. In a few hours after this order was received, another order from Beauregard, changing this, came, ordering (J. G.) Martin's and Wise's Brigades to be at Dunlop's, on the Richmond and Petersburg turnpike, before daybreak the next morning, and thence at daybreak to move to the sound of Beauregard's guns.

It is lamentable to add that, owing to causes which affect the reputation of a brave and accomplished Confederate commander, who died nobly in battle afterwards, General Whiting did not move as promptly as he might. The two brigades were at Dunlop's before daybreak, and there awaited his orders until more than an hour by sun. They were moved then, and found the reserve of the enemy under General Terry in barricade at the Walthall Railroad junction with the Petersburg Railroad and the turnpike. Martin's Brigade was on the right and Wise's on the left, crossing the turnpike on which the enemy had thrown up their works. They were immediately charged, driven from their breastworks, across Bakehouse creek up the hill to their artillery, and in their flight their guns barely escaped capture. All their provisions were captured, and the brigades were passing on to the rear of the army retreating before Beauregard, when they were halted by General Whiting and ordered to fall back. But for this sad hindrance, the causes of which were fully reported, the victory of Beauregard would have been one of the most signal and decisive during the war. As it was, it was very decided in capturing 6,000 prisoners and in shutting Butler up, as General Grant said, in Howlett's Neck, "like a fly in a bottle." On the morning of the 17th the two brigades joined Beauregard's army, and from the 18th to the 28th of May, for ten days, there was heavy fighting on the whole picket lines, one-third of our brigade being required at a time to picket its front, making every day almost a general battle. At last the order came to charge and take the enemy's outer line at Howlett's, and it was captured from Ware Bottom Church on the James to the front of Cobb's on the Appomattox. The part borne by Martin's and Wise's Brigades upon the enemy in their front was without failure and a perfect success; 600 of the Wise Brigade, under that perfect tactician, Lieutenant-Colonel J. C. Council, of the 36th, led the charge, supported by Martin, who was supported in a third line by the remaining portions of Wise's Brigade. The 600 carried the front before either brigade came up; so rapid and so undaunted was this charge of the 600 it was Balaklava like. This charge was made in open field for one-half a mile, under 110 guns, against a full line of infantry in parapet. The men, though falling "like leaves of Vallambrosa," moved steadily up under the point blank fire until within ten or twenty paces, when the enemy threw down their guns and cried for quarter. The reply was "too late!" "too late!" and the havoc which followed was appalling. The 600 passed beyond the line taken and had to be recalled. No more could be done but hold that line. After this line was captured and settled firmly, General Wise was sent with but one of his regiments, the 46th, and a Georgia battalion to support the local forces on the lines of Petersburg. His whole force was 800 men, including 113 militia under the gallant Colonel F. H. Archer, to defend a line of six and a half miles. Alas! when he came to count his brigade, numbering 2,400 men on the 16th May, he found the roster reduced to about 1,350. In the charge at Howlett's the Ben McCulloch Rangers, the best scouts of the army, were reduced from seventy-four to thirty-eight, and the Accomack Company from seventy-two to thirty-seven. It was Peter Paine of this company who cried "too late!" by the nickname of which words he goes to this day, at his home on Matchatank creek in Accomack.

We were hardly posted on the lines of Petersburg when the 800 men in the defences were attacked by 5,000 mounted infantry, called Kautz's cavalry, with their sixteen shooters. They kept up feints of attack all the forenoon of the 9th of May, and at last swept around to our extreme right where the militia were posted and broke through. A force, two companies formed from the prisons and the hospitals, called the "Penitents and the Patients," were moved out on the Blandford fork of the road entering the city, and three companies moved from the left of the lines under Colonel Randolph Harrison of the 46th, to flank the entering enemy on the right, and they seeing the approach of the former in front, and of the latter on their right, retreated as rapidly as they had advanced; and Graham's field battery repulsed the column on the other fork of the road leading into the city. This saved Petersburg on that day.

Though Petersburg barely escaped by a successful defence against all odds, yet this caused a protest to General Beauregard against the hazard of trusting its defense again to so small a force. He immediately reinforced us by sending the 26th and 34th of our command, still retaining the 59th and a portion of the 34th, west of the Appomattox; and this and some increase of the local forces, increased our effective force to just 2,200 men of all arms. This force could not in a thin skirmish line reach from battery No. 1 below the city to the plank road. The 46th and 26th were posted on the left from battery No. 1 to battery No. 6; tho 34th from battery No. 14 in the centre, and the Georgia battalion and the militia and irregular forces on the extreme right. Whilst in this position, the enemy numbering 22,200, including Hincks' corps of colored troops, commanded by (Wm. F.) "Baldy" Smith, advanced from City Point and Cobbs, at 3:30 o'clock A. M., and attacked Graham's battery and some of Dearing's cavalry below our line on the river road, by 8 A. M., on the 15th of June, 1864, and advanced in a body upon our left, from No. 1 to No. 5 where the worst constructed line of the war made a sharp salient angle, leaving the most commanding ground outside of our line in front. The battle was pressed hard upon the left until about 1 P. M., without making an impression, but our whole force had to be closed to the left, and at that hour a portion of the enemy deployed and advanced upon our centre, in front of the 34th with about 5,000 men, and took our rifle pits. The 34th charged and drove them out. Again the enemy retook the pits and were again driven out; and when they advanced the third time upon the pits, the whole regiment leapt the parapets and gloriously repulsed them. All this time the enemy was engaging the left, and this caused us necessarily to close upon the left and centre, and made a gap from battery 6 to battery 8, through which about 3,000 entered upon the right flank of the left and captured from battery 3 to battery 8 inclusive. We immediately closed upon the inner line from battery 2 to battery 14, and continued the struggle until 10:30 P. M., when we were reinforced by our 59th regiment and by (Johnson) Hagood's South Carolina brigade; the other reinforcements coming up before the morning of 16th. By daybreak that morning we opened with Bogg's battery upon the enemy, and the fight was continued that day until about eleven o'clock at night. Bushrod R. Johnson's old brigade was on a hill on our extreme right, and between it and our 26th regiment the space was not filled by any troops whatever. Colonel Page was there in command of our brigade, General Wise being in command of the District. The latter however was on the ground with Page all the day of the 16th and parted with him at 11

P. M., to see that General Johnson would have the gap filled up. He reported to Johnson and warned him of the disaster likely to occur before sunrise the next morning. He professed to have issued the proper orders, but they were not executed, and the next morning Johnson's Brigade gave way, the 26th was flanked on the right, and Colonel P. R. Page and Captain Geo. D. Wise fell in a few minutes of each other; near by fell Major Patrick H. Fitzhugh, crossing the bayonets of the enemy with his sword; there too fell the gallant flagbearer of the 46th, the indomitable hero, Louis Rogers, and near him Otho West, both of Accomack; there too fell the brave Major J. C. Hill, of the 46th, whilst bearing up the flag, and Rogers the flag-bearer, and there too fell Lieutenant-Colonel Peyton Wise,* and a large member of others killed and wounded. Lieutenant-Colonel Wise and Major Hill survive, but Page lies at Blandsford Cemetery, Captain Wise, our brigade inspector, at Hollywood, and the body of Fitzhugh fell into the hands of the enemy. Poor fellow! he had heard his son was butchered at Battery No. 5 by the colored troops, after his surrender; the last that I saw of him he was in tears swearing the Hannibal's oath that he would at every hazard avenge his son's death. The story was false, his son was captured only, and yet survives. After this commenced the life of the trenches and scenes like that of the Crater. Colonel Goode succeeded Page in the command of the brigade, and when the mine was sprung Gracie's Brigade was on the left and ours on the right of it. As sudden as the explosion the enemy rushed through the gap made by its terrific blast and a portion of them got to our inner line. Gracie's Brigade and ours firing obliquely right and left continuously for six hours, without relief, kept the enemy down where they lodged and kept them back in front until Mahone's Brigade was brought six miles from the right to charge the enemy in the trenches as they did most triumphantly. Here, too, havoc was made among the best and bravest of our brigade. I have not time or space to tell of our picket losses and of the sufferings of the trenches. Early in March, 1865, we were ordered to Lee's extreme right at Hatcher's Run. Then commenced the preliminaries of the retreat, strong guards near

---

* Colonel, subsequently known as General Peyton Wise, from a post-bellum commission in the State Line, became a prominent and useful citizen of Richmond. He was an accomplished gentleman, as frank and warm-hearted as he was courageous, and possessed powers of oratory of a high order. He died March 29th, 1897, in his fifty-eighth year, honored and widely beloved.

Burgess's Mill, where the plank road crossed our line. On the 28th of March the firing became hot and heavy, we felt that something had given way on our left. Sheridan's mounted infantry (miscalled cavalry) was bearing on Five Forks, and General Pickett was advanced to that point at the head of Gravelly Run fork, on the White Oak road; and General Meade's corps of 25,000 men was advancing in our front across Arthur's creek. Ransom's and Hunton's brigades were taken from our division, to reinforce Pickett at Five Forks and Evans' old brigade, of South Carolina, then commanded by General W. H. Wallace, and our brigade were alone left at Hatcher's Run. On the 29th March, our brigade was ordered into line of battle at the point near Burgess' Mill, where what is called the Military road, forks with the plank road to Dinwiddie C. H., and General Wise was ordered to advance quickly "on the Military road, to Gravelly Run, guiding by the centre, and to fight everything in our way." We threw the 34th and 46th on the right of the road, and the 26th and 59th on the left. Within six hundred yards from the place where the brigade was ordered forward, we struck the enemy obliquely, diverging from left to right. They were in four lines, which we charged and broke, and drove the first upon the second and the second upon the third, until the four lines were massed in our front, in a dense growth of pine thicket on the right and a heavy growth of oak, with an undergrowth of Black Jack, on the left of the road, at the distance of ten to twenty paces on the left and thirty on the right. But the line of the enemy being so much longer than our own, the angle at which we struck them gave them an enfilade fire on our left; nevertheless, under the order to lie flat and shoot from a rest on the elbows, we maintained the dreadful conflict for one hour and a half, when the 59th and 26th were obliged to break; but they soon rallied on General Wallace in reserve at the forks, came up again with his brigade to the aid of the 46th and 34th, until Wallace and the 26th, 59th and 46th were again broken and gave way, leaving the 34th alone under fire, where it stood and fought to within thirty paces of the enemy's artillery until thrice ordered to retreat. We fell back again to the parapet at Hatcher's Run, rested the 30th there, and on the 31st again were ordered to fall in on the left of McGowan's Brigade and charge the enemy. The 59th were left to guard the trenches, and the 26th, 34th and 46th went into the charge. They, with McGowan's Brigade, did good execution in staggering the overpowering columns of Meade, and in delaying their advance to Five Forks. In these two fights a number of the best and bravest fell among the killed and wounded, among whom were Lieutenant-Colonel Harrison, of the 34th; Captain Barksdale, of the 59th, and Lieutenant Barksdale Warwick, of my staff, who died with a smile of the *guadia certaminis* on his face, struck whilst waving his sword and shouting "Charge! Charge!"

On the night of the 31st we fell back across Hatcher's Run to Sutherland's on the S. S. R. Road and pressed forward after Hunton to reinforce Pickett at Five Forks. On Sabbath morning the 1st April, we reached Church Crossings, and were kneeling to God, under the prayers of Chaplain W. E. Wiatt of the 26th, when an order announced the defeat of Pickett at Five Forks and that we must fall back to the Appomattox. On Sunday at noon we reached the Namozine creek, and lodged our right on its banks. The enemy came up immediately, whilst we were throwing up breast works, and Sheridan's cavalry sounded the bugle notes of charge until night-fall, from a heavy wood in our front. This was but a feint to deceive Fitz Lee's dismounted cavalry on our left. At dark the enemy pressed decidedly upon him, when he called for reinforcements from the infantry. We ordered the 59th down the breast-works immediately, leaped them before reaching the cavalry, formed at right angles to the breast-works on the enemy's left, and scattered them at the first volley. That night we crossed the Namozine, and the next day, the 2nd of April, crossed the Winticomack creek, and as we reached the defile at Deep creek near Mannsboro, Sheridan's cavalry in position at the defile, opened a galling fire upon our advanced guard. The 59th had been ordered to assist in bringing up the rear, and thus we consisted then of the 26th under the younger Perrin, the elder having been badly shattered to pieces at the charge at Howlett's the year before; the 46th under Captain Abbott, Colonels Harrison and Wise being both wounded and exempted, and the 34th under Colonel J. Thomas Goode. Immediately upon the fire we turned the head of our column obliquely to the right through an open field to a curtilage of houses, where the 26th and 46th were posted, and the 34th was deployed to the open ground on our right, to decoy a charge upon it passing the front of the other two regiments behind the houses. The decoy succeeded. The enemy had dismounted, tied their horses on the other side of the creek some 600 yards off, and charged on foot obliquely by the houses, upon the 34th, until they came close in front of the 26th and 46th which burst upon their right flank so sudden and so sharp that they broke and fled, and were so pressed by the three regiments, they could not reach their horses and mount in time to prevent a severe loss of men and horses. Here we were halted for the entire line to pass, with orders to bring up the rear. Thence we passed on by Amelia C. H., Jetersville and Deatonsville, zig-zagging from right to left, and from left to right and skirmishing the whole way until we came to the forks of Sailor's creek, near Jamestown, and the High Bridge, on the 6th April. What was left of our division, Wise's brigade of Virginia, and Wallace's of South Carolina, were posted on the left of Pickett's division, then reduced to an inconsiderable number by the stampede at Five Forks. Corse's brigade and Ransom's had stood their ground there well, and suffered very much. Whilst in position at the forks of the road when the baggage train passed to the right and the artillery to the left, we were ordered to detail two regiments to guard the left of Wallace's brigade; the 26th and 59th were detailed, and when the order came as it did, to join Pickett on his left and attack the enemy, we had but two regiments, the 46th and 34th, to go into the fight with. We came in half rifle range of the enemy near the east fork of Sailor's creek on our left; Wallace's brigade came up between our two regiments and the east fork, when we found that the enemy were coming up on our left, and we were annoyed by an enfilading fire. In our front was a curtilage of houses, dwelling, kitchen, barns, stables and tobacco-houses reaching a half mile, and with a large graveyard inclosed by a rough stone wall, all filled by the enemy who were pouring in a fire so galling that we were compelled to lie down in the copse of pine where we were posted. The enemy had broken the forces under General Ewell, and were then pouring down upon our left. Under these circumstances, we detailed two companies from the 34th under Captain William Jordan, of Bedford county, to drive off the sharpshooters who were enfilading our left, which duty he did with signal efficiency, and Colonels Abner Perrin and Tabb coming up at the time to the left of Wallace, they were ordered to support Jordan with the 26th and 59th Regiments and to push the enemy until they came opposite their right flank in our front. The moment they did so we charged in front upon the stone wall and houses, and Perrin and Tabb and Jordan charged upon the enemy's right flank, and we broke them thoroughly, and drove them some one and a half to two miles, unassisted by either the forces of Wallace or Pickett, when Colonel (R. P.) Duncan, of General Anderson's staff, ordered us to fall back to Pickett's rear to form at right angles to his line and to retreat to the road of our march. We had hardly formed and began to move in his rear before Pickett's whole command stampeded, leaving our artillery in the enemy's hands, and they were exploding our caissons in a lane in our front. We pressed forward across a branch of the west fork of Sailor's creek, and were surrounded by the enemy entirely on our rear and left and half way down our front. Wallace's Brigade broke and fled to a woods on our right. We pressed up a hill in our front, halted behind a worm fence on the crest, fired three volleys to the rear, and retreating again, moved quickly down the hill, putting it between us and the enemy in our rear, and poured three volleys obliquely to the left and front, broke the enemy and got out. Here the 26th showed its exemplary drill. Perrin gallantly rallied his regiment, and upon its nucleus we formed and seized the whole brigade in sight of the broken enemy. After rallying and forming, we poured three volleys into the woods where Wallace's Brigade were ensconced, and it raised a white flag and came out to us and formed and marched with us safely off the field, and gained our road past the enemy. Anderson, Pickett and (B. R.) Johnson had left the field before we cut through and gone on to the high bridge and Farmville. At one o'clock at night we reached the high bridge and found it shut down. After getting over it we marched a mile or more on towards Farmville, and bivouacked until the morning of the 7th. We were overcome by exhaustion, and without food or refreshment of any kind. There was no water but the pools, as red as brick dust, in the soil of that region. Colonel J. Thomas Goode, Captain Jordan and myself washed or cooled our faces and hands in the same pool the next morning, and neither of us had a handkerchief or towel to wipe with, and consequently the paint of the red water remained on our faces and at the edges of our hair; and during the night a soldier of the 34th found me sleeping without a blanket or coat on the chilling earth—the enemy had captured my orderly and body-servant, with my cloak and two of my horses—a wounded man at Sailor's creek had escaped on my riding horse proper—and the noble private, whom I don't know, wrapped me, more dead than alive, in his coarse gray blanket, pinning it on with a wire pin, both of which I have now, and the gold of Ophir could not buy them! With a face painted like an Indian, with the gray blanket around me, and with the Confederate Tyrolese hat on—not off, as ridiculously stated—and muddy all over, I put myself on foot at the head of the two brigades and marched on the railroad to near Farmville. There an officer of General Lee met me and ordered us to move to him, then in sight on his gray. Turning the head of the column to the right, down the railroad embankment, we marched across the open field to where he was sitting in his saddle, with General B. R. Johnson on his horse a little in the rear. The latter had fled from Sailor's creek and reported me killed and the whole division cut to pieces and dispersed. As I moved up with the two brigades I saw that General Lee was suppressing a laugh. I knew he had a sub-vein of humor, which he was hardly concealing when he saw my appearance—that of a Comanche savage. He was right; I was savage and looked like an Indian, and waited not to be accosted, when I exclaimed with an oath: "General Lee, these men shall not move another inch unless they have something more to eat than parched corn taken from starving mules!" He smiled with great blandness, and said:

"They deserve something to eat, sir. Let them, without taking down the fence, move to the trees on yonder hill, and they shall be filled for once at least. And you, General Wise, will pause here a moment with me." When the brigades passed on he turned to me and said: "You, sir, will take command of all these forces." There were no organized forces but the two brigades I came up with, in sight; there were thousands of disorganized troops in all directions without order or command. I protested that I could not take such a command. I had no horses. He ordered me to get a horse and make all the stragglers and disorganized men fall into my ranks. I told him that it would put my brigade *hors du combat*, to have to play field marshal for such a disorganized mass. He said: "You must obey your order, sir." I replied: "I will, sir, or die a trying, but I must first understand it. It is not the *men* who are deserting the ranks, but the *officers* who are *deserting the men* who are disorganizing your army. Do you mean to say, General Lee, that I must take command *of all men of all ranks?*" looking at General B. R. Johnson. Lee then understood my meaning, turned his head the other way to smile, said: "Do your duty, sir." And I first went to breakfast and then to the work which wound up at Appomattox on the 9th, when and where I signed the paroles of more than 5,000 men besides those of my own brigade. It was this which gave rise to the ridiculous story lately published in the newspapers of the day and in Harper's Magazine. The correspondent, as usual, blundered upon enough of fact to make fiction murder truth, and make me ludicrous. It was the proudest moment of my life, and I am glad to explain its true history.

Without intermission I was with that brigade in whole and in part from April, 1861, until April 9th, 1865, under the eye of General Lee from the first to the last scenes of the war, and we parted with each other on parole at Appomattox. Alas! how few were there at last of those who were comrades with us at first. There were less than 1,000 left of the 2,850 who returned from Charleston in April, 1864, Less than half were paroled of 2,400 who charged at Howlett's. Their last, after fighting in nineteen battles, was their most glorious charge; and they fired the last guns of the infantry at Appomattox. Of this and other commands, Gloucester's dead were piled on every battle field: Page, Taylor, Fitzhugh, Puller, Ellis, Robins, Hibble, Baytop, Millers, Roane, Bridges, Banks, Norton, Amory, Cooke, Edwards, Griffin, Massey, Newcomb, Bristow, Jones, Barry, Ware, Simcoe, R. B. Jones, Kenan, Pitts, Pointer, Leigh, Jeff Dutton, Elijah Dutton, Vincent Edwards, Dunstan, Hughes, Evans, Cary, Thos. Robins, Freeman, John Roane, Jenkins, Hobday, Albert Roane, Ransome, White, J. W. Robins, Woodland, Cooper, Summerson, Williams, Hogg, Sparrow, T. J. Hibble, Alex. Dutton, John Edwards, Rich, Dutton again, Dunbar Edwards, Gwynn—I cease to call the roll, for they are absent by fifties and hundreds, and not a man answers to his name!

In this succinct, didactic narrative, not half justice could be done to these martys to civil liberty. Their lives and deaths were the most beautiful epic poems. They will be sung and celebrated as long as liberty lasts; as long as a love for it sighs for its loss and their sacrifice. There was nothing sordid or selfish in the high motives or objects of their death struggle. The chief injustice done to their memories is in seeming to think or say that they fought and died in vain for some mere material property, profit, advantage, or possession. Nothing could be more unjust to them, or more untrue in fact. They were no hirelings; they were no men of *expediency*. They loved virtue for virtue's sake, honor for honor's sake, justice for justice's sake, truth for truth's sake, right for right's sake. They never stooped to ask: "Will it pay?" They had faith, feelings, affections, sense of the intellect to know their rights, and knowing them, the courage to maintain them through all hazards, and to the last extremity, they had a sense of honor, a sense of self-respect, a sense of wrong, a sense of duty and a physiical and moral power of resistance to the tyranny of usurpation and oppression. Their physical power was expended in the war, but their *moral* power still exists unimpaired, except by those who call their consecrated cause "A Lost Cause;" except by those who say that "*the best they can do*" is to desert the faith of that cause; to lose its feelings and fortitudes; to take test oaths; to beg for pardons; to confess the charge of treason, not only to acknowledge the guilt of the highest felony known to the calendar of human crime, for themselves, but in fact and effect to inscribe treason on the graves of these heroic martyrs; to choose the school of morals which teaches the doctrine of taking lesser evils; to approve and endorse the blackest wrongs done to this generation and its heirs forever, against which these immolated comrades fought and died! This thing which we now hear called "accepting the situation" is very different from the acceptance of the situation which these dead comrades made in the pride of patriotism when they accepted graves rather than servile submission, when they tasted death rather than "eat dirt" and live! They made thousands of the foe "bite the dust" rather than be conquered to wear chains by consent and approval. If they were traitors I and every leader of theirs who led them to battle and to death, Lee and all, were murderers! They were not traitors, and Lee and I and others whom they followed were not their murderers! The morale of their lives and deaths still lives in the memory of the glorious deeds they did, and their examples are immortal. The rights for which they contended and their defence of those rights constituted "the *Confederate Cause.*" And that cause is as undying as those rights are indestructible, and as their defence was glorious! They were true to that Cause, the substance of which was *not to be masters of slaves, but that others should not be their masters*, and they were true to the last ditch of its defence, and to the death! Yes! After the bones of these devoted martyrs shall have mouldered into dust; after the deserters of their faith and memories and examples shall have died in the easiest situations which they can accept, and they and their treason shall have rotted and been forgotten, the cause of freedom for which these noble Confederates fell—the freedom of conscience and the freedom of self-government, guarded by a standard of fundamental law of its honest administration—the Confederate Cause shall survive and revive and find champions, though its champions for the time be made martyrs! The blood of these martyrs shall be the seeds of new life and new liberty for all the ages of time! and the moral monuments of "These True Men," without marble and without brass, shall be eternal!

I wish it was permitted by this occasion, dedicated to the dead, to speak of and to the survivors of these their comrades, who so nobly made up their accounts and passed away, leaving a duty, a sacred duty, to be performed by the living. There are many of those living who were true in the rank and file of the army, who were to tread with cautious steps and not forget to pay and not to mistake the way of paying the debt due to the fallen. You propose to build them a shrine. That shrine will be nothing—it will be vain, a mockery—if every one of your own hearts and heads are not shrines, in which the memories of these men are embalmed. Your hearts cannot be their shrines if you have not performed your part too like true men, worthy of their example.

Let us, the living, gather their ashes to the grave-yards of the old homesteads, and con the moral of their lives and deaths, that—

> "Integrity of life is fame's best friend,
> Which nobly beyond death shall crown the end."

[From the New Orleans *Picayune*, Feb 10, 1895.]

SERGEANT SMITH PRENTISS AND HIS CAREER.

An Estimate of the Man by a Contemporary.

JOHN G. BALDWIN.

Sergeant Smith Prentiss was born in Portland, Me., September 30, 1808, and died at Natchez, Miss., July 1, 1850. Forty-four eventful years have come and gone, and yet the name and fame of Prentiss is as green in the memory of those who admire talent and love chivalry as when he was here in the flesh. With one or two honorable exceptions, his contemporaries are all dead. Much has been written and printed of this wonderful man. Every reminiscence, however, with which his name is connected is eagerly read, not only in Mississippi but throughout the Union. Not one Mississippian, perhaps, in 10,000 ever saw a likeness of Prentiss. The one contained in several metropolitan papers last year was a miserable caricature—no more like Prentiss than Prentiss was like Hercules.

Of all the sketches written of Prentiss, the following, from J. G. Baldwin, a contemporary of Prentiss, who afterwards removed to

California and was elevated to the Supreme Court of that State, is believed to be the best :

"The character of the bar, in the older portions of the State, of Mississippi, was very different from that of the bar in the new districts. Especially was this the case with the counties on, and near the Mississippi river. In its front ranks stood Prentiss, Holt, Boyd, Quitman, Wilkinson, Winchester, Foote, Henderson and others.

"It was at the period first mentioned by me, in 1837, that Sergeant S. Prentiss was in the flower of his forensic fame. He had not, at that time, mingled largely in federal politics. He had made but few enemies, and had not 'staled his presence,' but was in all the freshness of his unmatched faculties. At this day it is difficult for anyone to appreciate the enthusiasm which greeted this gifted man, the admiration which was felt for him, and the affection which followed him. He was to Mississippi, in her youth, what Jenny Lind is to the musical world, or what Charles Fox, whom he resembled in many things, was to the Whig party of England in his day. Why he was so is not difficult to see. He was a type of his times, a representative of the qualities of the people, or rather of the better qualities of the wilder and more impetuous part of them. The proportion of young men, as in all new countries, was great, and the proportion of wild young men, was unfortunately, still greater.

"He had all those qualities which make us charitable to the character of Prince Hal, as painted by Shakespeare, even when our approval is not fully bestowed. Generous as a prince of the royal blood, brave and chivalrous as a Knight Templar, of a spirit that scorned everything mean, underhanded or servile, he was prodigal to improvidence, instant in resentment, and bitter in his animosities, yet magnanimous to forgive when reparation had been made or misconstruction explained away. There was no littleness about him. Even toward an avowed enemy he was open and manly, and bore himself with a sort of antique courtesy and knightly hostility, in which self respect, mingled with respect for his foe, except when contempt was mixed with hatred ; then no words can convey any sense of the intensity of his scorn, the depth of his loathing. When he thus outlawed a man from his courtesy and respect, language could scarce supply words to express his disgust and detestation.

"Fear seemed to be a stranger to his nature. He never hesitated to meet, nor did he wait for 'responsibility,' but went in quest of it. To denounce meanness and villany in any and all forms, when it came in his way, was, with him, a matter of duty from which he never shrunk ; and so to denounce it as to bring himself in direct collision with the perpetrator or perpetrators—for he took them in crowds as well as singly—was a task for which he was instant, in season or out of season.

"Even in the vices of Prentiss there were magnificence and brilliancy imposing in a high degree. When he treated it was a mass entertainment. On one occasion he chartered a theatre for the special gratification of his friends—the public generally. He bet thousands on a turn of a card, and witnessed the success or failure of the wager with the nonchalance of a Mexican monte player ; or, as was most usual, with the light humor of a Spanish muleteer. He broke a faro bank by the nerve with which he laid his large bets, and by exciting the passion of the veteran dealer, or awed him into honesty by the glance of his strong and steady eye.

"Attachment to his friends was a passion. It was a part of the loyalty to the honorable and chivalric, which formed the subsoil of his strange and wayward nature. He never deserted a friend. His confidence knew no bounds. It scorned all restraints and considerations of prudence or policy. He made his friends' quarrels his own, and was as guardful of their reputations as of his own. He would put his name on the back of their paper without looking at the face of it, and gave his *carte blanche*, if needed, by the quire. He was above the littleness of jealousy or rivalry, and his love of truth, his fidelity and frankness were formed on the antique models of the chevaliers. But in social qualities he knew no rival. These made him the delight of every circle ; they were adapted to all, and were exercised on all. The same histrionic and dramatic talent that gave to his oratory so irresistible a charm, and adapted him to all grades and sorts of people, fitted him, in conversation, to delight all men. He never staled and never flagged. Even if the fund of acquired capital could have run out, his originality was such that his supply from the perennial fountain within was inexhaustible.

"His humor was as various as profound—from the most delicate wit to the broadest farce, from irony to caricature, from classical illusion to the verge—and sometimes beyond the verge—of coarse jest and Falstaff extravagance, and no one knew in which department he most excelled. His animal spirits flowed over, like an artesian well, ever gushing out in a deep, bright, and sparkling current.

"He never seemed to despond or droop for a moment ; the cares and anxieties of life were mere bagatelles to him. Sent to jail for fighting in the courthouse, he made the walls of the prison resound with unaccustomed shouts of merriment and revelry. Starting to fight a duel, he laid down his hand at poker, to resume it with a smile when he returned, and went on the field laughing with his friends as to a picnic. Yet no one knew better the proprieties of life than himself—when to put off levity, and treat grave subjects and persons with proper respect, and no one could assume more gracefully a dignified and sober demeanor.

"His early reading and education had been extensive and deep. Probably no man of his age, in the State, was so well read in the ancient and modern classics, in the current literature of the day, and —what may seem stranger—in the sacred scriptures. His speeches drew some of their grandest images, strongest expressions, and aptest illustrations from the inspired writings.

"The personnel of this remarkable man was well calculated to rivet the interest his character inspired. Though he was low of stature, and deformed in one leg, his frame was uncommonly athletic and muscular ; his arms and chest were well formed, the latter deep and broad ; his head large, and a model of classical proportions and noble contour. A handsome face, compact brow, massive and expanded, and eyes of dark hazel, full and clear, were fitted for the expression of every passion and flitting shade of feeling and sentiment. His complexion partook of the bilious, rather than the sanguine temperament. His skin was smooth and bloodless—no excitement or stimulus heightened his color: nor did the writer ever see any evidence in his face of irregularity of habit. In repose his countenance was serious and rather melancholy—certainly somewhat soft and quiet in expression, but evidencing strength and power, and masculine rather than the light and flexible qualities which characterized him in his convivial moments. There was nothing affected or theatrical in his manner, though some parts of his printed speeches would seem to indicate this. He was frank and artless as a child, and nothing could have been more winning than his familiar intercourse with the bar, with whom he was always a favorite, and without a rival in its affection.

"I come now to speak of him as a lawyer.

"He was more widely known as a politician than a lawyer, as an advocate than a jurist. This was because politics form a wider and more conspicuous theatre than the bar, and because the mass of men are better judges of oratory than of law. That he was a man of wonderful versatility and varied accomplishments is most true, and that he was a popular orator of the first class is also true, and that all of his faculties did not often, if ever, find employment in his profession may be true likewise. So far he appeared to better advantage in a deliberative assembly or before the people, because there he had a wider range and subjects of a more general interest, and was not fettered by rules and precedents; his genius expanded over a larger area, and exercised his powers in a greater variety and number. Moreover a stump speech is rarely made chiefly for conviction and persuasion, but to gratify and delight the auditors and to raise the character of the speaker. Imagery, anecdote, ornament, eloquence and elocution are in better taste than in a speech at the bar, where the chief and only legitimate aim is to convince and instruct.

"It will always be a mooted point among Prentiss' admirers as to where his strength chiefly lay. My own opinion is that it was as a jurist that mostly excelled; that it consisted in knowing and being able to show to others what was the law. I state the opinion with some diffidence, and, did it rest on my judgment alone, should not hazard it at all. But the eminent Chief Justice of the high court of errors and appeals of Mississippi thought that Prentiss appeared to most advantage before that court, and a distinguished judge of the Supreme Court of Alabama, who had heard him before the chancellor of Mississippi, expressed to me the opinion that his talents shone most conspicuously in that forum. These were men who could be led from a fair judgment of a legal argument by mere oratory, about as readily as old Playfair could be turned from a true criticism upon a mathematical treatise by its being burnished over with extracts from Fourth of July harangues. Had brilliant declamation been his only or chief faculty, there were plenty of his competitors at the bar who, by their learning and powers of argument, would have knocked the spangles off of him and sent his cases whirling out of court, to the astonishment of hapless clients who had trusted to such fragile help in the time of trial.

"It may be asked how is this possible? How is it consistent with the jealous demands which the law makes of the ceaseless and persevering attention of her followers as a condition of her favors? The question needs an answer. It is to be found somewhere else than in the unaided resources of even such an intellect as that of Sergeant Prentiss. In some form or other, Prentiss always was a student. Probably the most largely developed of all his faculties was his memory. He gathered information with marvelous rapidity. The sun stroke that makes its impression upon the medicated plate is not more rapid in transcribing, or more faithful in fixing its image than was his perception in taking cognizance of the principles, or his ability to retain them. Once fixed, the impression was there forever. It is true, as Mr. Wirt observed, that genius must have materials to work on. No man, how magnificently soever endowed, can possibly be a safe, much less a great, lawyer, who does not understand the facts and law of his case. But some men may understand them much more readily than others. There are labor-saving minds, as well as labor-saving machines, and that of Mr. Prentiss was one of them. In youth he had devoted himself with intense application to legal studies, and had mastered, as few men have done, the elements of the law, and much of its text-book learning. So acute and retentive an observer must, too—especially in the freshness and novelty of his first years of practice—'have absorbed' no little law as it floated through the courthouse, or was distilled from the bench and bar.

"But more especially it should be noted that Mr. Prentiss, until the fruition of his fame, was a laborious man, even in the tapestring sense. While the world was spreading the wild tales of his youth, his deviations, though conspicuous enough while they lasted, were only occasional, and at long intervals, the intervening time being occupied in abstemious application to his studies. Doubtless, too, the supposed obstacles in the way of his success, were greatly exaggerated, the vulgar having a great proneness to magnify the frailties of great men, and to lionize genius by making it independent for its splendid achievements of all external aids.

"In the examination of witnesses he was thought particularly to excel. He wasted no time by irrelevant questions. He seemed to weigh every question before he put it, and see clearly its bearing upon every part of the case. The facts were brought out in natural and simple order. He examined as few witnesses and elicited as few facts as he could safely get along with. In this way he avoided the danger of discrepancy, and kept his mind undiverted from the controlling points of the case. The jury were left unwearied and unconfused, and saw, before the argument, the bearing of the testimony.

"He avoided, too, the miserable error into which so many lawyers fall of making every possible point of a case, and pressing all with equal force and confidence, thereby prejudicing the mind of the court and making the jury believe that the trial of a cause is but running a jockey race.

"In arguing a cause of much public interest, he got all the benefit of the sympathy and feeling of the bystanders. He would sometimes turn towards them in an impassional appeal, as if looking for a larger audience than court and jury; and the excitement of the outsiders, especially in criminal cases, was thrown with great effect into the jury box.

"Mr. Prentiss was never thrown off his guard or seemingly taken by surprise. He kept his temper, or if he got furious, there was 'method in his madness.'

"With these allowances, however, truth requires the admission that Mr. Prentiss did, when at the seat of government, occupy the hours usually allotted by the diligent practitioner to books or clients in amusements not well suited to prepare him for those great efforts which have indissolubly associated his name with the judicial history of the State.

"As an advocate, Mr. Prentiss attained a wider celebrity than as a jurist. Indeed, he was more formidable in this than in any other department of his profession. Before the Supreme, or Chancery, or Circuit Court, upon the law of the case, inferior abilities might set off, against greater native powers, superior application and research; or the precedents might overpower him; or the learning or judgment of the bench might come in aid of the right, even when more feebly defended than assailed. But what protection had mediocrity, or even second-rate talent, against the influences of excitement and fascination let loose upon a mercurial jury, at least as easily impressed through their passions as their reason? The boldness of his attacks, his iron nerve, his adroitness, his power of debate, the overpowering fire—broadside after broadside—which he poured into the assailable points of his adversary, his facility and plainness of illustration, and his talent of adapting himself to every mind and character he addressed, rendered him on all debatable issues next to irresistible. To give him the conclusion was nearly the same thing as to give the verdict.

"He had a faculty in speaking I never knew possessed by any other person. He seemed to speak without any effort of the will. There seemed to be no governing or guiding power to the particular faculty called into exercise. It worked on, and its treasures flowed spontaneously. There was no air of thought, no elevation, frowning or knitting of the brow, no fixing up of the countenance, no pauses to collect or arrange his thoughts. All seemed natural and unpremeditated. No one felt uneasy lest he should fail; in his most brilliant flights, the 'empyrean heights' into which he soared seemed to be his natural element, as the upper air the eagle's.

"Among the most powerful of his jury efforts were his speeches against Bird for the murder of Cameron, and against Phelps, the notorious highway robber and murderer. Both were convicted. The former owed his conviction, as General Foote, who defended him with great zeal and ability thought, to the transcendent eloquence of Prentiss. He was justly convicted, however, as his confession, afterwards made, proved. Phelps was one of the most daring and desperate of ruffians. He confronted his prosecutor and the court, not only with composure, but with scornful and malignant defiance. When Prentiss rose to speak, and for some time afterwards, the criminal scowled upon him a look of hate and insolence. But when the orator, kindling with his subject, turned upon him and poured down a stream of burning invective, like lava, upon his head; when he depicted the villainy and barbarity of his atrocities; when he pictured in dark and dismal colors the fate which awaited him, and the awful judgment to be pronounced at another bar upon his crimes, when he should be confronted with his innocent victims; when he fixed his gaze of concentrated power upon him, the strong man's face relaxed, his eyes faltered and fell, until at length, unable to bear up any longer, self-convicted, he hid his head beneath the bar, and exhibited a picture of ruffian audacity cowed beneath the spell of true courage and triumphant genius. Though convicted, he was not hung. He broke jail and resisted recapture so desperately that, although he was encumbered with his fetters, his pursuers had to kill him in self-defense, or permit his escape.

"In his defense of criminals, in that large class of cases in which something of elevation or bravery in some sort redeemed the lawlessness of the act, where murder was committed under a sense of outrage, or upon sudden resentment, and in a fair combat, his chivalrous spirit upheld the public sentiment, which, if it did not justify that sort of 'wild justice,' could not be brought to punish it ignominiously. His appeals fell like flames on those

'Souls made of fire and children of sun,
With whom revenge was virtue.'

"I have never heard of but one client of his who was convicted on the charge of homicide, and he was convicted of one of its lesser degrees. So successful was he that the expression—'Prentiss couldn't clear him,' was a hyperbole that expressed the desperation of a criminal's fortunes.

"Mr. Prentiss was employed only in important cases, and generally as associate counsel, and was thereby relieved of much of the preliminary preparation which occupies so much of the time of an attorney in getting a case ready for trial. In the Supreme and Chancery Courts, he had, of course, only to examine the record and prepare his argument. On the circuit his labors were much more arduous. The important criminal and civil causes which he argued necessarily required consultations with clients, the preparations of pleadings and proofs, either under his supervision, or by his advice and direction, and this, from the number and difficulty of the cases, must have consumed time and required application and industry.

"At the time of which I speak his long vigils and continued excitement, did not enfeeble his energies. Indeed, he has been known to assert that he felt brighter and in better preparation for forensic debate after sitting up all night in company with his friends than at any other time. He required less sleep, probably, than any man in the State, seldom devoting to that purpose more than three or four hours in the twenty-four. After his friends had retired at a late hour in the night, or rather at an early hour in the morning, he has been known to get his books and papers and prepare for the business of the day.

" His faculty of concentration drew his energies as through a lens, upon the subject before him. No matter what he was engaged in, his intellect was ceaseless in play and motion. Alike comprehensive and systematic in the arrangement of his thoughts, he reproduced without difficulty what he had once conceived.

" Probably something would have still been wanting to explain his celerity of preparation for his causes, had not partial nature gifted him with the lawyer's highest talent, the acumen which, like instinct, enabled him to see the points which the record presented. His genius for generalizing saved him, in a moment, the labor of long and tedious reflection upon and collection of the several parts of a narrative. He read with great rapidity; glancing his eyes through a page he caught the substance of its contents at a view. His analysis too, was powerful. The chemist does not reduce the contents of his alembic to their elements more rapidly or surely than he resolved the most complicated facts into primary principles.

" His statements—like those of all great lawyers—were clear, conspicuous and compact; the language simple and sententious. Considered in the most technical sense, as forensic arguments merely, no one will deny that his speeches were admirable and able efforts. If the professional reader will turn to the meagre reports of his arguments on the cases of *Ross* v. *Vertner*, 5 How., 305; *Vick et al*, v. *the Mayor and Aldermen of Vicksburg*, 1 How., 381; and the *Planters Bank* v. *Snodgrass et al*, he will I think, concur in this opinion.

"Anecdotes are not wanting to show that even in the Supreme Court he argued some cases of great importance without knowing anything about them till the argument was commenced. One of these savors of the ludicrous. Mr. Prentiss was retained, as associate counsel, with Mr. (now General) M——, at that time one of the most promising, as now one of the most distinguished, lawyers in the State. During the sesssion of the Supreme Court at which the case was to come up, Mr. M—— called Mr. P.'s attention to the case and proposed examining the record together; but for some reason this was deferred for some time. At last it was agreed to examine into the case the night before the day set for the hearing. At the appointed time Prentiss could not be found. Mr. M—— was in great perplexity. The case was of great importance; there were able opposing counsel, and his client and himself had trusted greatly to Mr. P.'s assistance. Prentiss appeared in the court-room when the case was called up. The junior counsel opened the case, reading slowly from the record all that was necessary to give a clear perception of its merits, and made the points and read the authorities he had collected. The counsel on the other side replied. Mr. P. rose to rejoin. The junior could scarcely conceal his apprehensions. But there was no cloud on the brow of the speaker; the consciousness of his power and approaching victory sat on his face. He commenced, as he always did, by stating clearly the case and the questions raised by the facts. He proceeded to establish the propositions he contended for, by their reason, by authorities and collateral analogies, and to illustrate them from his copious resources of comparison. He took up, one by one, the arguments of the other side, and showed their fallacy; he examined the authorities relied upon in the order in which they were introduced, and showed their inapplicability and the distinction between the facts of the cases reported and those in the case at bar. Then, returning to the authorities of his colleague, he showed how clearly, in application and principle, they supported his own argument. When he had sat down his colleague declared that Prentiss had taught him more of the case than he had gathered from his own researches and reflection.

"Mr. Prentiss had scarcely passed a decade from his majority when he was the idol of Mississippi. While absent from the State his name was brought before the people for Congress, the State then voting by general ticket and electing two members. He was elected, the sitting members declining to present themselves before the people, upon the claim that they were elected at the special election ordered by Governor Lynch, for two years, and not for the called session merely. Mr. Prentiss, with Mr. Word, his colleague, went on to Washington to claim his seat. He was admitted to the bar of the House to defend and assert his right. He then delivered that speech which took the House and the country by storm; an effort, which, if his fame rested upon it alone, for its manliness of tone, exquisite satire, gorgeous imagery and argumentative power, would have rendered his name imperishable. The House, opposed to him as it was in political sentiment, reversed its former judgment, which declared Gholson and Claiborne entitled to their seats, and divided equally on the question of admitting Prentiss and Word. The Speaker, however, gave the casting vote against the latter, and the election was referred back to the people.

"Mr. Prentiss addressed a circular to the voters of Mississippi, in which he announced his intention to canvass the State. The applause which greeted him at Washington, and which attended the speeches he was called upon to make in the north, came thundering back to his adopted State. His friends, and their name was legion, thought before that his talents were of the highest order, and when their judgments were thus confirmed—when they received the endorsements of such men as Clay, Webster and Calhoun, they felt a kind of personal interest in him; he was their Prentiss. They had first discovered him—first brought him out—first proclaimed his greatness. Their excitement knew no bounds. Political considerations, too, doubtless had their weight. The canvass opened—it was less a canvass than an ovation. He went through the State, a herculean task, making speeches every day, except Sundays, in the sultry months of summer and fall. The people of all classes and both sexes turned out to hear him: He came, as he declared, less on his own errand than theirs, to vindicate a violated constitution, to rebuke the insult to the honor and sovereignty of the State, to uphold the sacred right of the people to elect their own rulers. The theme was worthy of the orator, the orator of the subject.

"This period may be considered the golden prime of the genius of Prentiss. His real effective greatness here attained its culminating point. He had the whole State for his audience, the honor of the State for his subject. He came well armed and well equipped for the warfare. Not content with challenging his competitors to the field, he threw down the gauntlet to all comers. Party or ambition, or some other motive, constrained several gentlemen—famous before, notorious afterwards—to meet him. In every instance of such temerity, the opposer was made to bite the dust.

"The ladies surrounded the rostrum with their carriages, and added by their beauty, interest to the scene. There was no element or oratory that his genius did not supply. It was plain to see where his boyhood had drawn its romantic inspiration. His imagination was colored and imbued with the light of the shadowy past, and was richly stored with the unreal but life-like creations which the genius of Shakespeare and Scott had evoked from the ideal world. He had lingered spellbound, among the scenes of mediaeval chivalry. His spirit had dwelt, until almost naturalized, in the mystic dream-land they peopled—among paladins and crusaders and Knights Templar; with Monmouth and Percy—with Bois-Gilbert and Ivanhoe, and the bold McGregor—with the cavaliers of Rupert, and the iron enthusiasts of Fairfax. As Judge Bullard remarks of him, he had the talent of an Italian improvisatore, and could speak the thoughts of poetry with the inspiration of oratory, and in the tones of music. The fluency of his speech was unbroken—no syllable unpronounced—not a ripple on the smooth and brilliant tide. Probably he never hesitated for a word in his life. His diction adapted itself without effort to the thought; now easy and familiar, now stately and dignified, now beautiful and varied as the hues of the rainbow; again compact, even rugged in sinewy strength, or lofty and grand in eloquent declamation.

"His face and manner were alike uncommon. The turn of his head was like Byron's; the face and the action were just what the mind made them. The excitement of the features, the motions of the head and body, the gesticulation he used, were all in absolute harmony with the words you heard. You saw and took cognizance of the general effect only; the particular instrumentalities did not strike you; they certainly did not call off attention to themselves. How a countenance so redolent of good humor as his, at times, could so soon be overcast, and express such intense bitterness, seemed a marvel. But bitterness and angry passions were probably, as strongly implanted in him as any other sentiments or qualities.

"There was much about him to remind you of Byron—the cast of the head, the classic features, the fiery and restive nature, the moral and personal daring, the imaginative and poetical temperament, the scorn and deep passion, the deformity of which I have spoken, the satiric wit, the craving for excitement, and the air of melancholy he sometimes wore, his early neglect, and the imagined slights put upon him in his unfriendly youth, the collisions, mental and physical, which he had with others, his brilliant and sudden reputation, and the romantic interest which invested him, make up a list of correspondences, still further increased, alas! by his untimely death.

"With such abilities as we have alluded to, and surrounded by such circumstances, he prosecuted the canvass, making himself the equal favorite of all classes. Old Democrats were seen with tears running down their cheeks, laughing hysterically, and some, who, ever since the formation of the parties, had voted the Democratic ticket from coroner up to governor, threw up their hats and shouted for him. He was returned to Congress by a large majority, leading his colleague, who ran on precisely the same question, by more than 1,000 votes.

"The political career of Mr. Prentiss after this time is a matter of public history, and I do not propose to refer to it.

"After his return from Congress, Mr. Prentiss continued to devote himself to his profession, but subsequently to 1841 or 1842, he was more engaged in closing up his old business than in prosecuting new. Some year or two afterwards the suit which involved his fortune was determined against him in the Supreme Court of the United States, and he found himself by this event, aggravated as it was by his immense liabilities for others, deprived of the accumulations of years of successful practice, and again dependent upon his own exertions for the support of himself and others now placed under his protection. In the meantime the profession in Mississippi had become less remunerative and more laborious. Bearing up with an unbroken spirit against adverse fortune, he determined to try a new theatre, where his talents might have larger scope. For this purpose he removed to the city of New Orleans, and was admitted to the bar there. How rapidly he rose to a position among the leaders of that bar, and how near he seemed to be to its first honors, the country knows. The energy with which he addressed himself to the task of mastering the peculiar jurisprudence of Louisiana, and the success with which his efforts were crowned are not the least of the splendid achievements of this distinguished gentleman.

"The danger is not that we shall be misconstrued in regard to the rude sketch we have given of Mr. Prentiss in any such matter as to leave the impression that we are prejudiced against, or have underrated the character of, that gentleman. We are conscious of having written in no unkind or unloving spirit of one whom, in life, we honored, and whose memory is still dear to us; the danger is elsewhere. It is two-fold: that we may be supposed to have assigned to Prentiss a higher order of abilities than he possessed; and, in the second place, that we have presented for undistinguishing admiration, a character, some of the elements of which do not deserve to be admired or imitated—and, indeed, which are of most perilous example, especially to warm-blooded youth. As to the first objection, we feel sure that we are not mistaken, and even did we distrust our own judgment, we would be confirmed by Sharkey, Boyd, Williamson, Guion, Quitman, to say nothing of the commendations of Clay, Webster and Calhoun, "the immortal three," whose opinions as to Prentiss' talents would be considered extravagant if they did not carry with them the imprimatur of their own great names. But we confess to the danger implied in the second suggestion. With all our admiration for Prentiss—much as his memory is endeared to us, however, the faults of his character and the irregularities of his life may be palliated by the peculiar circumstances which pressed upon idiosyncracies of his temper and mind almost as peculiar as those circumstances—it cannot be denied, and it ought not to be concealed, that the influence of Prentiss upon men, especially upon the young men of his time and association, was hurtful. True, he had some attributes worthy of unlimited admiration, and he did some things which the best men might take as examples for imitation. He was a noble, whole-souled, magnanimous man, as pure of honor, as lofty in chivalric bearing as the heroes of romance; but, mixed with these brilliant qualities were vices of mind and habit, which those fascinating graces rendered doubly dangerous, for vice is more easily copied than virtue, and in the partnership between virtue and vice, vice subsidizes virtue to its uses. Prentiss lacked regular, self-denying, systematic application. He accomplished a great deal, but not a great deal for his capital; if he did more than most men, he did less than the task of such a man; if he gathered much, he wasted and scattered more. He wanted the great essential of a true, genuine, moral greatness; these were not above his intellect—above his strong array of strong powers and glittering faculties—above the fierce hosts of passion in his soul—a presiding spirit of duty. Life was no trust to him; it was a thing to be enjoyed—a bright holiday season, a gala day, to be spent freely and carelessly, a gift to be decked out with brilliant deeds and eloquent words and all the gewgaws of fancy, and to be laid down bravely when the evening star should succeed the bright sun, and the dews begin to fall softly upon the green earth. True, he labored more than most men, but he labored as he frolicked, because his mind could not be idle, but burst into work as by the irrepressible instinct with which he sought occupation as an outlet to intellectual excitement, but what he accomplished was nothing to the measure of his powers. He studied more than he seemed to study, more, probably, than he cared to have it believed he studied. But he could accomplish with only slender effort the end for which less gifted men must delve and toil and slave. But the imitators, the many youths of warm passions and high hopes, ambitious of distinction, yet solicitous of pleasure, blinded by the glare of Prentiss' eloquence, the corruscations of a wit and fancy through which his speeches were borne as a stately ship through the phosphorescent waves of a tropical sea—what example was it to them to see the renown of the forum, the eloquence of the hustings, the triumphs of the senate associated with the faro table, the midnight revel, the drunken carouse, the loose talk of the board laden with wine and cards? What Prentiss effected they failed in compassing. Like a chamois hunter full of life and vigor and courage, supported by the spear of his genius—potent as Ithuriel's—Prentiss sprang up the steeps and leaped over the chasms on his way to the mount where the 'proud temple' shines above cloud and storm, but mediocrity, in essaying to follow him, but made ridiculous the enterprise which only such a man with such aids could accomplish. And even he, not wisely or well; the penalty came at last, as it must ever come for a violation of natural or moral laws. He lived in pain and poverty, drooping in spirit, exhausted in mind and body, to lament that wasting of life and health and genius, which, unwasted, in the heyday of existence, and in the meridian luster of his unrivaled powers, might have opened for himself and for his country a career of usefulness and just renown scarcely paralleled by the most honored and loved of all the land.

"If to squander such rare gifts were a grievous fault, grievously hath this erring child of genius answered it. But painfully making this concession, forced alone by the truth, it is with pleasure we can say, that, with this deduction from Prentiss' claims to reverence and honor, there yet remains so much of force and brilliancy in the character, so much that is honorable, and noble, and generous, so much of a manhood whose robust and masculine virtues are set off by the wild and lovely graces that tempered and adorned his strength, that we feel drawn to it not less to admire than to love.

"In the midst of his budding prospects, rapidly ripening into fruition, insidious disease attacked him. It was long hoped that the close and fibrous system which had, seemingly, defied all the laws of nature, would prove superior to this malady. His unconquerable will bore him up long against its attacks. Indeed, it seemed that only death itself could subdue that fiery and unextinguishable energy. He made his last great effort, breathing in its feeble accents, but a more touching and affecting pathos and a more persuasive eloquence in behalf of Lopez, charged with the offence of fitting out an expedition against Cuba. So weak was he that he was compelled to deliver in a sitting posture, and was carried, after its delivery, exhausted from the bar.

"Not long after this time, in a state of complete prostration, he was taken in a steamboat from New Orleans to Natchez, under the care of some faithful friends. The opiates given him and the exhaustion of nature had dethroned his imperial reason, and the great advocate talked wildly of some trial in which he supposed he was engaged. When he reached Natchez he was taken to the residence of a relation, and from that time, only for a moment, did a glance of recognition fall, lighting up for an instant his pallid features, upon his wife and children weeping around his bed. On the morning of July 1, 1850, died this remarkable man in the forty-second year of his age. What he was we know. What he might have been, after a mature age and a riper wisdom we cannot tell. But that he was capable of commanding the loftiest heights of fame, and marking his name and character upon the age he lived in we verily believe.

"But he has gone. He died, and lies buried near that noble river which first, when a raw Yankee boy, caught his poetic eye, and stirred by its aspect of grandeur his sublime imagination; upon whose shores first fell his burning and impassioned words as they aroused the rapturous applause of his astonished auditors. And long will that noble river flow out its tide into the gulf ere the roar of its current shall mingle with the tones of such eloquence again—eloquence as full and majestic, as resistless and sublime, and as wild in its sweep as its own sea-like flood—

> "'The mightiest river
> Rolls mingling with his fame forever.'

"The tidings of his death came like wailing over the State, and we all heard them as the toll of the bell for a brother's funeral. The chivalrous felt when they heard that 'young Harry Percy's spur was cold' that the world had somehow grown commonplace, and the men of wit and genius, or those who could appreciate such qualities in others, looking over the surviving bar, exclaimed with a sigh:

> " 'The blaze of wit, the flash of bright intelligence,
> The beam of social eloquence,
> Sunk with his sun.' "

CRUTCHFIELD'S ARTILLERY BRIGADE.

Report of its Operations, April 3-6, 1865, when it was captured with Lee's Division at Sailor's Creek.

This, printed from the original manuscript, was recently supplied by General G. W. Custis Lee, late President Washington and Lee University:

SAVANNAH, *March 3, 1866.*

Major-General G. W. C. Lee, Commanding Lee's Division,
Ewell's Corps, Army Northern Virginia.

GENERAL:

In compliance with your request that I would communicate in an official form such information as I may possess of the operations of Crutchfield's Brigade, from the evacuation of the lines on the north of the James river to the capture of the Division at Sailors' Creek, on the 6th April, 1865, I have the honor to report as follows:

The Brigade consisted of the 10th, 18th, 19th and 20th Virginia Battalions of artillery, the Chaffin's Bluff garrison composed of five unattached Virginia companies of artillery, temporarily organized as a battalion, and the 18th Georgia battalion.

These battalions were organized in pairs, and commanded as follows: The Chaffin's Bluff battalion and the 18th Georgia by Major W. H. Gibbes; the 18th and 19th Virginia by Lieutenant-Colonel Howard; the 10th and 20th Virginia by Lieutenant-Colonel Atkinson.

I need not recapitulate the circumstances of the march; nor enlarge on the starving condition of the troops, further than to say that from the commencement of the movement to the moment of our falling into the hands of the enemy, the only stores issued were, one pound of meal and one-third of a pound of bacon. These were issued on the afternoon of the 4th, and so far as I was informed, only to this brigade; the Brigade Commissary having, fortunatly, that small supply on hand.

We saw or heard no signs of the enemy until the 5th, when reports of small arms at some distance indicated their approach. Having passed Amelia Court House several miles, several companies, from the Chaffin's Bluff Battalion, and from the battalion under Colonel Atkinson's command, were deployed as skirmishers on the left of the line of march, and continued to march in that order and position, parallel to the column, during all that day and night. But there was no appearance of an enemy until about 10 o'clock that night, when we were fired upon by what was supposed to be a small advanced party of the enemy's cavalry.

About 10 or 11 o'clock on the morning of the 6th the enemy being discovered in close proximity, the brigade was formed in line of battle faced to the left. I presumed to cover the passage of the trains. But the enemy contented himself with shelling the trains and the road by which the troops passed. But no one was hurt.

After crossing Sailor's Creek, and while halted near the crest of the hill beyond it, the enemy was discovered advancing in heavy force towards our left and rear. His artillery came up rapidly and took position on the summit of the hill we had recently passed over, on the other side of the creek, near the houses of Hillsmans' farm, and not more than 350 and 400 yards from us, as I have ascertained by a subsequent careful examination of the ground.

The division immediately formed line, faced to the rear, about one-third of the distance down the hill, Crutchfield's Brigade on the right. But before the line was formed, and while the greater part of the troops were yet moving to their position, the enemy opened fire with case, shells, and canister.

The 18th Georgia was on the extreme right of the brigade; next stood the Chaffin's Bluff troops, Major Robert Stiles. In consequence of the transfer of Major Gibbes on the day previous, to Hardaway's Battalion of Artillery, the command of these two battalions had devolved on myself. The conformation of the ground was such that I could see distinctly only these two battalions after getting into position. Consequently, whatever I have to state further relates to them alone.

The different battalions moved up successively from right to left. No sooner were the colors of the 18th Georgia and Chaffin's Bluff troops established, than the enemy directed his fire upon those commands with great rapidity and accuracy. But both battalions dressed up to their colors with as much steadiness and formality as if on parade. I observed particularly the Chaffin's Bluff companies, as I was told they had never before been engaged. There was something surprising in their perfect steadiness and order. By this time many casualties having occured, and the enemy's fire becoming remarkably accurate and severe, the troops were directed to lie down in their places. But notwithstanding this precaution, many of Major Stiles' command were killed and wounded. The 18th Georgia suffered not at all, as they lay in a slight depression of the ground. I do not think I had a man hurt by artillery during the engagement

Covered by his artillery the enemy moved up his infantry in three lines of battle, preceded by skirmishers. As soon as our own skirmishers had retired, they were received with a general discharge from our whole line, which speedily threw their first line into confusion, killing and wounding considerable numbers.

Unable to face our fire, that line fell back in disorder, which, as I was afterwards told, they communicated to their second line. Such was the eagerness of Major Stiles' men, that upon perceiving the enemy's hesitation, they sprang up from their recumbent attitude and rushed upon them, fixing bayonets as they advanced; and it was with difficulty that Major Stiles and I could check them and restore the line. I was also afterwards informed, by other officers of the brigade that the enemy's second line was broken in a similar manner by our fire, and that his third line was met by ours in a general advance with the bayonet, and driven back beyond the creek, when the flag of truce appeared announcing the surrender of the whole corps by General Ewell.

I communicate information received from others of what did not fall under my own observation, for the sake of the corroboration it may give to statements from other quarters. After the restoration of our line, broken, as just stated, by the precipitate charge of Major Stiles' command, my attention was confined to what took place on our extreme right, and I saw no more of the general engagement. And if I go on to recount too minutely what may be considered one of the minor events of the field, I trust it may be pardoned as a just tribute to the splendid courage and unfaltering devotion to the cause of their country of my brave battalion. No words of mine seem adequate to praise them as they deserve. But while I have an opportunity to speak, the living must not lose, through my silence, their claim to the gratitude of their country, nor the dead that honorable mention which belongs to the soldier who falls in a righteous cause.

I have before stated that my battalion was on the extreme right of the brigade. Its right rested on the road by which we had marched after crossing the creek. On the other side of the road was a dense pine thicket, which concealed all beyond from view. Perhaps you will recollect passing the command early in the engagement, and telling me I might feel secure about my flank, as Kershaw's Division was beyond the thicket; as I understood matters, with his extreme left covering our flank, his line being at right angles to ours.

After re-establishing Major Stiles' Battalion, I passed up to our right. I had scarcely got there, when I perceived a large body of the enemy advancing through the thicket diagonally upon our flank, and already within about forty yards. They could not have been seen at a greater distance, so close were the trees. I had but eighty-five men, but I could not leave the spot, nor was there a moment to spare. I changed front instantly (receiving, as the movement was made, a volley which proved fatal to several), and took position in a wide and shallow gully at the road-side. Perceiving that the superior numbers of the enemy would enable him to destroy us by his fire, I ordered bayonets fixed and attacked.

Through the extraordinary gallantry of the men, the attack was entirely successful. Many of the enemy were killed with the bayonet, and the rest were driven off in disorder, after a desperate struggle, distinguished by many acts of individual heroism. Lieutenant G. M. Turner, though previously wounded on the skirmish line, joined in the charge, and was shot down in the act of saving the life of a comrade. Lieutenant W. D. Grant took a regimental flag from the hands of its bearer, and was prostrated by mortal wounds immediately after delivering it to me. Sergeant George James is reported to have taken another, and fell shortly after. Captain G. C. Rice was overpowered by an officer of the enemy of greatly superior size and strength, in Confederate uniform, and was shot by him on the ground, after he had surrendered. Lieutenant W. H. King revenged him, and was himself killed on the instant. Sergeant C. B. Postell, with three or four others, was surrounded by a party of the enemy, and refusing to yield, was killed with all his comrades. Lieutenant

F. Tupper, pursuing too far, fell mortally wounded on the bank of the creek, about 300 yards from our position.

I hope I did not commit an error in taking this course. The safety of the brigade was at stake. If my brave fellows had flinched or given way, the enemy would have thrown himself on our flank, and the general loss must have been much greater than it was.

I had scarcely reassembled the remnant of the battalion in its original position, with but one officer unwounded besides myself, when you passed by and reassured me as to my apprehensions of further molestation from that quarter by the information that other troops had been sent to guard that approach. They probably never reached their destination; for in a very few minutes another but smaller body of the enemy came on over the same ground. Supposing them to be some of our own troops giving way, I took my men out to rally them, and discovered that they were enemies only when within a few paces. I attempted, as our only recourse, to repeat the attack which has just terminated so well; but overpowered by superior numbers, though fighting to the last, all the rest of the command were killed, wounded or taken. Sergeants R. Millen and S. Morton stood to the last before their colors, keeping at bay a party of about fifty men, and were the last to fall.

Seeing then but one officer and the non-commissioned staff remaining, I displayed my handkerchief in token of surrender. As I did so, the enemy, hitherto sheltering themselves behind the trees, rushed into the road, and fired upon my wounded who lay in the gully before mentioned. It was with the greatest difficulty they could be induced to cease from this barbarity. I mention this closing incident as one more of the numerous atrocities which indicated the relentless spirit in which the war was waged against us.

The loss in the 18th Georgia Battalion was thirty killed, including those who subsequently died of their wounds, and twenty-two wounded; in all sixty-one per cent. of the number engaged.

Major Stiles conjectured the loss in his command to have been about 100 in killed and wounded. I do not know of any attempt to estimate the loss in the rest of the brigade.

Having subsequently re-visited the field and passed some days in its immediate vicinity, I was informed by one of the neighboring residents that the troops encountered by my battalion were Hamblin's Brigade of the 6th Corps, consisting of three regiments, of which one-half were ordered forward at each time.

The information was obtained from General Hamblin himself, who further admitted that he suffered very severely and lost six colors. As I heard of but two regimental flags, I presume the others were markers' flags. Indeed, one of my men told me that he saw Lieutenant King, whose death is above-mentioned, with two markers' flags shortly before he fell. It seems scarcely possible that this battalion could have contended successfully with even a single regiment unless reduced to its own feeble dimensions. It can be explained, however, by the fact that they were thrown into some disorder by the closeness of the thicket through which they advanced, and being thus caught in detail by a sudden attack had no opportunity to recover themselves.

I have thus, General, given an account, perhaps too detailed, of the fortunes of the brigade from the evacuation to its capture, in what fell under my own observation. If anything is omitted which was stated in my former communication in unofficial form, I beg you will make the necessary corrections and additions. I have been more minute than would have been necessary or, perhaps, even proper, under other circumstances. But I feel with you that since they have lost all else, we ought to save for our brave soldiers all the honors they so hardly won. All their toils and sufferings and dangers have been apparently in vain; but they fought in a just cause, and if they did not achieve success they at least deserved it. I await with impatience the day when the world will do justice to our country and our countrymen. I have the honor to remain, General,

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

WM. S. BASINGER,
Major Com'd'g 18th Georgia Battalion.

List of Casualties in the 18th Georgia Battalion, G. W. C. Lee's Division, Ewell's Corps, in the Battle of Hillman's Farm, or Sailor Creek, Va., April 6, 1865:

Field and Staff— *Wounded*—Major William S. Basinger, Lieutenant E. P. Starr, Adjutant.

Company A, Lieutenant W. H. King, Commanding:

Killed—Lieutenant Wm. H. King; Sergeants R. Millen, W. H.

Bennett; Privates Henry Crook, E. L. Gordon, J. W. Myddleton, John Vicars.

Wounded—Lieutenant Fred A. Tupper; Sergeant Harry H. Woodbridge; Corporal H. Barrs; Privates James Belote, J. S. Gans, J. Hitchcock, B. Newbern, J. T. Smith, S. Syntis B. Green.

Company B, Lieutenant Geo. D. Smith, Commanding:

Killed—Sergeants Chase B. Postell, Sim Moreton; Privates E. L. Barie, Jas. C. Bryan.

Wounded—Lieutenants Geo. D. Smith, Wm D. Grant; Sergeant E. C. Wade; Privates Percy Elliott, F. Kreeger, J. Darracott, J. Douglass, J. N. Guerard, T. Kreeger, J. H. Polk, J. H. Butler.

Company C, Captain Gilbert C. Rice Commanding:

Killed—Captain G. C. Rice; Lieutenant George M. Turner; Sergeant George E. James; Privates B. Abney, Alfred O. Bowne, Jacob Gould, John H. McIntosh, Ed. A. Papy, B. J. Rouse; Corporal W. H. Rice.

Wounded—Lieutenants Eugene T. Blois, John R. Dillon; Sergeants F. Ripon Sweat, Bayard J. McIntosh, Chas. R. Maxwell, M. McLean, C. J. Sweat, Albert Folker.

Died Since of their Wounds—Company A: Lieutenant Fred A. Tupper; Private B. Green. Company B: Lieutenants George D. Smith, Wm. D. Grant; Sergeant E. C. Wade; Privates Percy Elliott, F. Kreeger, F. N. Guerard. Company C: Lieutenant Eugene T. Blois.

The balance of the command were either captured unhurt after the fight, or escaped and were present at the surrender.

AN ALABAMA HEROINE.

MISS EMMA SANSONE,

Who Piloted General Forrest across Black Creek, in his Famous Pursuit and Capture of Col. A. D. Streight.

With an Account of the Surrender by Gen. D. H. Maury.

The eloquent address of General Dabney H. Maury—"The Wizard of the West"—lingers a delight in the minds of those who fortunately heard it.

His vivid portrayal of the characteristics and stirring recital of the remarkable achievements of Lieutenant-General Nathan Bedford Forrest, has re-incited deep interest in the phenomenal leader. Any illustration of his brilliant career, even unpretentious, may be deemed acceptable to the public.

The narrative of a follower of the great soldier, which is presented, was sent the Editor by Mr. W. L. Fleming, a librarian of the A. & M. College, Auburn, Ala.

In the early part of April, 1863, the commander of the Federal forces in Tennessee determined to send a strong raiding party around the Confederate forces under Gen. Bragg for the purpose of destroying the railroads and cutting off supplies and reinforcements, and also to destroy the extensive Confederate works then at Rome, Ga.

For this daring purpose Col. Abel D. Streight, of Indiana, was selected, and he was given command of 2,000 picked Western men, well mounted and armed with the best arms in the Federal service. To this party was also attached a section of the 6th Ohio Light Battery. Streight's party was accompanied by a strong force of infantry and artillery as far as the Tennessee valley to create a diversion while he should pass the Confederates under Gen. N. B. Forrest.

The combined commands of the Federals landed and crossed the Tennessee river below Tuscumbia, in the extreme northwestern part of the State of Alabama. They made their way up the valley, driving back the small cavalry force of the Confederates which was in their front; the Confederates then being scattered over the whole north line of Alabama. When Town creek was reached Forrest made a stand, having received some reinforcements of cavalry, and with Ferrell's Battery and a section of Freman's Battery. The command was posted on the east side of Town creek, between the ford and railroad bridge. Here an artillery duel was kept up with the Federal host on the west side, which lasted nearly a whole day. During the day it seemed that the Yankees were trying to cross the creek at the ford, the creek being considerably swollen from recent rains. Gen. Forrest ordered the writer to take one of the guns of Ferrell's Battery and go down and drive the enemy from the ford. I took a twelve-pounder field-howitzer, and went down near the ford and scattered them effectually, and drove them back to their main lines, following them up with my shells as they retreated. For this service I was complimented by Gen. Forrest, who declared we did "the best shooting he ever saw."

About the time I ceased firing it seemed that all the Yankee batteries had concentrated their fire on my little party, but fortunately they could not depress their guns sufficiently to harm us. Their shot and shells passed over our heads.

Just before night our command moved back to Courtland. Big Nance creek being very high, the drivers swam their horses across at the ford and the cannoneers passed the pieces over the railroad bridge by hand. We remained in the streets of Courtland during the night. It seems that Colonel Streight left the main command while we were engaged in the artillery duel the day before, and General Forrest had "caught on" to it, for we left Courtland early the next morning, and went up the mountain leaving a portion of General Roddy's command under Major Moreland in the valley. Here we first heard of the raiding party under Colonel Streight and got on his track. I remember General Forrest telling us that "they, the Yankees, were taking the rings off the gals fingers," and that "we would take them back when we caught them," after a rest of about an hour, the command moved forward at a lively gait as the trail was a warm one. We continued the pursuit in a southeasterly direction. We found that the Yankees had taken or destroyed everything in the way of food or forage as they passed. The flour and meal that they did not use was thrown into the road and well mixed with dirt and sand so as to be useless to us.

In crossing a bad mud hole with "corduroy" made of poles and fence rails where some one had broken his wagon and left it in the mire, the cannoneers being afoot, passed over on some logs lying by the fence when one spied some bacon sides lying just over the fence in the bushes and briars; I told them to get it, and had a hole cut in them, and then had them put on the spindle of the spare wheel on our caissons. It proved to be a godsend, for we had nothing else to eat.

That night we saw lights ahead on the mountain, which it seems was the camp of the raiders. Ferrell's Battery and a part of the command was sent to the right, while the section of Freeman's Battery and another part of the command went to the left. We on the right were apparently near enough to have reached their camp with our shells, and I was asked what I could do, but the elevation was too great for field pieces.

Early the next morning we were ordered to move rapidly around the mountain to the left, where we heard heavy firing. It seems that Gen. Forrest had attacked them on the mountain at Day's gap with a part of his command and with the section of Freeman's Battery, and had been repulsed with the loss of Freeman's guns and a number of men. I think his brother, Bill Forrest, was either killed or severely wounded there. When we arrived the command immediately moved forward up the mountain, and on reaching the top our line was formed, and we moved forward. We soon came to the line of the Yankees, who gave us a heavy volley and retreated. "That's h—l, to let them all get away," I heard some one say just coming up behind me. I looked around, and saw it was Gen. Forrest. He ordered "forward," and away we went. We pressed them so closely that day that late in the evening they abandoned the guns that they had taken from Freeman. Streight made a stand at every creek or stream on the way, and burnt all the bridges. The battery was ordered up on most of these occasions, and after giving them a few rounds of shell or shrapnel, and sometimes cannister, the cavalry would charge them and carry the position, and so it would go to the next creek. Many of these streams were very difficult to cross with artillery. Often ammunition would have to be carried over by the cavalrymen, each man with a shell; and the men and horses, by the use of prolonge ropes, would drag the guns across these rough and rocky mountain streams.

Late that night we came upon them in camp, it was very dark and the enemy's fires if they had any, were out, our line was moving along slowly, when General Forest suggested they were just in front of us. I could not tell whether my front was up hill or down, but had the first piece pointed by feeling along the gun with my hand, and fired, the guns to the left in the woods following, we drew a heavy volley from the enemy on the first piece, we followed with several rounds of shot and shell and moved by hand to the front and gave them some canister; then the command moved forward with a sheet of flame and we passed through their camp. I saw a number of white signals made by their wounded while their horses and mules were neighing and braying. "Forward," was the order, and forward we went, in passing through the Yankee camp the men hastily grabbed up such things as scattered hard tack, little wallets of ground coffee, etc. I did not leave the road, and only found a clothes brush, which was lying with the bristles up, the row of white bristles around the outer edge had caught my eye, though the night was dark and I on horseback.

I don't think that Streight ever attempted to go into camp again, or if he did he was not allowed to do so, for the chase was kept up day and night, and if they deprived us of something to eat we certainly kept them from sleeping. But at every creek or stream they would make a stand, and on all such occasions we would shell them and then charge, and so on we went, the battery to cross below or above the burning bridge as best we could.

One day in passing a little farm in a valley where the whole family, "with their sisters and their cousins and their aunts," were standing out in the yard, as I rode up, one of the young women came rushing towards me with her arms open, crying "lor' if yonder ain't buddy." I suggested that she was mistaken, as I had no sister. "Well," said she, "if you ain't buddy, you are just like him, and I will find you some bread," whereupon she rushed back to the house and brought me a small piece of bread, the first and only bread I had on the road from Tuscumbia to Rome.

One night the command seemed to come to a halt. I tried to "nod" on my horse, but could not do so satisfactorily, so I rode forward to see what the matter was. We were stopped in a branch or swampy place, the drivers were all nodding away on their horses. Just after getting out of the bottom I passed along the side of the hill in the woods, and I saw lying on the ground, asleep, Captain Ferrell, and a few feet farther lay General Forrest also asleep, I quietly dismounted and, with my arm through my bridle rein, lay down with my back as close to Captain Ferrell as I could get. It seemed that I had hardly got to sleep when I was aroused by the voice of General Forrest, "Captain Ferrell, move your battery forward," and forward we moved.

Late one evening in crossing a stream where there was no bridge, the Yankees had lost a box of hardtack (crackers) in the stream—of course they got wet but that did not soften them—this box of hardtack General Forrest issued out to the command with his own hands and of which I did not get one, as Captain Ferrell suggested that I "had been given a piece of bread the day before by a young woman."

Our horses were "giving out" and our teams being reduced, and no others to be had, until finally, all the guns and caissons had to be left except one six-pounder smoothbore and one twelve-pounder field Howitzer, and one caisson; with this section and the pick of the horses, we went forward at a somewhat better gait, having eight horses to each piece, but even then over the rough mountain roads with little or no rest and no food except what little scattered fodder the Yankee horses had left in their haste, our horses showed great distress. I had just dismounted and put my horse in the place of one that had gotten very lame in the battery and was leading him rather than to ride, when General Forrest came by and said: "Jones, when we catch them Yankees, you shall have the best horse they have got." At Blountsville the raiders stopped and fed, and issued out their ammunition and rations to their men, then corralled their wagons and set them on fire, our men were gathering up the scattered crumbs of crackers.

I remember that early one morning, after the usual delay at a stream, we got the usual order by a courier, "Gen. Forrest says bring up the battery." There was hard firing in front, and spurring and whipping up the poor old jaded horses, we passed through a wooded section. I was riding in advance, and coming to a farm house on my right (I saw a burning bridge some distance in front), in the front yard I saw a beautiful young woman, who eagerly pointed me to a ford of the creek some distance above the burning bridge. She seemed to take an interest in our success, and "hoped we would catch the Yankees," etc. She had piloted Gen. Forrest to the ford, and had just got back to the yard as I rode up; indeed, I think she was going in at the gate when I first saw her. There was considerable contrast between her acts and words and some of the women we had met on our march. Some did not know which were Forrest's men nor which the Yankees, and cared less. But we had got over the mountains and were now in a more level country. I found the old cow ford a very rough one, and on riding over my horse bogged in the quicksand, so I had the horses unhitched and taken over, and by hitching to the prolonge rope and the men in the water at the wheels, I got over and up the very steep little hill on the east side. I learned that the young lady who piloted us to the ford was Miss Emma Sansom, and for her services on this occasion the General Assembly of Alabama at the session of 1864, by joint resolution, directed the Governor of the State to issue a patent to her of 160 acres of land, and also to have prepared, with a suitable inscription thereon, a gold medal, and present the same in the name of the State of Alabama to her. See Acts of 1864.

After crossing Black creek we passed on near by the town of Gadsden, and a few miles east of that place we had a few rounds with the raiders who it seems wanted to stop and feed, and rest a little at a beautiful grove on the way. It was here that Colonel Hathaway who commanded an Indiana regiment of Streight's command, was mortally wounded and fell from his horse.

Farther on we came to a river over which was a burning bridge. The banks of this stream being very steep and the water being quite deep, we had to take out all the ammunition and packing from the chests, and have the cavalrymen carry them over on their horses. In crossing, our ammunition chests filled with water. The bank on the east side was so wet and slick and steep, that I had to hitch to the end of the prolong rope and all the men had to push at the wheels. As soon as the first piece had crossed and the water had run out of the chest, we packed the ammunition back. A courier came with orders "bring up the battery quick." Instructing Sergeant R. H. Jackson to cross as quickly as possible and follow, I ordered the piece "forward, trot, march"—easier said than done, for it was some time before we could get up a trot. But we hobbled along as best we could, the drivers spurring and whipping continually. We passed a cross road, I think it was Cedar Bluff, and some distance east of there the road passed through a wooded section. I was riding a little in advance of the piece, when suddenly looking up, I saw General Forrest, Captain Pointer, and one or two other of our officers, and Colonel Streight and several of his officers sitting down on the north side of the road. I also saw some little distance in front a road full of Yankees. Captain Pointer got up and motioned for me to halt, he then came up to me and said: "Colonel Streight objects to you coming up so close," and directed me to "drop back a piece." I asked him what was up, and if Streight was going to surrender. "He don't talk like it," said he, "but he cusses mightily" (or like a trooper). I had the piece to move back, I suppose some 150 yards, and come to an "action front" on the

SAN FRANCISCO PUBLIC LIBRARY

south side of the narrow road, with one wheel in the road and the other in the edge of the woods with men to their posts. After a while Sergeant Jackson came up with the other piece and caisson, and took position in the battery on the other side of the road. After "so long a time," I saw the officers arise and then—move forward, I gave the command "limber to the front," and we marched by column of pieces forward. On arriving at the next house I came upon the Yankee battery standing in the road, and as I rode up the men dismounted and I ordered a detail of our men to take charge of it. The main body of Streight's men were stacking their arms in a field to the front and right of us. They were immediately moved off from their guns, and the officers separated from the men. This was done about as quickly as I can tell it.

General Forrest ordered me to take command of the light section just captured, and come on and help guard the prisoners, and for Captain Ferrell to come on leisurely with his heavier guns. That night we had the prisoners in a small field of grain, and after taking position with my guns pointing on them, and organizing my detail so as to fire with "reduced numbers," I examined my ammunition and equipments, and finding no friction primers, lanyards or thumbstalls, I went in among the prisoners and finally found the two gunners' haversacks containing all these indispensable articles. In going among the prisoners I found that they were all stalwart western men. I don't remember to have seen a foreigner among them. They seemed to be very mad, and cursed long and loud, and seemed to have felt that they were duped into surrendering to so small a party. We certainly had a light line around them that night. And if they had not been "tired and sleepy too," I don't know what might have happened; but the prisoners went to preparing their suppers. We didn't, for we had none to prepare, except a small piece of the aforesaid middling meat, which we ate "rare," and committed no waste by trimming or washing same—and it had no protection from dust and flying horse-hairs either.

Two hundred of Streight's advance guard who had gone in sight of Rome were ordered back and surrendered.

The next morning we entered Rome, and as soon as we crossed the bridge we saw the sidewalks, doors, windows, balconies and streets lined with men, women and children, and "Rome was saved." But one of the most attractive features to starving men was the waiters of biscuit and chicken that came from both sides of the streets as we passed. We brought up the rear with our light battery, and on coming to the main street I turned up the street, while the prisoners were marched down the street towards the old railroad depot. A short distance up the main street I found a vacant space in front of the mansion of a Mr. Spurlock. There we parked our guns, took out the horses, and—all lay down on the ground to rest. I don't think I had slept long when I was aroused by Mr. Spurlock—think that was his name—who insisted that we should go over to his residence and take dinner. We thanked him, and insisted that we had had something to eat, but he would not take such an excuse. The truth is we were too dirty and ragged to feel at home in such a nice place. Finally Clay Ramsey consented to go with me, and we went over. The old gentleman enquired our names and introduced us to his daughters, very beautiful young ladies, who entertained us by singing and playing on the piano until dinner was announced. Then we escorted the young ladies down to the dining-room, and such a dinner we had not seen before in years. We tried to do our duty towards that dinner, and particularly to the turkey; anyhow, we ate with a relish.

Captain Ferrell camped in another part of the town with his battery.

While we were at Rome I thought I would get the horse promised me by General Forrest, and having great confidence in Captain Ferrell's judgment of horse flesh, I asked him to take one of the men with him and pick out one for me. He did so, and sent me a beautiful dapple gray horse which the prisoners informed us had belonged to Colonel Hathaway, who was killed on him in the engagement near Gadsden. I was very proud of my horse for he was indeed a beautiful animal.

In Rome I met several persons that I knew, among them was Captain Frank Watkins, now of Opelika, who contributed something to my scant wardrobe. And old Nell, Captain Ferrell's servant, did some washing for me while I slept.

I went to the old store house in Rome where the saddles and bridles belonging to Streight's command had been deposited, to pick me a saddle and bridle, and I never have seen so many saddles and bridles in one pile before or since. The house was literally full of them. Here our battery was made horse artillery, cannoneers being mounted on horse-back and having horse holders.

We had planned to have a big time in Rome. The young people had arranged for several entertainments for our especial benefit, but alas, the best laid plans of men and mice, etc.

General Forrest had been ordered to go at once to Tennessee and take Van Dorn's place. We remained in Rome about thirty-six hours, when I was ordered with the light section to accompany Colonel Biffle with his regiment of cavalry to Tennessee. We left and made forced marches day and night, recrossed the mountains, and crossed the Tennessee river at Decatur and went down on the north-east side of the river. At Savannah I stopped and camped in the Fair Grounds with my section, and Colonel Biffle went on to the village and became engaged with a command of the Yankees on the opposite side of the river. After considerable firing, and he being unable to dislodge the enemy who were posted in a long row of cribs, stables and other log houses, he sent for the battery. We went down and sent a few shells crashing through the houses, and the enemy vacated the same and made tracks for the woods beyond the low grounds. I followed them with my shells until they reached the timber, when I ceased firing. A charge, however, was left in one of the pieces when the order to cease firing was given; pretty soon a man on horseback came out from the timber and waving his hat at us galloped down along the skirt of woods across in front of us in a very defiant manner. I caught hold of the trail handspike of the loaded gun and followed him. Then moved to where I supposed he would be by the time my shell would reach the point, and gave the order "fire." The man pulled the lanyard, and the shell, which had been cut to four seconds, was seen to explode in a direct line for him, and about thirty or forty yards short. I never saw him again. The dust and the smoke seemed to envelop him. The aim had been perfect, and a shout went up from our lines at this shot on the wing. After the Yankees had been run off, the cavalrymen procured a batteau from the opposite side of the river and went over and got all their horses and equipments and provisions, among which was a nice lot of hams, of which Colonel Biffle sent me a liberal share.

After leaving Savannah (where poor "Coon" Herndon of Ferrell's battery had been mortally wounded on a former occasion) we went down the river on a "still hunt" for gunboats. We did not find any boats, but we did come across a nice party of Yankees on the opposite side of the river engaged in eating, bathing and playing cards. We came up behind a high lot fence, and peeping one of my little howitzers around the corner of the fence I opened on them with shell which exploded in their midst, they were taken completely by surprise and stampeded immediately leaving their grub, cards and clothing behind. As no boat of any sort could be found we had to leave without crossing. From here we went on to Columbia where we again met General Forrest. From Columbia we moved to a beautiful poplar grove near Franklin, and here the command was reorganized and we had a rest.

R. Y. JONES.

THE SURRENDER OF COLONEL STREIGHT.

General Dabney Herndon Maury, who is the oldest surviving Major-General of the Confederate States Army, in his entertaining "Recollections of a Virginian" (pp. 208-9), gives the following account of the surrender of Colonel Streight, which exhibits strikingly the confidence and subtle ability of Forrest:

"When Forrest, with about twelve hundred men, set out in pursuit he was more than a day behind him.

"Streight had several hnndred more men in the saddle than Forrest, and, being far in advance, could replace a broken-down horse by a fresh one from the farms through which his route lay, while Forrest, when he lost a horse, lost a soldier too; for no good horses were left for him.

"After a hot pursuit of five days and nights, during which he had lost two-thirds of his forces from broken-down horses, he overhauled his enemy and brought him to a parley. This conference took place in sight of a cut-off in the mountain road, Captain Morton and his horse-artillery, which had been so long with Forrest, passing in sight along the road till they came to the cut-off, into which they would turn, re-entering the road out of view, so that it seemed that a continous stream of artillery was passing by. Forrest had so arranged that he stood with his back to the guns, while Streight was facing them. Forrest, in his characteristic way, described the scene to me. He said: "I seen him all the time we was talking, looking over my shoulder and counting the guns. Presently he said, 'Name of God! How many guns have you got? There's fifteen I have counted already!' Turning my head that way, I said, 'I reckon that's all that has kept up.' Then he said, 'I wont surrender till you tell me how many men you've got.' I said, 'I've got enough to whip you out of your boots.' To which he said, 'I wont surrender.' I turned to my bugler and said, 'Sound to mount!' Then he cried out, 'I'll surrender!' I told him, 'Stack your arms right along there, Colonel, and march your men away down into that hollow.'"

"'When this was done,' continued Forrest, 'I ordered my men to come forward and take possession of the arms.'

"When Streight saw they were barely four hundred, he did rare! demanded to have his arms back and that we should fight it out. I just laughed at him and patted him on the shoulder, and said, 'Ah Colonel, all is fair in love and war, you known.'"

JAMES LOUIS PETIGRU,

The Life and Character of.

The lives of successful and distinguished lawyers are always interesting. Success at the bar in a high degree, involves and implies mental activity and diligent research. There must be preliminary preparation both of an academic and a professional nature. Assuming a fair degree of the first we may enlarge a little on the second. The great exponent and apostle of the law, Sir William Blackstone, has to be studied. The principles which he discusses and elaborates have to be read, digested, and stored away in the mind. The student has to familiarize himself with Story and Adam's Equity, Smith's Mercantile Law, or some other work of like nature, has to be mastered. The statute law of the State has to be learned, works of pleading and practice must be perused and made part of the mental equipment. This preparation and these books necessitate the exercise of the intellectual faculties—their expansion and development. Practice of the profession calls for more. Cases have to be studied. Principles of the law as they have been expounded and adjudicated in the courts, have to be learned. Nice discriminations of thought have to be traced through their various ramifications and followed out to their logical conclusions and their application to facts. And then there must be a wide range of general knowledge, a familiarity with practical business, and a deep insight into human nature. One must know how to unravel sophistries, to detect truth from falsehood, and to read character from the lineaments of the face. A mind developed amid such environments as these, must itself be an object of interest. How interesting therefore, must a lawyer be who has a training such as that set forth above, and who has clothed and armed himself with a vast array of facts, illustrations, and incidents!

You can hardly touch upon a phase of any subject but what he has a case at hand to illustrate the idea, or an example embodying the principle involved. At one time he is going down to the fountain sources of the law and there imbibing its first principles and cardinal doctrines. At another, he is standing before a jury of his countrymen and with flowers of poesy and beauties of rhetoric in language terse and bold, he is battling for the right and vindicating injured innocence. At another you would suppose him a medical expert as he discusses some disease and elaborates upon its cause, its nature, and the remedies therefor. At still another, you find him engaged upon some principle of finance, and its application to practical business. The life of Mr. Petigru comes up to these demands, fulfills all these requirements, and has woven around it an interest far above the average. He was admitted to be the foremost lawyer of South Carolina by his profession and the public generally. If I were to say that he was the foremost lawyer of the South, I do not believe the statement would be challenged. As a practitioner in Charleston, South Carolina, as Solicitor of his circuit, and as Attorney General of his State, he fairly earned and richly deserved the designation, a great lawyer.

Mr. Petigru was born in a fortunate period in his country's history. He first saw the light in May, 1789. At that time, the foremost minds of America were studying constitutional questions, and the underlying principles of government. No wonder that this bright young Carolina lawyer should have become interested in affairs of State, formed a definite line of politics and settled for himself the question whether he would assume the role of demagogue or plant himself upon the high plane of statesmanship. He was fortunate too in the place of his birth. Abbeville county, South Carolina, was the home of his nativity and the place of his childhood. It was and is a county prolific of great men. She can rightly claim as her children, either by birth or adoption, John C. Calhoun, George McDuffie, Judge Cheves, Dr. Geddings, Judge James Calhoun, George and Aleck Bowie, Dr. John T. Pressly, the two Wardlaws, and many others whom I might mention. Genius thrives best when it finds kindred spirits around it. If I wanted an illustration of this fact, I would cite Boston with its long list of eminent men. Mr. Petigru received his primary and academic education in his native county, at the school of the celebrated teacher, Rev. Dr. Moses Waddell. He was as fortunate in having such a teacher as Dr. Waddell to start him off as he was in being born of Scotch-Irish parentage mingled with the French.

He completed his education at the South Carolina College, graduating therefrom in 1809 with the highest honor of his class. We frequently hear people speak disparagingly of first honor men. I am sure the facts do not warrant any such characterization. If you will study the history of the alumni of any institution, you will be surprised to learn how many of the more distinguished graduates were first honor men. If, however, to win the first honor is a misfortune and a burden to carry in after life, Mr. Petigru had no harder fate than many others, among whom I may name Judge David L. Wardlaw, Dr. J. H. Thornwell and Hugh S. Legare, each of whom merits the designation, *clarum et venerabile nomen.* Mr. Pettigru was well versed in literature. He was familiar with the poets and with all the great masters of literature. When a boy he was fond of reading Pope and Dryden, and as the years glided swiftly by he found his interest in them continuing as strong as ever. There have been a great many lawyers in Carolina who have affected literature and at the same time excelled in their chosen profession, notably: the silver tongued orator, William C. Preston, and the accomplished man of letters, Hugh S. Legare. The latter was fortunate enough to enjoy almost every advantage afforded by education and travel, and he did not fail to embrace and improve his opportunities. It was a mooted question in that day, and it has never been settled yet, whether it is best, or even good, for a lawyer to be known as dabbling much in literature. Mr. Legare was afraid that it hurt himself. Judge Story has presented some strong arguments on the other side. He maintains that literature benefits and improves the very means which a lawyer uses to attain success. It sharpens the wit. It enlarges and improves the diction. It broadens the mind and widens the scope of vision. It cultivates and develops the powers of analysis and discrimination. Stimulates the imagination and strengthens the memory. On the other hand, it is argued that literature unfits one for practical life. It tends to make one shun the aggressive, bustling world, and to long for quiet and repose. The drift of opinion and the force of example in this country, perhaps, tend to sustain this better view, while in England the opposite is the case. Again, Mr. Petigru excelled as a conversationalist. He was noted for his wit and repartee, and many of his bright sayings have been handed down to us and pass current yet, no doubt considerably exaggerated. His home in Charleston and the up-country was the favorite resort of those who wanted to be entertained with ideas, experiences and incidents that were fresh, sparkling and vivacious. He was very hospitable, and practically kept open house. As a host, he was generous, liberal and free. We can't help but admire such a character. No one likes a man who is close, mean and stingy. No one likes the company of a man who is sullen, morose and taciturn. We are delighted to meet a warm-hearted, whole-souled, hale-fellow-well-met style of man like Mr. Petigru.

In his home life Mr. Petigru was in every way a model. He was devoted to his mother, wife and other members of his household, and in return received their warmest love and affection. His wife was for many years an invalid, and it is touching to see how delicate and tender he was in his attention to her. Oftentimes he himself would go to the market to procure something suited to her taste.

We have reserved for the last the great, over-shadowing feature of Mr. Petigru's character, namely, his politics and stand on public questions. Here he stands out conspicuously in his devotion to principle and duty. He was no time-server. He did not trim his sails to catch the popular breeze. He had the courage of his convictions. He believed in doing right, let the consequences be what they may. He was no demagogue. He would not condescend to lower his standard to gain office. He would not pander to the public taste, and he was far above appealing to the prejudices and lower elements of our nature. He was all his life on the minority side of politics. He was a Union man and was opposed to nulification and secession. In Carolina at that time his was an exceedingly unpopular stand to take. Indeed South Carolina was the leader in both these movements. Our people had but little sympathy for those who entertained opposite ideas on these subjects. And yet there were a few men in the State who, especially in the secession movement, dared to run counter to the prevailing sentiment, cost what it might. Among them I may name Gov. B. F. Perry, Judge J. B. O'Neal, Gov. James L. Orr and Mr. Petigru. These constituted in several respects a remarkable group of men. In the first place they were beginning to reach the shady side of life, with the exception of Mr. Orr, who was then in his prime. In the second place they were calm, cool-headed men, and conservative in their ideas and views. In the third place they were men of high character, wide experience and more than average ability. They loved South Carolina. She was their native State and was as dear to them as the apple of the eye. Around and about her were centered their affections and interests. They well knew that their own fate was united and interwoven with the destiny of their beloved commonwealth. They knew too that it was suicidal to attempt to stem the public current. To face the issue to brave public opinion would cost them much in political and possibly in social life. But they loved the Union and loved it with the supremest affection. From early childhood they had learned to sing its praises, to study the lives and emulate the example of its long line of illustrious men, and no less distinguished women. To point with pride to its star spangled banner, its battle-fields and long list of heroes and heroines, and with an enthusiastic ardor which knew no bounds to proclaim its greatness and boast of its grand and glorious past. And yet they were devoted to their State. To them secession was not simply a bitter pill, it was a grievous mistake and a national calamity. Grave, earnest, serious, sad men were these. They turned their faces skyward and read in the stars gloomy auguries. They came before the people and foretold war, ruin and desolation, and only too true did their prophecies prove. And they asked the people over and over again the question, why secede? What cause for separation exists? Having done the best they could to stem the tide, but in vain, they quietly and sadly determined to share the fate of their people whatever that fate might be.

To the credit of Carolinians be it said they honored and respected these noble old men to the last. It was no new thing for Mr. Petigru, however, to find himself upon the unpopular side of politics. That was usually his fate. But under all circumstances throughout his life, though generally on the minority, he boldly avowed his views and had at least the consciousness of knowing that he had his own self-respect.

And as I have already said, he commanded the respect of his people to the last. He was appointed to codify the laws of the State. He was made President of the South Carolina Historical Society, and at the time of his death he was also an honorary member of the Massachusetts' Historical Society.

But Mr. Petigru was not perfect. He too had his faults. He was fond of joking, and his jokes were sometimes too coarse and broad in their character. And then too, like George Washington, he would occasionally swear, both to his own hurt and that of his reputation. These were blemishes upon his character. A great man cannot be too careful in his conduct. Others will observe him closely and oftentimes follow in his footsteps.

And now that we have reached a conclusion, how shall we sum up his life? Judge Samuel McCowan, formerly a member of the Supreme Court of South Carolina, who knew Mr. Petigru well, in speaking of him to the writer, said that he was a great man, that he was honest and charitable, and that he was loyal to his friends. Hon. Daniel Pope, a professor of law in the University of South Carolina, in an address upon his life, ascribes to him genius, wit, magnetic oratory, and quaint originality.

Judge John Belton O'Neall, showed the high estimate he put upon Mr. Petigru by dedicating to him his own great work, *O'Neall's Bench and Bar of South Carolina.* I will close by saying that Mr. Petigru was a fine lawyer, a great statesman, that he was loyal to his convictions of duty, his friends and his country, and that he was a brave, honest, generous, noble-souled man.

WALTER L. MILLER,
Abbeville, S. C.

[*The Times*, Richmond, Va., June 6, 1897.]

GETTYSBURG FAILURE.

SOME OF THE CLEAR DEDUCTIONS FROM THE RECORD.

General Lee Suffered for Want of Proper Information—Just Enough to Mislead Brought on the Battle—The Reports.

I think it is now generally conceded that if the Gettysburg campaign had been successful it would have secured the independance of the Confederacy. The failure to accomplish this, or any result favorable to the Confederacy, has centred upon it the most minute scrutiny, and yet I have not seen written anywhere what appears to me to be some of the clear deductions from the records. I propose to outline some of these deductions.

General Lee having transferred his army from in front of Fredericksburg to the Lower Valley, without a single mishap, and having captured there all the artillery, and either captured or dispersed all the Union troops occupying it, during which time General Hooker had conformed the movements of the Army of the Potomac to his, without attempting to disconcert his plans, and that army was then in the counties of Loudoun and Fairfax (between him and the Capitol), on the 22d day of June, 1863, ordered Lieutenant-General Ewell to move his corps to the line of the Susquehannah—one division to cross over the mountain and pass through Gettysburg to York, Pa., with a view of indicating a movement upon Baltimore, as he writes in his first report (p. 307): "In order to retain it (the Union Army), on the east side of the mountains, after it should enter Maryland, and thus leave open our communications with the Potomac through Hagerstown and Williamsport, General Ewell had been instructed to send a division eastward from Chambersburg to cross the South Mountain. Early's division was detached for this service and proceeded as far east as York." Ewell, with the other two divisions was directed to proceed north, up the Valley, through Chambersburg to Harrisonburg, which place, General Ewell says in his report, he was ordered to capture.

THE FIRST ERROR.

Longstreet and Hill crossed the Potomac on the 26th, and reached Chambersburg on the evening of the 27th. The same day Ewell with his two divisions reached Carlisle, and Early with the other, the neighborhood of York. The infantry was now admirably arranged for an advance upon Harrisburg, and from there, upon Philadelphia and New York, with nothing in that direction to oppose it but hastily gathered militia. The army had found, in the country occupied, abundant supplies of subsistance and forage, as well as horses and other quartermaster supplies.

Unfortunately, General Lee had, before leaving Virginia given his consent that Stuart, with three brigades of his cavalry, should pass around in rear of Hooker's army and cross the Potomac between it and Washington, whilst the other two brigades were left to guard the mountain passes in Virginia, and observe the movements of Hooker's army, with orders to make reports directly to General Lee or Longstreet. Nothing was heard from either division until Stuart reported at Gettysburg in the afternoon of July 2nd, and Robertson on the 3rd. The consequences of that error were soon apparent, for to it was due the fact that General Lee assumed the aggressive against Meade's army and attacked it in position as will appear.

On the 28th, General Lee, thinking from not hearing from the cavalry that Hooker had not left Virginia—writes (p. 307): "Preparations were now made to advance upon Harrisburg; but on the night of the 28th, information was received from a scout that the

Federal army, having crossed the Potomac, was advancing northward, and that the head of the column had reached the South Mountain. As our communications with the Potomac were menaced, it was resolved to prevent his further progress in that direction by concentrating our army on the east side of the mountains. Accordingly, Longstreet and Hill were directed to proceed from Chambersburg to Gettysburg, to which point General Ewell was also instructed to march from Carlisle."

THE ADVANCE ARRESTED.

Again, in his later and more carefully considered report, after the reports from all the different parts of the army had been received by him, he writes (p. 316): "The advance upon Harrisburg was arrested by intelligence received from a scout on the night of the 28th, to the effect, that the army of General Hooker had crossed the Potomac, and was approaching the South Mountain. In the absence of the cavalry it was impossible to ascertain his intentions; but to deter him from advancing further west and intercepting our communications with Virginia, it was determined to concentrate the army east of the mountains."

Acting under the impression produced by the scout's information, that the Union army was moving westward towards Hagerstown, on the line of his communications with Virginia, it must have been a great surprise to him, when his leading divisions approached Gettysburg, to find Meade's advance was there ahead of him.

It had evidently been General Lee's plan to operate west of the South Mountain range, and keep General Meade east of it, as the sending Early east of it to threaten Baltimore clearly indicates. In case the Union army crossed over in spite of his manœuvres to prevent it, he relied upon the fact that the concentration of his army at Gettysburg would place him nearer to Baltimore than it, and unless his move was quickly responded to by it, he could interpose his army between Baltimore and Washington on the one side and the Union army on the other. He was in error in supposing that contingency had arisen, though it appears from the fact on the morning of the 28th, three of the seven corps of the Union army were in the Catoctin Valley, near Middleton, and one other at Knoxville, with the passes in the South Mountain heavily guarded, that it was Hooker's purpose to have crossed over as General Lee supposod he was doing.

WAS NOT INFORMED.

But, on the 28th, General Hooker was displaced and General Meade placed in command of the army. He immediately drew back the corps from Middleton to Frederickstown, so that they might be prepared to join in the general advance of the whole army towards the Susquehannah on the east side of the mountain range, which advance was to be put in motion early on the morning of the 29th. Of this change of arrangement, General Lee had no intimation until the two armies came into collision near Gettysburg. Had he known that General Meade had withdrawn the corps from Middleton on the 28th, as he should have known if his cavalry had been watching those gaps, and was advancing as rapidly as possible east of the mountains as it advanced, are that he would not have ordered the concentration of his army east of the mountain, for he so distinctly states: "To deter him from advancing further west and ntercepting our communications with Virginia, it was determined to concentrate the army east of the mountains."

If the Army of the Potomac had crossed over the South Mountain at the passes in Maryland, as General Lee supposed it was doing, and approached him from that direction, occupying his line of communication and taking possession of the gaps in the mountain as it advanced, a prompt concentration of his whole army east of the mountains, alone could prevent Meade from soon occupying the gaps between him and Gettysburg, and thus forcing him to turn back and make the attack with all the strong strategic and tactical positions occupied by his adversary. Thus, it was not what Meade did, but what General Lee thought he was doing that caused him to fall back from before Harrisburg. Just enough information to mislead, brought on the battle of Gettysburg. When the army crossed the Potomac, it was expected of the cavalry to furnish reliable informamation of the movements of the Army of the Potomac. I can find nothing in the records that throws any light upon what it was that detained the two brigades under Robertson in Virginia until July 1st, when they crossed the river at Williamsport. The Army of the Poomac had been withdrawn from Loudoun—the last of the cavalry crossing the river on the 27th, and the positions taken up that night. General Jones, commanding one of the brigades, takes up his report on the 29th, with his command at Snickersville, Loudoun county. There were no reports from the other brigade, and it appears there were no reports from either of them to General Lee at the time of the movements of the enemy.

WOULD NOT HAVE CROSSED.

What General Lee would have done, had he known the facts fully instead of being compelled to act upon the imperfect information of the scout, is a question open to speculation, for General Lee never disclosed what were his plans in contingencies that never arose. But had he known that Meade's army was moving—the left wing, composed of three corps—through Emmetsburg to Gettysburg, and the other four moving on lines east of that route and kept within easy supporting distance, the 12th and 2d Corps directed upon Gettysburg, the 5th upon Hanover, and the 6th to Manchester, to be a general reserve to the whole, it is almost positively certain that he would not have crossed his army over the mountain.

The Union correspondence may throw some light to guide the speculations of those inclined to construct a theory based upon probabilities.

General Couch, commanding in that department, with headquarters at Harrisburg, wrote to the Secretary of War June 29th (page 407): "I hold from Altoona along the Juniata and Susquehannah to Conowingo bridge above Havre-de-Grace (a distance of more than 200 miles). My whole force organized is, perhaps, 16,000 men. 5,000 regulars can whip them all to pieces in an open field. I am afraid they will ford the river in its present state." Again, on the same day, to General Meade: "I have only 15,000 men, such as they are, on my whole line—say 9,000 here."

Lieutenant Thomas, Adjutant-General, wrote to Secretary E. M. Staunton from Harrisburg July 1st (page 478): "This is a difficult place to defend, as the river is fordable both above and below," and proceeds to comment upon the "want of artillery and especially of practiced artillerists," and the deficiency of cavalry, and concludes: "The excitement here is not so great as I found it in Philadelphia, and the people begin to understand that the fate of this city depends entirely upon the results of the operations of the Army of the Potomac."

FEDERAL APPREHENSION.

Simon Cameron to Mr. Lincoln from Harrisburg June 29th (409): "Let me impress upon you the absolute necessity of action by Meade to-morrow, even if attended with great risk, because if Lee gets his army across the Susquehannah and puts our army on the defensive on that line, you will readily comprehend the disastrous results that must follow to the country."

Secretary E. M. Stanton to General Dana in command at Philadelphia, dated War Department, June 29th (408): "It is very important that machinery for manufacturing arms should not fall into the hands of the enemy, and that it should be preserved for the use of the government. In case of imminent danger to the works of Alfred Jenks & Son, of Philadelphia, who is manufacturing arms for the government, you are authorized and directed to impress steam tugs, barges or any description of vessels to remove the gun-manufacturing machines beyond the reach of the enemy."

These extracts indicate what the highest officials of the United States Government thought were some of the possibilities before General Lee, and also that Harrisburg would not have attempted to resist an attack by Ewell. It is presumed that General Lee knew something of these conditions, for he had always heretofore kept himself well-informed in regard to the conditions he had to encounter. He must have known something of the quality of the militia, for Early's cavalry had come upon a full regiment of this militia at Gettysburg, which had dispersed so quickly that Jenkins could not get in sight of it. York had been abandoned by the military, and the municipal officers met Early several miles from the city to treat for its surrender. Again, at Wrightsville, 1,200 militia had retreated across the bridge and set fire to it, before Gordon could get his brigade in position to attack. General Early writes (p. 467): "I regretted very much the failure to secure the bridge, as, finding the defenseless condition of the country generally, and the little obstacle likely to be afforded by the militia to our progress, I had determined, if I could get possession of the Columbia bridge, to cross my division over the Susquehannah."

EWELL'S POSSIBILITIES.

General Ewell reached Carlisle on the 27th, and writes (p. 443): "From Carlisle I sent forward my engineer, Captain H. B. Richardson, with Jenkins' cavalry, to reconnoitre the defences of Harrisburg and was starting on the 29th for that place, when ordered by the General commanding to join the main body of the army at Cashtown, near Gettysburg. General Rodes writes (p. 552): "On the arrival at Carlisle, Jenkins' cavalry advanced towards Harrisburg and had, on the 29th, made a thorough reconnoisance of the defenses of the place, with the view of our advance upon it, a step which every man in the division contemplated with eagerness, and which was to have been executed on the 30th." Ewell, therefore, must have known that the river was fordable above and below the city, and something of the number and quality of the troops defending it.

With these lights to guide us, it seems probable that General Lee, with his communications safe, would not have called off Ewell from before Harrisburg, but rather pressed him forward to its capture, and after the capture, it may be to turn back to the assistance of Hill, possibly to cross over the river and meet Meade on the line of the Susquehannah, a condition that appeared so alarming to Senator Cameron, or even to hasten to the capture of Philadelphia, trusting to his ability, with the two corps of Longstreet and Hill, to hold Meade's army in check in the mountain passes—an expectation that does not appear so unreasonable, since he, with but little more than two-thirds of his present army, at Chancellorsville, had defeated the Army of the Potomac, stronger in numbers and morale than at this time. General Meade could not possibly have moved upon the gap in rear of Cashtown before July 1st, and he states that he proposed to make that a day of rest and to bring up his supply there. On the 29th, Hill was at Fayetteville, on the road from Chambersburg to Cashtown, and in his report, writes (p. 606): "I was directed to move on this road in the direction of York, and to cross the Susquehannah, menacing the communications of Harrisburg with Philadelphia, and to co-operate with General Ewell, acting as circumstances might require. Accordingly, on the 29th, I moved Heth's division to Cashtown, some eight miles from Gettysburg, following on the morning of the 30th with the division of Pender." This order, under which Hill was acting, was evidently the one for the general advance upon Harrisburg and the line of the Susquehannah, issued on the 28th, under the impression that the army of the Potomac was still in Virginia.

NOT UNFAVORABLE CONDITIONS.

It so happened that Hill was just where he should have been to observe the movements of Meade's army and to guard the passes through the mountains. Longstreet at Chambersburg, midway between the two wings, was in easy supporting distance of either of them. Stuart, with his three brigades of cavalry, would have rejoined the army on July 1st, for on the morning of that day he reached Dover and in the afternoon Carlisle. It must have been, however, with great reluctance that General Lee would adopt a line of action predicated upon Stuart, for it might be for aught he knew that he had met with a disaster, or been driven back into Virginia.

Because General Lee preferred to operate with his army in Pennsylvania until compelled to accept defensive battle with the Army of the Potomac, it by no means follows that an aggressive battle, in which he attacked the enemy as they were assembling, must be unsuccessful, or even that the conditions were necessarily favorable to the enemy. The results of the first and second days' fighting establish this fact; for, though lacking the important qualities of rapidity of movements and promptness of action, they were so favorable to General Lee as to warrant the belief that the third day would result in the total defeat of the enemy. By the light of facts now known from the records, reasonable promptness of action and better co-ordination between the two wings of the army would have secured a complete victory on the second day. The responsibility for the (as it proved to be) fatal delays has led to much crimination and recrimination. The third day's fighting on the right was a miserable failure, because it was so conducted that, in fact, it was divided into two separate and distinct battles, the first fought by artillery without any infantry, and the second by infantry without any artillery. And yet, in spite of the unnecessary delays and want of co-operation on the second day, and the gross mismanagement of the fighting on the third day, the killed, wounded and missing on the Confederate side were not as great as that on the Union side, and the disparity between the numbers in the two armies at the beginning had been almost obliterated by the fighting, for General Meade reported July 4th that the strength of his army (infantry and artillery), equipped, was only 55,000, and General Lee's numbers could not have been much less.

ROBERT M. STRIBLING.

Markham, Va., June 4, 1897.

[From the Richmond (Va.) *Dispatch*, July 27, 1897.]

THE TRUTH OF HISTORY.

Judge Reagan on the Hampton Roads Conference.

A REPLY TO WATTERSON.

No Offer Made to Pay for the Slaves—The Testimony of President Davis, Vice-President Stephens and Others.

AUSTIN, TEXAS, *July 20, 1897.*

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

In the address delivered by me at the annual reunion of Confederate veterans at Nashville, Tenn., on the 22d of June, discussing the question as to why the war was not brought to an end sooner than it was by a compromise, it became necessary for me to refer to a story often told, that President Lincoln, at the Hampton Roads Conference, February 3, 1865, offered to pay $400,000,000 for the slaves of the South to secure peace and a restoration of the Union. This statement has been often made for the purpose of showing that the Southern people might have been paid that sum for their slaves, and that the war might have been terminated and its sacrifices avoided, if President Davis and the Confederate authorities had accepted this offer from President Lincoln. I felt that it was due to the Confederate authorities, due to truth, and necessary as a historic fact, that I should declare, on that great occasion, "that no such offer in any form was made."

The Nashville *American* newspaper, of the 26th of June, 1897, published a communication from Mr. R. H. Baker, of Watertown, Tenn., under the head lines, "Judge Reagan in Error," in which he took issue with me on that question, thereby necessarily assuming that President Lincoln had made such an offer.

The day on which Mr. Baker's article was published I sent a note to the *American*, stating that on my return home I would send to that paper a statement of the authorities on which I made the denial that any such offer had been made.

Pursuant to that promise, on the 7th day of July, 1897, I sent my letter of that date to the *American*, giving some of the authorities on which I based my denial that President Lincoln had offered

$400,000,000 to pay for the loss of the slaves. I quoted what was said by the five members of the Hampton Roads Conference, the only persons who were present and knew what was said in that Conference; and by them showed that no such offer was made, and that no terms were offered the Confederates but unconditional submission to Federal authority. I will not go over that presentation of facts again, but will add to it two more statements—one by President Davis and one by President Lincoln.

PRESIDENT DAVIS'S STATEMENT.

In submitting to the Confederate Congress the report of our commissioners to the Hampton Roads conference, President Davis said:

"I herewith transmit, for the information of Congress, the report of the eminent citizens above named (Stephens, Hunter, and Campbell), showing that the enemy refused to enter into negotiations with the Confederate States, or any one of them separately, or to give to our people any other terms or guarantees than those which the conquerer may grant, or to permit us to have peace on any other basis than our unconditional submission to their rule, coupled with the acceptance of their recent legislation on the subject of the relations between the white and black populations of each State. Such is, as I understand it, the effect of the amendment to the Constitution, which has been adopted by the Congress of the United States."

In response to a resolution adopted by the Congress of the United States, on the 8th of February, 1865, requesting information from President Lincoln in relation to what occurred in the conference held at Hampton Roads, Mr. Lincoln said:

"On my part, the whole substance af the instructions to the Secretary of State, hereinbefore recited, was stated and insisted upon, and nothing was said inconsistent therewith."

In the above, reference is made to the instructions given by President Lincoln, to Secretary of State Seward, on the 31st of January, 1865, as to what he was authorized to do in the conference with the Confederate commissioners. Mr. Lincoln said:

"You will make known to them that three things are indispensible—to-wit: First, the restoration of the national authority throughout all the States; second, no receding by the Executive of the United States on the slavery question, from the position assumed thereon in the late annual message to Congress, and the preceding documents;

third, no cessation of hostilities short of an end of the war, and the disbanding of all the forces hostile to the government."

The reference in the second of the above propositions, was to Mr. Lincoln's annual message to Congress, of December, 1864, and his reference to documents, is to his emancipation proclamations of September 22, 1862, and of January 1, 1863.

It was the policy indicated in these proclamations and in this message, which he informed the Confederate commissioners he would not recede from.

CONCLUSIVE PROOF.

And are not these two authorities conclusive proof, independently of all the other proofs presented in my letter of July 7th, that no proposition was made by Mr. Lincoln to the Confederate commissioners to pay $400,000,000 for the slaves to secure peace and union?

Now I will add that of all the persons who met in that conference, no one of them has ever said that such an offer was made; but all of them show a state of facts absolutely inconsistent with the making of such an offer. Henceforward, any one who may assume that such an offer was made, must do so in the face of, and in defiance of, all the facts connected with that conference. The only interest I feel in this matter is to see to it that the historic facts connected with that conference shall not be perverted and misrepresented, so as to throw on President Davis and the Confederate authorities the responsibility of having rejected such a proposition.

The Hon. Henry Watterson, editor of the *Courier-Journal*, gave to the public in that paper, on the 12th of July, under the display heading, "The Truth of History," over four columns' criticism and reply to my letter of the 7th of July.

I cannot descend from the consideration of an important historical question to a reply to what he says about my "vehemence", and "volubility" and a number of other merely ill-natured and ungracious personal flings at me. I am only concerned in the settlement of the historical question.

Replying to my denial that President Lincoln, at the Hampton Roads conference, offered to the Confederate commissioners $400,000,000 to pay for the slaves, to secure peace and the return of the Southern States to the Union, Mr. Watterson says:

"Since no one that we have ever heard of has intimated that Mr. Lincoln did, it is difficult to understand just why Judge Reagan should be so inconsistent."

Let us see as to this. My letter of July 7th was a reply to Mr. R. H. Baker, who questioned the truthfulness of my denial that such an offer was made. It is also true that a considerable portion of the people of the Southern States have been induced to believe that such an offer was made, and was rejected by President Davis and the Confederate authorities. And since the delivery of my address at Nashville, and the publication of my letter of the 7th instant, I have received many letters from persons in a number of States, thanking me for having shown that no such an offer was made. And in a lecture delivered by Mr. Watterson, in Kansas City, some two or three years ago, he said, under the heading "New Birth of Freedom," that:

"In the preceding conversation Mr. Lincoln had intimated that payment for the slaves was not outside of a possible agreement for reunion and peace. He based that statement upon a proposal he already had in hand to appropriate $400,000,000 for this purpose. I am not going to tell any tales out of school. I am not here for controversy, but when we are dead and gone the private memorabilia of those who know what terms were really offered the Confederacy, within ninety days of its total collapse, will show that in the individual judgment of all of them the wisdom of the situation said 'Accept.' "

Accept what? Why surely he means the $400,000,000. Had Mr. Watterson forgotten this? Does not this language show that he meant to charge the Confederate authorities with having refused this offer, and that posterity would say the offer ought to have been accepted? I think it safe to say that Mr. Watterson, whether he meant to be so understood or not, is, through his newspaper and lectures, more responsible than any other living man for the belief by others of the truth of this fable about the offer of $400,000,000 by Mr. Lincoln and its rejection by the Confederacy.

How does the above queston agree with Mr. Watterson's statement that he had never heard it intimated that Mr. Lincoln did make such an offer? If Mr. Watterson agrees with me that no such offer was made, why did he write four or five columns of editorial to combat my statement on this question? In that I said nothing about Mr. Watterson or his views. I was discussing an interesting historical question. Was he indulging in a mere display of dialectics to show how skilfully he could avoid a real issue, or did he mean by it to controvert what I had said?

Mr. Watterson states that the day after Mr. Lincoln's return from the Hampton Roads conference, he submitted to his Cabinet the form of a joint resolution empowering him to pay, on the terms proposed, $400,000,000 for the slaves, if the Confederate States would abandon the war. And he follows the quotation of that proposed joint resolution by the following statement:

"Thus it will be seen that Mr. Lincoln did, at the Fortress Monroe conference, intimate that payment for the slaves might be considered as a basis for reunion and peace, and Mr. Lincoln did embody the proposition in an official document, notwithstanding Judge Reagan's confident assertion that neither President Lincoln nor any other man on the Federal side would have dared to make such an offer at that time."

AN ASSUMPTION.

I must call attention to two views in reference to the foregoing extraordinary statement. The first is that Mr. Watterson assumes that because Mr. Lincoln submitted the form of a joint resolution to his Cabinet, proposing to pay $400,000,000 for the slaves, that this is evidence that he did intimate, at the Hampton Roads conference, payment for the slaves. Is the one evidence of the truth of the other? What connection is shown between these two facts? Was this not a mere play on words intended to mislead? The other is that the submission by Mr. Lincoln of the form of such a joint resolution to his Cabinet was a refutation of my statement that no such offer was made at Hampton Roads. What sort of logic is this, coming from a great editor and an experienced writer? Does Mr. Watterson expect his readers to believe that because Mr. Lincoln may have submitted such a form of joint resolution to his Cabinet that this is evidence of his having made such a proposition in the conference at Hampton Roads?

Let us look at another piece of Mr. Watterson's logic and facts. He says: "Now, let us see how much more accurate and authoritative Judge Reagan is, when he flatly contradicts the statement that Mr. Lincoln, in his private interview with Mr. Stephens at Fort Monroe, said to Mr Stephens, 'Let me write "Union" at the top of this page, and you may write whatever else you please.'"

I have never found it necessary to dispute anything which has been said about private interviews between Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Stephens. My position was, and is, that no such statement was made to the Confederate Commissioners as an inducement to bringing about peace. I have only combated the statements that such offer was made, and such as the payment of $400,000,000 were ever made as any part of an offer to influence the action of the Confederate Government.

Mr. Watterson quotes very lengthy statements made by Mr. Howells, of Atlanta, Ga., and Mr. Felix G. De Fontaine, of Fifth avenue, New York, in relation to conversations purporting to have occurred between Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Stephens. It will be remembered that no one has said, and that there is not a particle of evidence to prove, that the private conversations said to have taken place between Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Stephens were known to the other commissioners, or in any way made known to President Davis.

If these gentlemen correctly remember what Mr. Stephens said as to facts occurring thirty years before their papers were written, it does not prove that any such offers were made to the Confederate Commissioners as were talked of between Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Stephens, or that any such information was ever communicated to the Confederate Government. Mr. Howells may state correctly what Mr. Stephens said about there being a "bitter opposition on the part of the friends of President Davis in the Confederate Congress, but finally it was authorized and commissioners selected to attend the conference." I can only say that I never heard of any such condition of feeling, and have never understood that the President conferred with Congress about the appointment of their commission.

THE ONLY ISSUE.

Allowing that all these statements are true, it does not controvert my statement that no such propositions were made in any form for acceptance or rejection, or that they were made to the Confederate commissioners, or communicated to the Confederate Government, or rejected by it. This is the only issue I have made, and Mr. Watterson insists that no one ever said such an offer was made, and that in showing that no such offer was made he says I am "fighting a man of straw." So it would seem there is and can be no issue between us. He admits that none such was made, and I have never questioned what was said in private interviews between Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Stephens, but call attention to the fact that all, as far as I know, of the gentlemen who keep up the statements about what occurred between Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Stephens, somehow manage to leave the impression that President Davis failed of his duty in not accepting terms which were never offered to him, and for not terminating the war when he had no power to terminate it on any other terms than unconditional surrender. And if he had by that means ended the war, I do not doubt but that the very class of men who have made war on him for not doing so would have been equally loud-mouthed in charging him with being both coward and traitor.

It may be proper for me to present some testimony showing that Mr. Stephens said that no offer was made by Mr. Lincoln at the Hampton Roads conference of $400,000,000 to pay for the slaves.

A letter was published in the Houston *Post* of the 16th instant, a leading daily of this State, by Mr. R. G. Latting, Jr., in which, referring to the discussion of this question, he says:

"I have seen a statement from Mr. Stephens on this subject over his own signature. In the year 1869, while living in the State of Mississippi, some of my young men associates and myself, when discussing this very subject, decided that we would get at the facts by writing to the Hon. Alexander H. Stephens in reference to it. The letter was written, asking him if Mr. Lincoln had at any time said that if the South would lay down her arms and return to the Union she would receive pay for her slaves. Mr. Stephens replied that, 'if Mr. Lincoln had ever made a proposition of that kind he had never heard of it.'"

I also quote the following from a letter written by the Hon. Frank B. Sexton, in March, 1895, and published in the newspapers at that time, in which he says:

"On the day after the return of the commissioners from the Fort Monroe conference, I was told by Senator James L. Orr, a close friend of, and certainly in the confidence of Mr. Stephens, that Mr. Stephens had told him the night before, and just after the return of the commissioners, that the conference was utterly fruitless; that Mr. Lincoln offered the Confederate States nothing but unconditional submission; that we now had nothing to do but resist to the last, or surrender at discretion.

"On February 8, 1865 (I am able to give this date from an entry in my diary kept at the time), which was two days after the return of the commissioners, Mr. Stephens in conversation with Hon. Clifford Anderson, of Georgia, and myself, in the Chamber of Representatives of the Confederate States, said that Mr. Lincoln offered the Southern States nothing but unconditional submission—that it was utterly impossible to effect any peaceful negotiations with him; that he offered the Confederate States no terms at all but laying down our arms and trusting entirely to his clemency and that of the United States. Mr. Anderson and I both said that we could only reach those terms in any event, and we saw nothing to be accomplished by anticipating them. Mr. Stephens did not dissent from our expressions.

"I was told that Mr. Stephens had previous to this conversation, said 'we now only need stout hearts and strong arms.' I did not hear him say this; it was told me at breakfast on Sunday morning, February 5, 1865. My diary does not show who told me. I think it also came from Senator Orr.

MR. STEPHENS AGAIN.

"Some time after the war, between 1866 and 1870, a somewhat heated controversy arose between two gentlemen in St. Augustine county, where I then lived, as to the paragraphs above quoted from Colonel Watterson's address. One of them averred in the most unqualified terms that the administration and Congress of the Confederate States were alone to blame for the loss of the negroes as slaves, because Mr. Lincoln offered $400,000,000 for them at the Monroe Conference, and his offer was flatly refused. The other as warmly contradicted this averment. The latter was my lifelong friend, Colonel S. W. Blount, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence of Texas, deceased only a few years since. He appealed to me for information as to fact. I told him that the statement made by his adversary was completely untrue. But the other gentleman insisted that I was mistaken. Colonel Blount, who in his boyhood had been a schoolmate of Mr. Stephens, wrote to him on the subject. Mr. Stephens promptly replied that it was not true that Mr. Lincoln had ever offered to pay any sum for the negroes of the South, and added: 'I think (as I now state from memory) that the only element of truth in the reference to the slaves of the South was so much mixed up and infused with falsehood as to make the entire assertion false.' Colonel Blount showed me Mr. Stephen's letter, and it was published at his request, in the Texas *Republican*, at Marshall, and several other Texas newspapers.

"Colonel Blount's adversary, still not satisfied with the denial of Mr. Stephens, addressed a letter to Hon. John H. Reagan, stating that he (Reagan) being a member of President Davis's Cabinet, must know all about the facts, and telling him that it was his duty to state them for the information of the Southern people, and especially of the people of Texas.

"Judge Reagan replied to him at considerable length, and in the plain and vigorous English which generally characterizes the writing of that venerable gentlemen, he said, directly and positively, that no offer had ever been made, nor was any such offer reported to Mr. Davis or his Cabinet, either in writing or verbally, by the commissioners, who, as he said, stated orally to Mr. Davis all that occurred."

It is proper to state that Colonel Sexton was a member of the Confederate Congress; that he has ever since been a prominent lawyer in this State, and that he is a man of the highest social, moral and professional standing, whose word no one who knows him would question.

I do not make these quotations to show a conflict between them and other statements attributed to Mr. Stephens. They may all be true, and still there is no conflict between them. These statements show, what Mr. Stephens' book and the other evidence shows, that no such offer was made. The other statements show that in certain private conversations between Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Stephens, some such matter was talked of. We may understand that both sets of statements being true, and relating to different questions, there is no conflict between them.

Mr. Watterson says: "I regret that Judge Reagan has seen fit to recur to a question I thought was settled." Innocent Mr. Watterson. When settled, and how? I am now contributing my part towards the settlement of this question as truth and justice demands that it should be settled. Mr. Watterson assumes to advise me that it was untimely and ungracious to discuss this question at the Confederate Reunion at Nashville. I choose to discuss it before the brave and true men, who, having lost the cause for which they fought, have an interest in seeing that history shall not be perverted to the dishonor of that cause, and of the men who represented it.

Mr. Watterson also says that "I have no personal motive, as Judge Reagan has, for making any special plea in favor of any particular view." I do not know what personal motive Mr. Watterson attributes to me; but I confess to having a high and holy motive in this matter. It is, that the truth of history be established, in order that justice may be done to the dead and the living, and that the coming generation shall not be taught to believe false statements as to that history, tending to dishonor the President of the late Confederacy, who, I think, was the bravest, truest, most virtuous, most self-sacrificing, and the greatest man I ever knew.

If Mr. Watterson does not want contention on this subject kept up, why did he write a four or five column editorial on it? when by his own statements, he does not disagree with me that no offer of $400,000,000 was made at the Hampton Roads conference to the Confederate authorities by Mr. Lincoln for the slaves, to secure peace and reunion.

JOHN H. REAGAN.

THE CHARGE OF THE CRATER.

A GRAPHIC ACCOUNT OF THE MEMORABLE ACTION.

By Lieutenant-Colonel Wm. H. Stewart, C. S. Army.

The editor is indebted to the gallant author for a revised copy of this excellent paper, which was published in the Norfolk, Virginia, *Landmark*, July 30, 1897, the thirty-third anniversary of the memorable action which is so graphically described.

The article has been highly commended by Henry Tyrrell, the author of a series of articles on General R. E. Lee, which recently appeared in *Pall Mall Gazette*, London.

Colonel Stewart, a valued citizen of Portsmouth, Virginia, is favorably known to the public by his contributions to the press, as well as an entertaining lecturer:

As the wild waves of time rush on, our thoughts now and then run back over rough billows, to buried hopes and unfulfilled anticipations, and oft we linger long and lovingly, as if standing beside the tomb of a cherished parent.

Thus the faithful follower of the Southern Cross recalls the proud hopes that led him over long and weary marches and in bloody battles.

These foot-sore journeys and hard contested fields are now bright jewels in his life, around which the tenderest chords of his heart are closely entwined.

They are monuments of duty! They are sacred resting places for his baffled energies! They are rich mines from which the very humblest actor gathers the wealth of an approving conscience! He hears no paeans from a grateful country—no bounty rolls bear his name—yet these are sweet choristers ever chanting priceless praises to the zeal and manhood with which he faced his foe.

The veteran of an hundred battles always points with greater pride to one as the crowning glory of the many achievements.

So the soldiers of Mahone's Old Brigade look upon the great battle which I shall attempt to describe.

My little fly tent, scarcely large enough for two persons to lie side by side under, was stretched over a platform of rough boards, elevated about two feet above the ground, in that little grave-yard on the Wilcox Farm, near Petersburg. I was quietly sleeping within it, dreaming, perhaps, of home and all its dear associations (for only a soldier can properly appreciate these), when a deep, rumbling sound, that seemed to rend the very earth in twain, startled me from my slumbers, and in an instant I beheld a mountain of curling smoke ascending towards the heavens.

The whole camp had been aroused, and all were wondering from whence came this mysterious explosion.

It was the morning of Saturday, at 4:44 o'clock, on the 30th day of July, 1864. The long-talked-of mine had been sprung, Pegram's battery of four guns was blown up, and about 278 sleeping soldiers were buried beneath the upturned earth. Immediately the leading columns of the Ninth Army Corps, U. S. A., commanded by Colonel E. G. Marshall and Brigadier-General W. F. Bartlett, pressed forward and occupied the Crater and the earthworks for a distance on either side.

Two hundred cannons roared in one accord, as if every lanyard had been pulled by the same hand. The fiery crests of the battlements shone out for miles to our left, and, sweeping together, formed one vast range of gloom. It was a great gun conflict, with thundering, booming, flashing, blazing, smoking, shrieking, thudding, crashing, majestic terrors of war.

A GREAT ARTILLERY DUEL.

The sun rose brilliantly, and the great artillery duel continued to rage in all its grandeur and fury. An occasional shell from a Blakely gun would swoop down in our camp and ricochet down the line to our right, forcing us to hug closely the fortifications for protection.

Soon after sunrise "Captain" Tom Bernard, courier for General William Mahone, came sweeping up the lines on his white charger to the headquarters of our brigade commander, Colonel D. A. Weisiger.

Then the drums commenced rolling off the signals, which were followed by the command "fall in" and hurried roll calls.

A large part of General Lee's army were on the north side of the James river, no reserves were at hand, and the line of fortifications on the south had to be unmanned to meet the emergency.

So it fell to the lot of three brigades of Mahone's division to make the

CHARGE ON THE CRATER.

We were required to drive back the Federal troops, who were then holding and within the very gates of the city of Petersburg.

It was startling news; but our soldiers faltered not, and moved off at quickstep for the seat of war.

Wright's Georgia Brigade, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel M. R. Hall, and our Virginia brigade commanded by Colonel D. A. Weisiger, the latter numbering scarcely 800 muskets, constituted the first force detailed to dislodge the enemy, who held the broken lines with more than fifteen thousand men, and these were closely supported by an army of fifty-five thousand.

I remember that our regiment (the Sixty-first), which I commanded, did not exceed two hundred men, including officers and privates, and I am quite sure this was the strongest in the two brigades. The distance from Wilcox Farm to the Crater in an air line is about one and a half miles; by the circuitous route taken by Mahone's Brigade about two and a half miles.

I suppose we had marched the half of a mile, when we were commanded to halt and lay aside all luggage, except ammunition and muskets. Fighting-trim was the order.

We then filed to the left a short distance to gain the banks of a small stream called "Lieutenant Run," in order to be protected from the shells of the Federal batteries by placing a range of hills between. These the enemy were already viewing, within four hundred yards, with covetous eyes, and making dispositions to attempt their capture; for they were the very keys to the invested city. When nearly opposite the portion of our works then held by the Federal troops, we met several soldiers who were in the works at the time of the explosion. Our men began to ridicule them for going to the rear, when one of them remarked: "Ah, boys, you have hot work ahead; they are negroes and show no quarter."

This was the first intimation that we had to fight negro troops, and it seemed to infuse the little band with impetuous daring as they pressed forward to the fray.

A BRUTAL AND INHUMAN SLAUGHTER.

I never felt more like fighting in my life. Our comrades had been slaughtered in a most inhuman and brutal manner, and slaves were trampling over their mangled and bleeding corpses. Revenge must have fired every heart and strung every arm with nerves of steel for the Herculean task of blood. We filed up a ditch, which had been dug for a safe ingress and egress to and from the earthworks, until we reached the vale between the elevation on which the breastworks were located and the one on the banks of the little stream just mentioned—within two hundred yards of the enemy. The ill-fated battery, which had been demolished by the explosion, projected from the line of earthworks for the infantry at an acute angle, and was called Elliott's Salient. It overlooked the enemy's line of works, which were on the northeastern slope of the same elevation, about 100 yards distant.

The "Crater," or excavation caused by the explosion, was about twenty-five feet deep, sixty feet wide and 150 feet long, with its crest about twelve feet above the ground. About seventy-five feet in rear of the line of earthworks there was a wide ditch with the bank thrown up on the side next to the fortifications. This was constructed to protect parties carrying ammunition and rations to the troops.

Between this irregular and ungraded embankment and the main line the troops had dug numerous caves, in which they slept at night to be protected from the mortar shells that every evening traced sparkling circles in death search, like shooting stars bespangling the heavens with meteoric beauty.

The embankment, from the bottom of the ditch, was about ten feet high, and commanded the outer or main line. The space from the outside of the fortifications to the inner edge of the ditch was probably more than 100 feet wide.

The Crater and a space of about 200 yards on the north were literally crammed with the enemy's troops.

Official report shows that five army corps were massed to aid in the assault of the lines broken by the explosion, which reported present for duty on the 31st of July, the day after the battle, as follows:

Second Corps,	14,612
Fifth Corps,	16,529
Ninth Corps,	10,700
Tenth Corps,	13,362
Eighteenth Corps,	11,333
Total,	66,536
Add to these the losses on the 30th, as reported in the War Records, Series 1, Volume XI, Part 1, page 167,	4,400
Making a total of	70,936

This army held the inner and outer line of the Confederate works from a few minutes after the explosion until about 8:45 o'clock A. M. with only artillery between it and the coveted city of Petersburg.

A GREAT VICTORY.

The heroic achievement of the artillery corps, in keeping this army checked until reinforcements arrived, deserve equal share in the great victory of that day.

Mahone's Old Brigade and part of the Georgia Brigade, deployed, covered the enemy's front from about the centre of the Crater to their right. The silken banners of the enemy proudly floated on the breezes, supported by countless bayonets glistening in the sunlight, might on an ordinary occasion have daunted our little band and made them forfeit a trial of arms; but they were desperate and determined, and reckoned not the hosts that confronted them. I recollect counting seven standards in front of our regiment alone, and said to my soldiers, "We must have those flags, boys!" Our column was deployed in the valley before mentioned, in full view of these hostile thousands. As the soldiers filed into line, General Mahone walked from right to left, commanding the men to reserve their fire until they reached the brink of the ditch, and after delivering one volley to use the bayonet. Our line was hardly adjusted, and the Georgians had not finished deploying, when the division of negroes—the advance line of the enemy—made an attempt to rise from the ditch and charge. Just at that instant, about 8:45 o'clock, A. M., a counter charge was ordered. The men rushed forward, officers in front, with uncovered heads and waving hats, and grandly and beautifully swept onward over the intervening space, with muskets at trail. The enemy sent a storm of bullets in our ranks, and here and there a gallant fellow would fall, but the files would close, still pressing onward, unwavering, into the jaws of death.

Was Cardigan's charge of the 600 more desperate, save that his was to defeat, Mahone's to victory.

The orders of General Mahone were obeyed to the very letter. The brink of the ditch was gained before a musket was discharged. The cry "No quarter" greeted us, the one volley responded, and the bayonet was plied with such irresistible vigor that success was insured within a short space of time. Men fell dead in heaps, and human gore ran in streams that made the very earth mire beneath the tread of our victorious soldiers.

The rear ditch being ours, the men mounted the rugged embankments and hurled their foes from the front line up to the very mouth of the Crater.

A clipping headed "A Grand Spectacle," in the *Saturday Blade*, of Chicago, Ill., October 26, 1895, says: I asked an old soldier the other day what was the most interesting scene he had ever witnessed, and his reply was:

"General William Mahone and his troops on dress parade at the Battle of the Crater. It was the grandest spectacle ever seen on a battlefield. Men were falling like leaves under the raking volleys of the enemy, but there was not a break in the line that was not instantly filled up with a calmness and a precision that were sublime!"

CHARGED THE CRATER.

The Georgians, who did not charge with our Virginia brigade, formed in column of regiments, and at 11 o'clock A. M. charged the Crater; but they were met by such a withering fire that they recoiled with heavy slaughter. Their casualties numbered 231.

Our bloody work was all done so quickly that I had scarcely an idea of the time it required to accomplish it. It was over, I am sure, about noon, and then for the first time I realized the oppression of the scorching rays of that July sun, under whose burning glow many sank from exhaustion. Our brigade captured fifteen battle-flags, and our own regiment owned five of the seven that I had counted in its front. The Georgians captured one. How many men rallied to each of these flags I can only estimate from the figures above given. The 9th corps had been recently recruited, and its regiments must have been well up towards a thousand. General Burnside said he put every single man into action; so, from these facts and the captured flags, the reader may form a correct idea of the number we had overcome. In that supreme moment, when exulting over a great victory, as our eyes fell upon the bleeding comrades around us, our hearts sickened within for those who lay dead, dying, wounded and writhing in agonies of pain.

The wonderful triumph had been won at the price of the blood of the bravest and best and truest. Old Co. F, of Norfolk, Va., carried in twelve men, all of whom was killed or wounded; the 6th regiment, to which it was attached, carried in ninety-eight men, and mustered ten for duty at this time; the sharpshooters carried in eighty men, and sixteen remained for duty. Our regiment, the 61st, lost nineteen killed and forty-three wounded; the 12th regiment lost twelve killed and twenty-six wounded; the 16th lost twenty-one killed and eighteen wounded, and the 41st regiment lost thirteen killed and thirty-one wounded. Colonel Weisiger, commanding our brigade, was wounded and the command devolved upon Colonel Rogers. The total loss of the brigade was 258. There were many special acts of gallantry exhibited on this field, which I shall not stop to detail, for General Lee said: "All who charged from that vale crowned themselves heroes," and they need no encomiums from my feeble pen.

Although our principal task was finished at noontide, yet more heavy work remained to be done to fully re-establish our lines. Brigadier-General Bartlett, with about 600 men, was cooped up in the Crater, and their capture was the crowning event of the bloody drama.

Our wounded men were sent to the field hospital as fast as possible, and after piling the enemy's dead on each side of the trenches, to make a clear pass-way, the ranks of our brigade were closed up in proper order.

General Mahone carefully examined the lines, and ordered us to keep a sharp fire on the enemy's works in front to keep them close, and on the Crater to our right to prevent Bartlett's escape, as our position commanded his rear, while Saunders' Alabama Brigade formed in the valley and charged.

A DESPERATE STRUGGLE.

The Alabamians made a grand charge under a terrible fire, reaching the crest of the crater without faltering. Here a short and desperate struggle ensued. They tumbled clubs, clods of earth, muskets and cannon balls into the excavation on the heads of the enemy with telling effect. This novel warfare lasted only a short time before the white flag went up, and about 500 prisoners marched to the rear and three flags were surrendered to the Alabama Brigade.

Hon. George Clark, of Waco, Texas, who was then on the staff of the gallant General Saunders, in a graphic description of the charge, says:

> "When we reached the scene we were met by General Mahone, accompanied by General Bushrod Johnson, and General Mahone gave directions as to how he wished the brigade formed. It was then about 11 A. M. The rifle-pits to the left of the Crater (enemy's right) were then held by the Virginia Brigade, their right resting at the Crater. I was sent by General Saunders to look over the ground, and went forward to the rim of the Crater. I there met and talked with Lieutenant-Colonel W. H. Stewart and other acquaintances in the Virginia Brigade, including Colonel Rogers, if my memory is correct, both of whom I knew well, having served with them upon General Court-Martial the preceding winter. I found that while the Virginians had done their part of the job thoroughly, and were holding their positions heroically, Wright's Georgia Brigade had failed to carry the trenches on the right of the Crater (enemy's left), and the Crater itself was still in possession of the enemy, filled not only with negro troops, but also with a much larger per cent. of white troops, as was demonstrated after the capture. I returned and reported the situation to General Saunders. At this time our brigade was resting on their arms just east of a little branch or marsh under the hill. I was instructed by General Saunders to pass along the line, count the men, and inform them, as well as company commanders, that our attack would begin at 2 o'clock, upon the firing of two signal guns from the batteries in our rear—that every man must be ready to rise and go forward at the signal, slowly at first, and then at a double-quick as soon as we rose the hill—that our object was
>
> TO RECAPTURE THE RIFLE PITS
>
> on our right as well as the Crater, and for this purpose the brigade would be compelled to right oblique after starting, so as to cover the points of attack—no man was to fire a shot until we reached the works, and arms must be carried at a right-shoulder shift. I was also instructed by General Saunders to inform the men that General Lee had notified him that there were no other troops at hand to recapture the works, and if this brigade did not succeed in the first attempt, they would be formed again and renew the assault, and that

if it was necessary, he (General Lee) would lead them. As a matter of fact, a large portion of the army was on that day east of the James river. These directions of General Saunders were communicated at once to every officer and man, and by actual count made by me the brigade had in line 632 muskets.

"At the boom of the signal guns the Alabama brigade rose at a "right-shoulder shift," and moved forward in perfect alignment—slowly at first, until we came in sight of the enemy and received his first fire, and then with a dash to the works. For a moment or two the enemy overshot us and did no damage, but as we reached the works many were struck down and the gaps were apparent, but the alignment remained perfect. It was as handsome a charge as was ever made on any field, and could not have been excelled by the "Guard" at Waterloo, under Ney.

"On reaching the works the real fight began. Our men poured over into the Crater, and the ring of steel and bayonet in hand-to-hand fight began. Men were brained by butts of guns, and run through with bayonets. This *melee* kept up for at least fifteen minutes, the enemy fighting with desperation because they were impressed with the idea that no quarter would be given. The credit of capturing the Crater and all its contents belongs to Morgan Smith Cleveland, then Adjutant of the 8th Alabama Regiment, who now fills a patriot's grave at Selma, Alabama.

A HORRIBLE CARNAGE.

"Standing in the Crater, in the midst of the horrid carnage, with almost bursting heart, he said to a Federal colonel who was near him: 'Why in the h— don't you fellows surrender?' and he put the accent on the cuss-word. The Yankee replied quickly: 'Why in the h— don't you let us.' A wink being as good as a nod, either to a blind horse or a brave soldier, the effect was instantaneous. The enemy threw down their arms, marched out as prisoners, some being killed or wounded by their own cannon as they filed past where I stood, and the day was saved as a glorious heritage for the Southern soldier and those who came after him. I remember helping General Bartlett, who was trying to get out on two muskets inverted and used as crutches. I could see no evidence of physical pain in his face, and remarked to him that he must have nerves of steel, as his leg was shot away. He smiled, and replied that he had lost his real leg at Williamsburg two years before, and the leg he had just had shattered was a cork leg."

The negro prisoners were very much alarmed, and vociferously implored for their lives. One old cornfield chap exclaimed: "My God, massa, I nebber pinted a gun at a white man in all my life; dem nasty, stinking Yankees fotch us here, and we didn't want to come fus!"

The appearance of this rough, irregular hole beggars description. It was estimated that it contained 600 bodies. The importance of reconstructing this broken line of earthworks at once prevented the removal of all of these dead men, therefore 233 of the enemy's dead were buried as they had fallen, in one indiscriminate heap in the pit of the Crater. Spades were brought in, and the earth thrown from the sides of the excavation until they were covered a sufficient depth. By 3 o'clock P. M. all was over, and we were enjoying a welcome truce. The extreme heat of the sun had already caused putrefaction of the dead to commence, and the bodies in our front and rear, and especially the blood-soaked earth under our feet in the trenches, exhaled such a nauseating smell that I was forced to abandon my supper, although I had not tasted a morsel of food since the previous night.

The reports of the losses on the Federal side vary, but as above quoted, it is put down from all the five corps which aided in the assault at 4,400 total; but their loss was estimated at the time to be between 5,000 and 6,000. General Burnside says in his report that his 9th corps lost twenty-three commanders of regiments, four killed, fifteen wounded, and four missing; two brigade commanders, General W. F. Bartlett and Colonel E. G. Marshall, prisoners; fifty-two officers and 376 men killed; 105 officers and 1,556 men wounded; eighty-seven officers and 1,652 men missing; total 3,828.

SHOOTING RAMRODS AT THE ENEMY.

There were thousands of captured arms around us, and during the night some of our men would shoot ramrods at the enemy, just for the fun of hearing them whiz. One that was shot over, drew from a Federal soldier the exclamation, "Great God! Johnnie, you are throwing turkey spits and stringing us together over here. Stop it!"

A correspondent of one the New York daily newspapers, writing a description of this battle from accounts obtained from wounded officers, who arrived in Washington on the 2d of August, 1864, says:

"Two steamers arrived here yesterday from City Point.

"They brought up a large number of candidates for medical and surgical attendance.

"The wounds of the wounded are ghastly.

"They were inflicted by the enemy in front of Petersburg, on Saturday, the 30th of July—a day that will be memorable as witnessing the failure—the utter and disastrous failure—of the great plan that was expected to scatter or destroy the army of General Lee. A large number of the wounded are officers who participated in the assault on the enemy's lines. * * *

"Statements from such sources are worthy of attention if not full faith. * * *

"At forty minutes after four the earth began to tremble.

"Then a great mass of clay and *debris* was thrown about one hundred feet in the air.

"Then a heavy sound, deep and rumbling, differing from any ever before heard by the Army of the Potomac, was borne five miles around.

"For a few moments the air was thick with dust, and then the great yawning gap was visible.

"The mine had done its work.

"Then the artillery opened. Never on the American continent was heard such an awful roar.

"It commenced on the right and extended to the left, gun after gun joining in mighty chorus. Gettysburg, Malvern Hill, Spotsylvania, Cold Harbor—these were as nothing. It was dreadful and unparalleled. * * *

"Often have the Confederates won enconiums for valor, but never before did they fight with such uncontrollable desperation.

"It appeared as if our troops were at their mercy, standing helpless or running in terror and shot down like dogs.

"The charge of the enemy against the negro troops was terrific.

"With fearful yells they rushed down against them.

"The negroes at once ran back, breaking through the lines of white troops in the rear.

"Again and again their officers tried to rally them.

"Words and blows were useless.

"They were victims of an uncontrollable terror, and human agency could not stop them."

Such was the testimony of the Federal wounded of the terror and carnage of the battle! This correspondence estimated their loss at 5,000.

THE AWFUL EXPLOSION.

Captain George L. Killmer, of Marshall's Brigade, says: "The awful explosion, when it came, confused our men more than it did the Confederates, except the few Confederates who were blown up. We were in a state of expectancy, awaiting orders, when suddenly the ground rocked under foot and an immense mass of earth, timbers, cannon and soldiers in gray, enveloped in dust and powder smoke, leaped into the air, and hung there, as it seemed, ready to fall and bury our lines in the ruins. Hundreds shrunk back, appalled and unmassed. Colonel Elisha C. Marshall, who was also colonel of my regiment, sprang upon the wall in front, and waving a signal, shouted 'Forward.' Officers and soldiers, to the number of a couple of hundred, joined him instantly, climbing the barrier by the help of bayonets and upon one another's shoulders. Without looking to see how many followed, the party dashed forward to the pit, and there found a great hole encircled by a wall made of the falling earth and debris. We struck the left flank of the breach and planted our flag there."

Then after describing intervening events, Captain Killmer says:

PANDEMONIUM IN THE PIT.

"In the pit pandemonium reigned. Men shot on the crest tumbled in upon the wounded, lying in torture at the bottom. The day was hot. Sulphurous gases escaped from the debris and there was no water at hand, the way back to the Union lines was swept by fire and was corduroyed with dead. Refusing to retreat, men sought death by charging forward. Officers threw away their lives by mounting the walls to inspire the men to move out and relieve the horrible jam in the pit. One of these martyrs was a mere boy, Lieutenant Pennell, an aid to General Thomas. So many bullets struck him that his body whirled around like a top before it fell.

Lieutenant-General U. S. Grant, commanding the United States Army, in his report to General Halleck, under date of August 1, 1864, at City Point, Va., says:

"The loss in the disaster of Saturday last foots up about 3,500, of whom 450 men were killed and 2,000 wounded.

"It was the saddest affair I have witnessed in the war.

"Such opportunity for carrying fortifications I have never seen and do not expect to again to have.

"The enemy, with a line of works five miles long, had been reduced, by our previous movements to the north side of James river, to a force of only three divisions. This line was undermined and blown up, carrying a battery and most of a regiment with it.

"The enemy were taken completely by surprise and did not recover from it for more than an hour.

"The Crater and several hundred yards of the enemy's line to the right and left of it, and a short detached line in front of the Crater, were occupied by our troops without opposition.

"Immediately in front of this, and not 150 yards off, with clear ground intervening, was the crest of the ridge leading into town, and which, if carried, the enemy would have made no resistance, but would have continued a flight already commenced.

"It was three hours from the time our troops first occupied their works before the enemy took possession of the crest.

"I am constrained to believe that, had instructions been promptly obeyed, Petersburg would have been carried, with all the artillery and a large number of prisoners, without a loss of 300 men.

"It was in getting back to our lines that the loss was sustained.

"The enemy attempted to charge and retake the lines captured from them, and were repulsed with heavy loss by our artillery. Their loss in killed must be greater than ours, whilst our loss in wounded and captured is four times that of the enemy."—Official Records, Serial Number 80, page 17.

"The enemy" which took possession of the crest was evidently Mahone's Brigade, and the charge repulsed mentioned by General Grant must have been that of Wright's Brigade.

Next morning was a bright and beautiful Sabbath, and nothing worth noting occurred. Many of the Federal dead remained on the field, putrefying under the scorching rays of the sun.

I remember a negro, between the lines, who had both legs blown off. He crawled up to the outside of our works, struck three muskets with bayonets in the ground, and threw a small pice of tent cloth over them to shelter his head from the hot sunshine. After awhile, in an interval, when the shots from the enemy had slackened, one of our soldiers managed to push a cup of water to him, which he drank and immediately commenced to froth at the mouth, dying in a very short time after.

He had lived in this mangled condition for nearly twenty-four hours and for a part of the time almost baking under the hot sun.

DEAD BODIES SEVERAL LAYERS DEEP.

On Monday morning a truce was granted, and the Federals sent out details to bury their dead between the lines. They dug a long ditch and placed the bodies crosswise, several layers up, and then refilled it. After they had finished burying their dead and were moving off, General Mahone noticed that they had left the dirt piled high enough for breastworks on the slope of the hill, midway between the two lines of battle. He quickly discovered the danger of this, as it would have afforded shelter for another assaulting column. He stopped the burial detail and made them level the ground, as they found it.

General Pendleton, Chief of Artillery of General Lee's army, was standing near, and paid a high compliment to Mahone's foresight.

THE LAST ACT IN THE GREAT BATTLE.

This was the last act in this celebrated battle—a battle won by the charge of three small brigades of Virginia, Georgia and Alabama troops, numbering less than 2,000 muskets, with the aid of the artillery, which rendered effective service to the charging columns, over an army of 70,000 men behind breast-works, which surrendered to this small force nineteen flags.

General B. R. Johnson, who commanded the lines which were broken by the explosion and upheaval of the Crater, in his report of the battle, said: "To the able commander and gallant officers and men of Mahone's Division, to whom we are mainly indebted for the restoration of our lines, I offer my acknowledgments for their great service."

Secretary of War James A. Seddon said: "Let appropriate acknowledgment be made to the gallant general and his brave troops. Let the names of the captors (of the flags) be noted on the roll of honor and published."

Nowhere in all the history of war were greater odds driven out of fortifications and defeated. The charge of the three brigades of Mahone's Division is a record of triumph unsurpassed in warfare.

GENERAL T. J. ("STONEWALL") JACKSON,
Confederate States Army.

HIS CAREER AND CHARACTER.

An Address by Hunter McGuire, M. D., LL.D.

This address, as felicitous in its delineation of the character of one of the greatest soldiers of the age as it is acute and comprehensive in its recountal of his achievements, has been several times delivered by its distinguished author before large and representative audiences, first on June 23, 1897, at the dedication of the Jackson Memorial Hall, at Lexington, Va., next before R. E. Lee Camp Confederate Veterans, at Richmond, Va., on July 2d, and since, at other places. It has been enthusiastically received on every occasion.

The close official relation of Medical-Director McGuire with General Jackson afforded the best possible advantages for an intimate knowledge of the character of the great leader.

The address itself is a striking evidence of the versatility of the genius of one of the foremost surgeons and physicians in this era of medical progress.

It is now printed from a corrected copy furnished by Dr. McGuire.

I understand, and I beg this audience to understand, that I am here to-day, not because I have any place among the orators, or am able to do anything except "to speak right on," and "tell you that which you yourselves do know;" but because the noblest heritage I shall hand down to my children is the fact that Stonewall Jackson condescended to hold me and treat me as his friend. I know, and you know, that as long as valor and virtue are honored among men, as long as greatness of mind and grandeur of soul excite our admiration, as long as Virginia parents desire noble examples to set before their sons, and as long as there dwells in the souls of Virginia boys that fire of native nobleness which can be kindled by the tales of heroic endeavor, so long will Virginia men and women be ready to hear of the words and the deeds of Virginia's heroic sons, and therefore ready and glad to hear how valorous and how virtuous, how great and how grand in every thought and action was the Virginian of whom I speak to-night—to know in what awesome Titanic mould was cast that quiet professor who once did his duty here; that silent stranger whom no man knew until "the fire of God fell upon him in the battlefield," as it did upon Arthur—the fire by which Sir Launcelot knew him for his king—the fire that like the "live coal from off the altar touched the lips" of Jackson and brought from them that kingly voice which the eagle of victory knew and obeyed. For a king was Stonewall Jackson, if ever royalty, anointed as by fire, appeared among men.

When Egypt, or Persia, or Greece, or Rome was the world; when the fame of a king reached the borders of his own dominion, but scarcely crossed them; when a great conqueror was known as far as his banners could fly; friends (or enemies) could assign a warrior's rank amongst mankind and his place in history. These latter ages have agreed that a Rameses, a Cyrus, an Alexander, or a Constantine shall be styled "The Great"—accepting therein the estimate put upon them by the contracted times in which they lived, supported, perchance, by the story of their deeds as laboriously chiseled on some long buried slab, recorded on some hardly recovered sheets of ancient parchment, or written on some dozen pages of a literature, the language of which serves the purposes of the ghost along the Styx, as they tell each other of glories long departed.

To-day the world is wide, and before the world's tribunal each candidate for historic honors must appear. The world's estimate, and that alone, posterity will accept, and even that it will hereafter most carefully revise.

The young Emperor of Germany, seeking to decree his grandfather's place in history, would have him styled "William the Great." Here and there, in one nation and another, press and people combine to deify some popular hero and offer him for the plaudits or the worship of the age. It is a vain endeavor. The universal judgment cannot be forestalled. No force or artifice can make mankind accept as final the false estimate instead of the true. Money, powerful, dangerous and threatening as it now is in this republic, cannot for long buy a verdict. The unbiased world alone is capable of stamping upon the forehead of man that mark which neither the injustice of adverse interest, nor envy's gnawing tooth, nor the ceaseless flow of the river of time are able to efface.

Therefore, it was with swelling heart and deep thankfulness that I recently heard some of the first soldiers and military students of England declare that within the past two hundred years the English speaking race has produced but five soldiers of the first class—Marlborough, Washington, Wellington, Robert Lee, and Stonewall Jackson. I heard them declare that Jackson's campaign in the Shenandoah Valley, in which you, and you, and you, and I myself in my subordinate place, followed this Immortal, was the finest specimen of strategy and tactics of which the world has any record; that in this series of marches and battles there was never a blunder committed by Jackson; that this campaign in the Valley was superior to either of those made by Napoleon in Italy. One British officer, who teaches strategy in a great European college, told me that he used this campaign as a model of strategy and tactics, and dwelt upon it for several months in his lectures; that it was taught for months of each session in the schools of Germany; and that Von Moltke, the great strategist, declared it was without rival in the world's history. This same British officer told me that he had ridden on horseback over the battlefields of the Valley, and carefully studied the strategy and tactics there displayed by Jackson. He had followed him to Richmond, where he joined with Lee in the campaign against McClellan in 1862; that he had followed his detour around Pope; his management of his troops at Manassas; that he had studied his environment of Harper's Ferry and its capture; his part of the fight at Sharpsburg, and his flank move around Hooker, and that he had never blundered. "Indeed," he added, "Jackson seemed to me (him) inspired." Another British soldier told me that for its numbers the Army of Northern Virginia had more force and power than any other army that ever existed.

High as is my estimate of the Second Corps of the Army of Northern Virginia, I heard these opinions with a new elation, for I knew they presented the verdict of impartial history; the verdict that posterity will stamp with its approval; a verdict in itself such a tribute to valor and virtue, devotion and truth, as shall serve to inspire, exalt and ennoble our children and our children's children to the remotest generations.

You will not be surprised to hear of my telling them, that of these five, thus over-topping all the rest, three were born in the State of Virginia; nor wonder that I reverently remember that two of them lie side by side here in Lexington, while one is sleeping by the great river, there to sleep 'till time shall be no more; the three consecrating in death the soil of Virginia, as in life they stamped their mother State as the native home of men who, living as they lived, shall be fit to go on quest for the Holy Grail.

And now I hope I may be able to tell you what evidence of this accredited greatness—what warrant for the justness of this verdict—I, and others with me, saw in the quiet of the camp and in the rush of the battle; and how I saw with my eyes, and stand here to declare, that his greatness vanished not, nor faded, but the brighter shone, when the shadows of evening were falling and the darkness of death gathered round.

In seeking to define Jackson's place in history I accept Lord Wolseley's definition of a great commander. He declares in effect, that the marks of this rare character, are: First of all—the power, the instinct, the inspiration to divine the condition and purposes of your enemy. Secondly—the genius that in strategy instantly devises the combinations most likely to defeat those purposes. Thirdly—the physical and moral courage, the absolute self-reliance that takes the risk of decision, and the skill that promptly and properly delivers the blow that shatters the hostile plans, so managing one's own forces (even when small), as to have the greater number at the point of attack. Fourthly—the cool judgement that is unshaken by the clash and clamor of emergences. And last, but not least, the prevision, the caution that cares for the lives and well-being of the private soldiers, and the personal magnetism that rouses the enthusiasm and affection, that make the commander's presence on the battlefield, the incentive to all that human beings can dare, and the unquestioned hope and sure promise of victory.

Many incidents of Jackson's career prove that he possessed the instinctive power to know the plight, and to foretell the purposes of the Federal army and its commanders. To describe the first that I recall: While dressing his wounded hand at the first Manassas, at the field hospital of the brigade at Young's Branch, near the Lewis house, I saw President Davis ride up from Manassas. He had been told by stragglers, that our army had been defeated. He stopped his horse in the middle of the little stream, stood up in his stirrups (the palest, sternest face I ever saw), and cried to the great crowd of soldiers: "I am President Davis; follow me back to the field."

General Jackson did not hear distinctly. I told him who it was, and what he said. He stood up, took off his cap and cried: "We have whipped them; they ran like sheep. Give me 10,000 men and I will take Washington city to-morrow." Who doubts now that he could have done so?

When, in May, 1862, he whipped Banks at Winchester and had, what seemed then and even now, the audacity to follow him to Harper's Ferry, he not only knew the number and condition of Banks' army, but in his mind he clearly saw the locality and strength of the armies of Fremont and McDowell, gradually converging from the east and west towards Strasburg to cut of his retreat. He knew the leaders of these hostile forces, their skill and moral courage, and calculated on it, and this so nicely that he was able to pass between them without a moment to spare. Indeed, he held these hosts apart with his skirmishers while his main army passed through, each commander of the Federal army in doubt and dread whether the mighty and mysterous Jackson intended one of his overwhelming blows for him. Both, doubtless, hoping the other one would catch it. Certainly they acted in a way to indicate this.

With the help of Ashby and Stuart he always knew the location and strength of his enemy. He knew the fighting quality of the enemy's forces too. "Let the Yankees get very close," he said to Ewell at Cross Keys, "before your infantry fires, they won't stand long." I asked him at Cedar Run if he expected a battle that day. He smiled and said: "Banks is in our front and he is generally willing to fight, and," he added very slowly, as if to himself, "and he generally gets whipped."

At Malvern Hill, when a portion of our army was beaten and to some extent demoralized, Hill and Ewell and Early came to tell him that they could make no resistance if McClellan attacked them in the morning. It was difficult to wake General Jackson, as he was exhausted and very sound asleep. I tried it myself and after many efforts partly succeeded. When he was made to understand what was wanted, he said: "McClellan and his army will be gone by daylight," and went to sleep again. The generals thought him mad, but the prediction was true.

At Sharpsburg, when on the 17th, our army had repulsed three great assaults in succession and was reduced to a thin line, happening to have urgent business that took me to the front, I expressed to General Jackson my apprehension lest the surging mass of the enemy might get through. He replied: "I think they have done their worst and there is now no danger of the line being broken." McClellan's inaction during the long 18th when General Lee stood firm and offered him battle, proves that Jackson knew his enemy's condition.

At Fredericksburg, after Burnside's repulse, he asked me how many bandages I had. I told him, and asked why he wanted to know. He said that he wanted to have a piece of white cloth to tie on each man's arm that his soldiers might recognize each other in a night attack, and he asked to be allowed to make such an attack and drive the foe into the swollen river or capture him. Subsequent events demonstrated that he would have accomplished his purpose.

"DRIVE THEM INTO THE RIVER."

It was said that at a council of war, called by General Lee after the Fredericksburg battle, Jackson went to sleep during the discussion, and when suddenly aroused and asked for his advice, he simply replied: "Drive them into the river."

That he possessed the genius to devise and the skill and courage to deliver the blow needed to defeat his foes—is it not amply proved by the general fact that his army in the Valley campaign was never over 17,000, and generally less, and that for a time he was keeping at bay 100,000 Federal soldiers—60,000 in or near the great valley, and 40,000 at Fredericksburg—soundly thrashing in the field, from time to time, large portions of this great army? Not to mention details, Jackson and his small force influenced the campaign to the extent of keeping 100,000 Federal troops away from Richmond, and compelling the Federal government to employ a larger force than the whole of the Confederate army, in order, as Lincoln said, "to protect the National Capital." In the operations necessary to accomplish this, he encountered one (his first and only defeat), that at Kernstown, which he and others, who trusted his judgment, believed was due to an untimely order to fall back, given by one of his bravest and truest of brigade commanders. But that defeat was so full of brilliant results to our cause that the Confederate Congress thanked him for the battle. The gallant and brilliant officer who gave this order was put under arrest (whether wisely or not is not for present discussion), but the effect was to prevent any other man or officer from ordering a retreat on any subsequent field of battle where Jackson was, whether out of ammunition or not.

Thence he went immediately to McDowell, Winchester, Cross Keys and Port Republic, winning battle after battle, having always the smaller army but the larger number actually fighting (except at Cross Keys), illustrating the truth of what a Federal officer tells us a Yankee soldier said after the stern struggle at Groveton: "These rebels always put their small numbers in strong positions and then manage to be the stronger at the point where the rub comes." And so, notwithstanding the tremendous odds against him in the whole theatre, he met another test of a great commander, in concentrating against his opponent the larger force.

I cannot give you any instances or illustrations of the mental action by which he reached his conclusions or devised the combinations which defeated his enemy, for Jackson took no counsel save with his "familiar," the Genius of War, and his God. He did hold one, and only one, council of war. In March, 1862, at Winchester, Jackson had in his small army less than 5,000 men. Gen. Banks, who was advancing upon Winchester from Harper's Ferry and Charlestown, had 30,000 soldiers. Gen. Jackson repeatedly offered Gen. Banks battle, but the latter declined, and on the night of the 11th of March went into camp four miles from Winchester. Gen. Jackson sent for his officers and proposed to make a night attack, but the plan was not approved by the council. He sent for the officers a second time, some hours later, and again urged them to make the night assault, but they again disapproved of the attempt. So, late in the afternoon, we withdrew from Winchester and marched to Newtown. I rode with the General as we left the place, and as we reached a high point overlooking the town, we both turned to look at Winchester, just evacuated and now left to the mercy of the Federal soldiers.

I think that a man may sometimes yield to overwhelming emotion, and I was utterly overcome by the fact that I was leaving all that I held dear on earth, but my emotion was arrested by one look at Jackson. His face was fairly blazing with the fire that was burning in him, and I felt awed before him. Presently he cried out with a manner almost savage: "That is the last council of war I will ever hold!" And it was—his first and last. Thereafter he held council in the secret chambers of his own heart, and acted. Instantaneous decision, absolute self-reliance, every action, every word displayed, his voice displayed it in battle. It was not the peal of the trumpet, but the sharp crack of the rifle, sudden, imperative, resolute.

I venture a word as to the battles in which Jackson's conduct has been criticised. The delay at Gaines' Mill has been the subject of much comment. The truth is that General Lee directed Jackson to place his corps on our extreme left, where he would be joined by the command of D. H. Hill. He ordered him to form in line of battle with Hill and wait until McClellan retreated towards the Pamunkey, and then to strike him a side blow and capture him. For this purpose Jackson had, with Hill's division, 25,500 men. When we arrived at Gaines' Mill, D. H. Hill had engaged the enemy. Jackson, obeying Lee's instructions, sent an aide to inform Hill of the orders of the Commander-in-Chief, and it was with some difficulty that he withdrew him from the fight. It was only when Jackson found that McClellan was not being driven from his works that he put into the battle every man he had.

General Jackson waited at White Oak Swamp during the battle of Frayser's Farm because he was directed to stay on this road until further orders. As a soldier he could do nothing else. He gave the same unquestioned obedience to the officer above him, that he demanded of those under his control. Moreover the stream was impassible for infantry under fire, and impassible for artillery without a bridge. Jackson and his staff, with Colonel Munford's cavalry, tested it, riding across through quagmires that took us up to the girths of our horses; but by a fierce artillery attack he kept Franklin's and part of Sumner's corps from joining with McCall to resist the attack at Frayser's Farm. This attack General Jackson began with twenty-eight pieces of artillery at twelve o'clock that day. The battle at Frayser's Farm began at five o'clock the same afternoon. White Oak Swamp road is but five miles distant. If General Lee had wanted Jackson he could have sent for him, but General Lee did not want him. He expected to defeat McCall, and isolate Franklin and Sumner, and then capture them with Jackson's co-operation, from the position he knew he occupied.

Cedar Run battle has been criticised as a barren victory, but while it did not accomplish all that Jackson intended, it was far from barren in its results. Pope, who had more than double the force of Jackson, was preparing to attack us at Gordonsville and destroy the railroad. We remained two weeks at Gordonsville, waiting for Pope to make a false move, when, finding that Pope's divisions were widely separated—the left wing being at Fredericksburg, and the right under Siegel, at Sperryville, fifty miles from the left wing; the main army on the Rappahannock—with Banks thrown out to Culpeper Courthouse, Jackson determined to strike them in detail.

I know this was his purpose and his after report proves it. He intended first to attack his old antagonist, Banks, at Culpeper, and then to descend like a thunderbolt on McDowell at Fredericksburg. On our route we lost an entire day because one of the division commanders marched two miles instead of twenty-five. This gave Pope time to concentrate his forces. That night, as we pursued the beaten army of General Banks, we captured some of McDowell's men, proving that the Federals had had time to concentrate, and this prevented him from carrying out his original plan of striking in detail. As it was, Banks' army was so crippled as to be "of little use," as General Pope reports, "during the rest of that campaign." The prestige of our troops and commanders was raised, and the Federal confidence in Pope diminished. But more than this, and more important, Pope's plans were disconcerted and ten days were gained, by which time General Lee and the rest of our army joined us.

The imperturbable coolness of a great commander was pre-eminently his. He was always calm and self-controlled. He never lost his balance for one moment. At the First Manassas, when we reached the field and found our men under Bee and Bartow falling back—when the confusion was greatest, and Bee in despair cried out, "They are driving us back"—there was not the slightest emotion apparent about him. His thin lips were compressed and his eyes ablaze when he curtly said: "Then, sir, we will give them the bayonet." At Port Republic, where he was so nearly captured, as he escaped he instantly ordered the 37th Virginia Regiment, which was fortunately near at hand and in line, to charge through the bridge and capture the Federal piece of artillery placed at its mouth.

In the very severe engagement at Chantilly, fought during a heavy thunder storm, when the voice of the artillery of heaven could scarcely be told from that of the army, an aide came up with a message from A. P. Hill, that his ammunition was wet and that he asked leave to retire. "Give my compliments to General Hill, and tell him that the Yankee ammunition is as wet as his; to stay where he is." There was always danger and blood when he began his terse sentences with "Give my compliments."

One of the most striking illustrations of his courage and absolute self-reliance was shown at the battle of Groveton. He had been detached from General Lee's army, and in a march of two days captured Manassas Junction directly in Pope's rear and destroyed the immense stores accumulated at that point. After this he marched his command to a field which gave him a good defensive position and the readiest means of junction with Longstreet. At that point, if he was compelled to retreat, he had the Aldie Gap behind him through which he could pass and rejoin General Lee. Pope, disappointed at not finding Jackson at Manassas, and confused by the different movements that different portions of Jackson's corps had made, was utterly disconcerted and directed his army to move towards Centreville where they could easily join with the forces of McClellan then at Alexandria. Almost any other soldier would have been satisfied with what had been already accomplished—the destruction of the immense stores of the enemy—the forcing of Pope from the Rappahannock to Bull Run, and the demoralization produced in the Federal army, but General Jackson knew that the Confederate design demanded that a battle with Pope should be made before reinforcements were received from McClellan, and so he determined with his little army to attack the Federal forces and compel them to stop and give battle.

Our army lay concealed by the railroad cut, the woods and the configuration of the ground near the same field that we had fought the first battle of Manassas. The different columns of the enemy were moving in such a confused way that it was difficult to tell what they intended. Gen. Jackson, who had been up the whole of the previous night directing the movement of his troops, was asleep in a fence corner, when mounted scouts came in to inform us that a large body of Pope's army was moving past on the Warrenton road and in the direction of Centreville. As soon as he was waked and informed of the state of affairs, Gen. Jackson sprang up and moved rapidly towards his horse, buckling on his sword as he moved and urging the greatest speed on all around him, directing Ewell and Taliaferro to attack the enemy, which proved to be King's Division. With about 20,000 men he attacked Pope's army of 77,000 soldiers, so determined was he that Pope should not escape to Centreville, there to intrench and wait for the reinforcements of McClellan then on their way to him. The attack that evening brought on the bloody battle of Groveton.

I must recur to the battle of Sharpsburg, as that was one of the sternest trials to which Jackson was ever subjected. 80,000 Federal soldiers under McClellan attacked 35,000 Confederates under Lee, making the contest a most unequal one. It was a pitched battle in an open field. There were no fortifications or entrenchments, and the ground, as far as sites for artillery went, was decidedly more favorable for the Federals. To defend the left wing of the Confederate line Jackson had, including D. H. Hill's three brigades, less than 8,000 men. In front of him was Hooker with 15,000, Mansfield with 10,000, and Sumner with Sedgwick's Division, 6,000—8,000 Confederates to 31,000 veteran Federal soldiers. Hooker, at daylight, attacked and was routed. Then Mansfield came over the same ground and met the same fate. Then Sumner came up and was thrashed. 8,000 half starved, shoeless, ragged Confederates had routed 31,000 of McClellan's best soldiers, and in a plain open field

SAN FRANCISCO PUBLIC LIBRARY

without an entrenchment. But the 8,000 Confederates were veterans and were commanded by Stonewall Jackson. That night 20,000 dead and wounded men lay on the field of Sharpsburg.

About one o'clock that day I rode forward to see the General. I found him a little to the left of the Dunkard church. I remember that I had my saddle pockets filled with peaches to take to him—knowing how much he enjoyed fruit—and was eating a peach when I approached him. The first thing he asked me was if I had any more. I told him yes, that I had brought him some. After he got them he began to eat them ravenously, so much so, that he apologized and told me that he had had nothing to eat that day. I told him why I had come. That our lines were so thin and the enemy so strong, that I was afraid that at some point our line might be broken and in the rush, the hospital captured. He was perfectly cool and quiet, although he had withstood three separate attacks of vastly superior numbers. He thought the enemy had done their worst and made me the reply I have already quoted, but he agreed that I should establish the hospital in Shepherdstown. Before returning to my post, I rode forward with him to see the old Stonewall Division. They had been reduced to a very small body of men and were commanded by Colonel Grigsby. In some places lieutenants commanded brigades; sergeants, regiments. Nearly all of his Generals had fallen, but he had two left who were hosts in themselves, the unconquerable D. H. Hill, and that grand old soldier, Jubal Early.

While talking to Grigsby I saw off at a distance in a field, men lying down, and supposed it was a line of battle. I asked Colonel Grigsby why he did not move that line of battle to make it conform to his own, when he said: "Those men you see lying over there, which you suppose to be a line of battle, are all dead men. They are Georgia soldiers." It was a stern struggle, but Jackson always expected to hold his lines. I heard him once say: "We sometimes fail to drive the enemy from his position. He always fails to drive us." But he was never content with the defensive, however successful or however exhausting. In this most destructive battle he was looking all of that day for a chance to make the counter-stroke. He urged General McLaws, who had been sent to his assistance, to move forward and attack the enemy's right flank, but General McLaws was so hotly engaged with those directly in front, that he never had an opportunity to do what General Jackson desired.

Other efforts, with the same intent, marked his conduct during all that day.

His tactics were almost always offensive, and by his marvellous strategy and skill, by his consummate daring and absolute confidence in himself and his men, he made up for his deficiency in numbers. When circumstances obliged him to act upon the defensive, always at such times he kept in view the counter-stroke. He did not wish to fight at Fredericksburg. His objection was, that there was no room for this return blow in the daytime, with the enemy's guns on Stafford Heights.

I cannot refrain from speaking of the statement, recently made, that General Jackson advised General Lee on the night of the 17th September to cross the Potomac back into Virginia. I think it is a mistake. He told me at one o'clock that McClellan had done his worst. He was looking all the afternoon for a chance to strike the enemy, but he never had sufficient force to do it. He agreed with General Lee entirely during the whole of this campaign and especially during this battle. General Lee writes, in a letter which I have recently read, "When he (Jackson) came upon the field—having preceded his troops, and learned my reasons for offering battle, he emphatically agreed with me. When I determined to withdraw and cross the Potomac he also agreed and said, in view of all the circumstances, it was better to have fought the battle in Maryland than to have left it without a struggle." I say it with all possible deference to a distinguished soldier, and most respected gentleman, but there is every indication that General Stephen D. Lee's recollection as to Jackson's having proposed to cross the river on the night of the 17th, is at fault. He says, at the interview he reports, that Longstreet came first and made his report. Longstreet says in his book that he was the last to come. General Lee's letter, above referred to, shows the entire concurrence between himself and General Jackson with respect to their movements both before and after the battle. That General Jackson should have advised Lee, without being asked, to cross the river the night of the 17th, is entirely at variance with his character. It was a liberty he certainly never would have permitted one of his subordinates to take with him.

As for his care for the lives of his men, the great military critics, whose opinions I have quoted, told me that in this especially appeared the superiority of the Valley Campaign to the Italian Campaign of Napoleon. While the strategetical combinations were equally rapid and effective, the successes were attained with a proportion of loss to numbers engaged comparatively small. In the whole Valley Campaign his losses did not exceed 2,500 men. His care was not only for numbers but for individuals. It was my habit to tell him after a battle the whole sad story of the losses as they came under my observation. He always waited for this detailed report, and when I was delayed he would order that he should be waked up when I came in. Presently I shall have occasion to show you how, from time to time, he received such news. His commissaries and quartermasters know how minutely he looked into all the details of their departments. To give only one illustration of his care of his soldiers, I remember in our march to the rear of Pope's army, which we made without any supply train, he called for two of his officers and sent them with a squad of cavalry ahead of his army to tell the people he was coming, and to ask them to send some provisions to his men. The people responded nobly to this appeal, and brought liberal supplies of flour and meat and other things to the troops, and Jackson recognized the fact that these officers and the people had done good service that day.

Had he the personal magnetism that characterizes a great commander? Did he arouse the enthusiasm of his men?

What army ever had more unbounded confidence in its general than did the army of Jackson, and what general ever trusted and depended on his army more than Jackson?

Jackson knew the value of the Southern volunteer better and sooner (as I believe) than any other of our great leaders. When General Johnston took charge at Harper's Ferry, the general staff went with the command. One day, when the 2d Virginia Regiment, composed of men from my county, marched by, I said to him: "If these men of the 2d Virginia will not fight, you have no troops that will." He expressed the prevalent, but afterward changed opinion of that early day in his reply, saying: "I would not give one company of regulars for the whole regiment." When I returned to General Jackson's staff I had occasion to quote to him General Johnston's opinion. "Did he say that," he asked, "and of those splendid men?" And then he added: "*The patriotic volunteer, fighting for country and his rights, makes the most reliable soldier on earth.*"

Was the confidence returned? When, at sight of him, the battle shout of fighting thousands shook the far heavens, who could doubt its meaning! Did his men love him? What need of proof or illusstration! Do we not feel it to-day in every throb of our hearts, though the long years have rolled away, though three and one-half decades have done their sad work of effacement?

I would like to show you Jackson as a man, for I think that only those who were near him knew him, and to them the picture of him as a man with the heart of a man, is nobler, his memory as a true Christian gentleman is dearer, and he himself is greater—than even he seemed as a soldier.

Under the grave and generally serious manner, sometimes almost stern, there were strong human passions, dominated by his iron will—there was intense earthly ambition. The first time I was under fire, the attempt to diagnose my feelings did not discover anything that I recognized as positive enjoyment. I was not clearly and unmistakably conscious of that feeling until after I got out of it. I told General Jackson frankly what my feelings were, and asked him how he felt the first time he experienced it. Just a glimpse of his inner nature flashed forth in a most unusual expression. "Afraid the fire would not be hot enough for me to distinguish myself," he promptly replied.

There was in this great soldier a deep love for all that is true, for the beautiful, for the poetry of life, and a wealth of rich and quick imagination for which few would give him credit. Ambition! Yes, far beyond what ordinary men possess. And yet, he told me when talking in my tent one dreary winter night near Charlestown, that he would not exchange one moment of his life hereafter, for all the earthly glory he could win. I would not tell these things except that it is good for you and your children that you should know what manner of man Stonewall Jackson was.

His view of war and its necessities was of the sternest. "War means fighting; to fight is the duty of a soldier; march swiftly, strike the foe with all your strength, and take away from him everything you can. Injure him in every possible way, and do it quickly." He talked to me several times about the "Black Flag," and wondered if in the end it would not result in less suffering and loss of life, but he never advocated it.

A sad incident of the battle of Fredericksburg stirred him very deeply. As we stood that night at our camp waiting for some one to take our horses, he looked up at the sky for a moment and said: "How horrible is war." I replied "Yes, horrible, but what can we do? These people at the North, without any warrant of law, have invaded our country, stolen our property, insulted our defenceless women, hung and imprisoned our helpless old men, behaved in many cases like an organized band of cut-throats and robbers. What can we do?" "Do," he answered, and his voice was ringing, "Do, why shoot them."

At Port Republic, an officer commanding a regiment of Federal soldiers and riding a snow white horse was very conspicuous for his gallantry. He frequently exposed himself to the fire of our men in the most reckless way. So splendid was this man's courage that General Ewell, one of the most chivalrous gentlemen I ever knew, at some risk to his own life, rode down our line and called to his men not to shoot the man on the white horse. After a little while, however, the officer and his white horse went down. A day or so after when General Jackson learned of the incident he sent for General Ewell and told him not to do such a thing again; that this was no ordinary war, and the brave and gallant Federal officers were the very kind that must be killed.*

---

*The incident, it would appear, was reported to Dr. McGuire with something of misinformation. The point he makes as to General Jackson however is unaffected.

A most estimable citizen of Richmond, Va., Colonel Edwin L. Hobson (late colonel of the 5th Alabama Infantry, and who, at the surrender at Appomattox Courthouse, was in command of Battle's Brigade), has given a different version to the editor. Its correctness is manifest, and will, it cannot be doubted, be gladly accepted by Dr. McGuire:

"The occurrence was at the battle of South Mountain, September 14, 1862. Colonel, then Major, Hobson was in command of the 5th Alabama, Rodes' Brigade. Colonel John B. Gordon had been placed by General D. H. Hill, the division commander, to prevent a flank movement by the enemy. The enemy was steadily advancing on the line of Rodes, and at the distance of 100 yards menaced a charge. An officer, mounted on a white horse in front, was impetuously urging them onward.

"The potent incitation was manifest to Major Hobson, and in the crisis, he felt the necessity of removing the officer. He at once selected skilled riflemen to 'pick him off.' This was unerringly done, and at his fall the enemy hesitated, were checked, and the fortunes of the day changed.

"Subsequently, and not long before the battle of Sharpsburg (some comment having been made on the sacrifice of the gallant officer), states Colonel Hobson, an officer from General Jackson came to him with the 'compliments of General Jackson' and the message: 'Tell Major Hobson I want the brave officers of the enemy killed off. Their death insures our success. Cowards are never in the front; they skulk or flee!'"

His temper, though capable of being stirred to profoundest depths, was singularly even. When most provoked he showed no great excitement. When the Secretary of War treated him so discourteously that Jackson resigned his commission, he showed no great resentment or indignation. He was the only man in the army who was not mad and excited. Two days after Malvern Hill, when his staff did not get up in the morning as soon as he had ordered them to do, he quietly ordered his servant, Jim, to pour the coffee into the road and to put the mess chest back into the wagon and send the wagon off with the train, and Jim did it; but he showed no temper, and several days after when I described the ludicrous indignation of one of his staff at missing his breakfast that day, he laughed heartily over the incident, for he often showed a keen sense of humor; and when he laughed (as I often saw him do) he did it with his whole heart. He would catch one knee with both hands, lift it up, throw his body back, open wide his mouth, and his whole face and form be convulsed with mirth—but there was no sound.

His consideration for his men was very great, and he often visited the hospital with me and spoke some words of encouragement to his soldiers. The day after the fight at Kernstown as we were preparing to move further up the valley, as the enemy was threatening to attack us, I said to him: "I have not been able to move all our wounded." And he replied: "Very well, I will stay here until you do move them." I have seen him stop while his army was on the march to help a poor simple woman find her son, when she only knew that this son was in "Jackson's Company." He first found out the name of her county, then the companies from that county, and by sending couriers to each company, he at last found the boy and brought him to his mother.

And never can I forget his kindness and gentleness to me when I was in great sorrow and trouble. He came to my tent and spent hours with me, comforting me in his simple, kindly, Christian way, showing a depth of friendship and affection which can never be forgotten. There is no measuring the intensity with which the very soul of Jackson burned in battle. Out of it he was very gentle. Indeed, as I look back on the two years that I was daily, indeed hourly, with him, his gentleness as a man, his great kindness, his tenderness to those in trouble or affliction—the tenderness indeed of a woman—impress me more than his wonderful prowess as a great warrior.

A short time before the battle of the Second Manassas, there came from this town to join the Liberty Hall Volunteers a fine lad, whose parents, living here, were dear friends of General Jackson. The general asked him to stop at his headquarters for a few days before joining his company, and he slept and messed with us. We all became much attached to the young fellow, and Jackson, in his gentle, winning way, did his best to make him feel at home and at his ease; the lad's manners were so gentle, kindly and diffident, and his beardless, blue-eyed, boyish face so manly and so handsome. Just before the battle he reported for duty with his company. The night of the day of the great battle I was telling the general of the wounded, as we stood over a fire where black Jim, his servant, was making some coffee. I mentioned many of the wounded and their condition, and presently, calling by name the lad we all loved, told him that he was mortally wounded. Jim, faithful, brave, big-hearted Jim, God bless his memory! rolled on the ground, groaning in his agony of grief; but the general's face was a study. The muscles were twitching convulsively and his eyes were all aglow. He gripped me by the shoulder till it hurt me, and in a savage, threatening manner asked why I left the boy. In a few seconds he recovered himself, and turned and walked off into the woods alone. He soon came back, however, and I continued my report of the wounded and the dead. We were still sitting by the fire, drinking the coffee out of our tin cups, when I said: "We have won this battle by the hardest kind of fighting." And he answered me very gently and softly: "No, no; we have won it by the blessing of Almighty God."

When General Gregg, of South Carolina, was wounded at Fredericksburg, an interesting incident occurred. General Jackson had had some misunderstanding with Gregg, the nature of which I do not now recall. The night after this gallant gentleman and splendid soldier was mortally wounded, I told General Jackson, as I generally did of friends or prominent men killed and wounded. General Gregg was one of the most courteous and gallant gentlemen that I had ever known. He exposed himself that day in a way that seemed unneccessary, so much so indeed, that Colonel Pendleton, of Jackson's staff, rode up to him and, knowing he was quite deaf, shouted to him that the Yankees were shooting at him. "Yes, sir, thank you," he replied, "they have been doing so all day." When I told General Jackson that Gregg was badly injured, he said: "I wish you would go back and see him, I want you to see him." I demurred a little, saying it had not been very long since I had seen him, and that there was nothing more to be done for him. He said: "I wish you to go back and see him and tell him I sent you." So I rode back to the Yerby House, saw General Gregg and gave him the message. When I left his bedside and had gotten into the hall of the house, I met General Jackson, who must have ridden close behind me to have arrived there so soon. He stopped me, asked about General Gregg, and went into the room to see him.

No one else was in the room, and what passed between the two officers will never be known. I waited for him and rode back to camp with him. Not a word was spoken on that ride by either of us. After we reached the camp, occurred the brief conversation I have quoted, as to the horrors of war.

HIS RELIGIOUS LIBERALITY.

A very remarkable illustration of Jackson's religious liberality was shown just before the battle of Chancellorsville. We had been ordered to send to the rear all surplus baggage, and to illustrate how rigidly this was done—only one tent, and that a small one, was allowed for the headquarters of the corps. It was intended to make the campaign of 1863 a very active one. "We must make this campaign," said Jackson, "an exceedingly active one. Only thus can a weaker country cope with a stronger. It must make up in activity what it lacks in strength, and a defensive campaign can only be made successful by taking the aggressive at the proper time. Don't wait for the adversary to become fully prepared, but strike him the first blow." When all the tents, among other surplus baggage, were taken away, a Roman Catholic priest of one of the Louisiana regiments sent in his resignation because he could not perform the duties of his office without the privacy of a tent. Jackson asked me about Father ———; I told him he was one of the most useful men in time of battle that we had; that I would miss his services very much. He ordered that this Roman Catholic priest should retain his tent, and he was the only man in the corps who had that privilege.

We now approach the close of Jackson's career. Wonderful career! Wonderful in many respects, and to some minds more wonderful in that it took him only two years to make his place in history. Caesar spent eight years in his first series of victories, and some two years more in filling out the measure of his great reputation. Napoleon, teaching the lesson of indifference to danger to the boys he gathered around him, after the fatal Russian campaign, said: "The cannon balls have been flying around our legs for twenty years." Hannibal's career occupied about fifteen years. No other great commander in the world's history has in so short a time won so great a fame as Jackson. Two years, crowded with weighty deeds, now draw to a close, and Chancellorsville witnesses, perhaps, the most important single incident of his life as a soldier. The whole story has been too often told. Hooker, in command of what was called by the North, "the finest army on the planet," crossed the Rappahannock and marched to Chancellorsville. He had 123,000 soldiers, Lee less than 58,000. Notwithstanding, Hooker was frightened at his own temerity in coming within striking distance of Lee and Jackson, and he at once set his whole army to work to throw up entrenchments and make abatis of the most formidable character. Lee and Jackson had to meet the present difficulty without the aid of a large portion of their army, absent with Longstreet. Lee and Jackson! How well I remember their meeting before this battle, and their confiding conference! How these two men loved and trusted each other! Where in all history shall we find a parallel to their mutual faith and love and confidence? I can find none. Said Jackson: "Lee is a phenomenon. I would follow him blindfold."

And Lee said to an aide de camp of Jackson's, who reported that Hooker had crossed the river, "Go back and tell General Jackson that he knows as well as I what to do." After they arrived in front of Hooker our movements are described in a hitherto unpublished letter of General Lee's. That great commander, after saying that he decided not to attack in front, writes as follows: "I stated to General Jackson that we must attack on our left as soon as practicable," and he adds, "in consequence of a report from General Fitz. Lee, describing the position of the Federal army and the roads which he held with his cavalry leading to its rear, General Jackson, after some inquiry concerning the roads leading to the Furnace, undertook to throw his command entirely in Hooker's rear, which he accomplished with equal skill and boldness." General Jackson believed the fighting qualities of the Army of Northern Virginia equal to the task of ending the war. During the winter preceding Chancellorsville, in the course of a conversation at Moss Neck, he said: "We must do more than defeat their armies; we must destroy them." He went into this campaign filled with this stern purpose; ready to stretch to the utmost every energy of his genius, and push to its limit all his faith in his men in order to destroy a great army of the enemy. I know that this was his purpose, for after the battle, when still well enough to talk he told me that he had intended, after breaking into Hooker's rear, to take and fortify a suitable position, cutting him off from the river and so hold him, until between himself and General Lee the great Federal host should be broken to pieces. He had no fear. It was then that I heard him say: "We sometimes fail to drive them from position; they always fail to drive us."

Never can I forget the eagerness and intensity of Jackson on that march to Hooker's rear. His face was pale, his eyes flashing. Out from his thin, compressed lips came the terse command: "Press forward, press forward." In his eagerness, as he rode, he leaned over on the neck of his horse as if in that way the march might be hurried. "See that the column is kept closed and that there is no straggling," he more than once ordered, and "Press on, press on," was repeated again and again. Every man in the ranks knew that we were engaged in some great flank movement, and they eagerly responded and pressed on at a rapid gait. Fitz Lee met us and told Jackson he could show him the whole of Hooker's army if he went with him to the top of a hill near by. They went together and Jackson carefully inspected through his glasses the Federal command. He was so wrapped up in his plans, that on his return he passed Fitz Lee without saluting or even thanking him, and when he reached the column, he ordered one aide to go forward and tell General Rodes, who was in the lead, to cross the Plank Road and go straight on to the Turnpike, and another aide to go to the rear of the column and see that it was kept closed up, and all along the line he repeatedly said: "Press on; press right on."

The fiercest energy possessed the man, and the fire of battle fell strong upon him. When he arrived at the Plank Road he sent this, his last message, to Lee:

"The enemy has made a stand at Chancellorsville. I hope as soon as practicable to attack. I trust that an ever kind Providence will bless us with success."

And as this message went to Lee, there was flashing along the wires, giving brief joy to the Federal Capital, Hooker's message: "The enemy must either ingloriously fly, or come out from behind his defences and give us battle on our own ground, where certain destruction awaits him."

Contrast the two, Jackson's modest, confident, hopeful, relying on his cause and his God. Hooker's frightened, boastful, arrogant, vain-glorious. The two messages are characteristic of the two men and the two people.

But this battle has been so often described in its minutest detail that I forbear to tax your patience. I forbear for another reason. While I can write about it, I cannot speak of it to old soldiers without more emotion than I care to show. The result of that great battle the wide world knows. Except for the unsurpassed, the wonderful campaign of 1864, this is perhaps the finest illustration of General Lee's genius for war, and yet, in writing to Jackson he says: "I have just received your note informing me that you are wounded. I cannot express my regret at its occurrence. Could I have directed events, I would have chosen, for the good of the country, to have been disabled in your stead. I congratulate you on the victory, which is due to your skill and energy."

See the noble spirit of our great commander! Not further removed is pole from pole than is any mean jealousy, or thought of self, in his great soul. He at heart obeyed the hard command that "In honor ye prefer one another." This note displays his greatness, yet it is also history, in that we know on his testimony that Jackson shared with him the glory of that battle. These great soldiers loved and trusted one another, and in death they are not divided. How sacred is the soil of Lexington! for here they rest side by side.

The story of Jackson's death is so familiar to you all that, though intimately associated with its scenes, I will not narrate it. I will only declare that he met this great enemy as he had met all others, calmly and steadily, expecting, as always, to conquer, but now trusting, not in his own strength—not as heretofore in the prowess of mortal arms, nor in the splendid fibre of mortal courage, but in the unseen strength upon which he always relied—the strength that never failed him—and so, foreseeing the rest that awaited him on the other side, he crossed over the river.

"My hand is on my mouth and my mouth is in the dust."

Already I have told you much that you already knew. In this, I beg you to observe, I have but fulfilled my promise. My apology is that we are in Lexington, and that we stand by the grave of Jackson.

Under such circumstances, love does not seek new stories to tell, new incidents to relate. Just to its own heart or to some sympathizing ear, it goes over the old scenes, recalls the old memories, tenderly dwells upon and tells them over and over again. Says farewell, and comes back again and stands silent in the presence of the dead. And so, I finish what I had to say, and bid farewell to Stonewall Jackson. And yet, all is not said, for here in Lexington, even in the presence of his mighty shade, our hearts bow down and we are awed by another presence, for the towering form beside him is that of Robert Lee.

Thought and feeling and power of expression are paralyzed. I cannot help you now with words, to tell all that is in your hearts.

Time fails, and I trust to your memories to recall a group more familiar, in whose presence perhaps we would not be so oppressed, and yet a list of names that ought to be dear to Lexington. I think that in the wide, wide world no town of equal size has had so long a list of glorious dead; so many around whose memories a halo of glory gathers. Reverently I salute them all.

And so I leave the grave of my general and my friend, knowing that for centuries men will come to Lexington as a Mecca, and to this grave as a Shrine, and wonderingly talk of this man and his mighty deeds. I know that time will only add to his great fame. I know that his name will be honored and revered forever, just as I know that the beautiful river, flowing near by, will sing an unceasing requiem to his memory—just as I know that the proud mountains, like some vast chain of sentinels, will keep eternal watch over his honored grave.

[From the Richmond (Va.) *Dispatch*, Dec. 12, 1897.]

THE RICHMOND AMBULANCE CORPS.

List of Members of This Useful Organization for 1861-1865.

When the late war first broke out a number of Richmond's well-known citizens formed themselves into a committee and charged themselves with the duty of supplying the needs of the Confederate wounded. Their services in this respect are still gratefully remembered by many a surviving Confederate veteran who received the benefit of their unstinted and kindly ministrations in time of dire distress. The committee, which was limited to about fifty members, was composed for the most part of citizens exempt from military duty. Afterward, as the exigency of the war period demanded, many of them went into active service, while others not only furnished substitutes, but continued their membership in the committee till the end came on that fatal 9th of April, 1865, at Appomattox Courthouse.

Nearly the first thing done when the committee organized was to form its members into a military company, to serve in case of emergency, of which John Dooley was chosen captain; Philip J. Wright, first lieutenant, and John J. Wilson, second lieutenant. The services of the committee extended through the battles of Gettysburg, Sharpsburg, Chancellorsville, the Wilderness, the seven days' fights around Richmond, including Seven Pines, Mechanicsville, Cold Harbor, Malvern Hill, Frayser's Farm, and, in fact, most of the engagements in which the Army of Northern Virginia participated. The committee served without pay, and was always ready to buy for the wounded, with their own funds, any delicacy that could not otherwise be procured for the use of the objects of their solicitude. But a few, comparatively, survive the lapse of years intervening since the great contest ended. Appended is a partial list, so far as can be recalled, of this famous and useful organization. Those who live deserve, as they receive, the gratitude of all surviving veterans, while the good deeds of those passed away are wreathed in memory that blooms sweetly and blossoms in the dust:

MEMBERS.

Apperson, James L.
Archer, Robert S.
Ainslie, George A.
Allen, Charles W.
Burrows, Rev. J. L.
Burress, James E.
Beville, Wm. J.
Bates, Charles
Barney, Dr. C. G.
Bailey, Samuel M.
Cabell, Dr. J. G.
Dooley, John
Dudley, Thomas U.
Doswell, Thomas W.
Dibrell, R. H.
Enders, John
Exall, Henry
Ellett, Andrew L.
Eacho, Edward D.
Edmond, Robert
Ellyson, Moses
Frayser, Lewis H.
Glazebrook, L. W.
Gatewood, Robert
Goddin, Wellington
Hobson, Julius A.
Hackett, James H.
Harrison, Samuel J.
Harvey, John B.
Isaacs, Wm. B.
Jinkins, Andrew
James, Edwin T.
Johnston, Andrew
Lyons, William H.
Leftwich, John H.
McCance, Thomas W.
McKeil, John W.
Martin, Jordan H.
Meredith, R. L.
Mitchell, John (Irish patriot).
Maury, Robert H.
Montague, John H.
Purcell, John
Perkins, E. T.
Paine, Robert A.
Palmer, George S.
Peachy, Dr. St. G.
Quarles, Benj. M.
Randolph, Joseph W.
Richardson, R. P.
Royster, George W.
Spence, E. B.
Starke, P. H.
Starke, Marcellus T.
Sutton, William M.
Snead, William W.
Staples, W. T.
Smith, George W.
Smith, Samuel B.
Scott, James A.
Tucker, John R.
Tyndall, Mark A.
Valentine, Mann S.
Wright, Philip J.
Wells, Alex. B.
Wilson, Edward
Wilson, John J.
Worthan, C. T.
Wortham, C. E.
Weisiger, Powhatan
Whitlock, Chas. E.
Whitlock, John E.
Wynne, Chas. H.
Walker, Isaac H.

HONORARY MEMBERS.

Dr. W. A Carrington, Dr. J. E. Claggett, Dr. James Cammack, Thomas Clemmitt, Harvie A. Dudley, James H. Grant, George W. Lowndes, Colonel Robert Ould, and J. A. Cowardin, of the *Dispatch*.

COMMITTEE OFFICERS.

The officers of the committee were: John Enders, President; William G. Paine, Vice-President; Isaac H. Walker, Secretary; and Surgeons, Drs. Cabell and Peachy.

THE LIVING MEMBERS.

Of those now living may be mentioned: Messrs. R. S. Archer, John Enders, Andrew L. Ellett, Samuel J. Harrison, Jordan H. Martin, John H. Montague, Powhatan Weisiger, and Philip J. Wright.

The propriety of recognizing the services of these gentlemen in some suitable way will, there is little doubt, be called to the attention of Lee Camp of Confederate Veterans at some early day.

ALWAYS WITH THE CORPS.

Although not members of the organization, there were several of our old citizens who had sons in the army, who went to nearly every battlefield with the corps, and rendered valuable assistance to the wounded, among whom was the veteran, Charles G. Thompson, who is still living at a ripe old age.

[From the Sunday *News*, Charleston, S. C., February 3, 1895.]

CAREER OF THE SHENANDOAH.

The Terror of the Arctic Seas Captured Thirty-Eight Whalers, and Destroyed Shipping Valued at Nearly $7,000,000.

A Graphic Account of the Cruise of the Great Commerce Destroyer, from the Time of her Fitting out near Funchal, Madeira, October, 1864, to her Surrender to the British at Liverpool, November, 1865.

By Lieutenant JOHN GRIMBALL, C. S. Navy.

WITH A SUMMARY AFFORDED BY THE NAVAL RECORDS OFFICE AT WASHINGTON.

On the 6th October, 1864, the Confederate steamer *Florida* was captured at Bahia, a neutral port, in violation of an agreement which, to all intents and purposes, amounted to a flag of truce. This loss of the *Florida*, not known to us for weeks after, left the Confederacy without a cruiser afloat; but on the 7th, the very next day, the *Sea King* sailed from London to assume her place on the high seas, as the Confederate steamer *Shenandoah*, with instructions to visit the whaling grounds and destroy the American whaling fleets. These vessels were owned principally in the New England States, and at one time had been a source of great revenue and at all times an element of much pride to that section of country. The officers were brave and experienced men, exceptionally good sailors and navigators, and they carried their ships without hesitation anywhere and everywhere in pursuit of their game, and often as fast as they filled up with oil the cargo would be transferred to an empty ship and sent home, and then the hunt would be resumed by the same ship, and so on for years.

From London, the *Sea King* went direct to Funchal, Madeira, where her purchase was to be completed by her transfer to the Confederate government. There she signalled the steamer *Laurel*, at anchor in the harbor, waiting with officers and munitions of war, she having arrived two days before from Liverpool. The *Laurel* was a blockade runner, commanded by Captain Ramsey, a young Englishman of energy and resources.

CAPT. RAMSEY'S BRILLIANT RUSE.

When the authorities at Funchal objected to our presence in the harbor, and seriously and persistently insisted that the *Laurel* should proceed at once to sea, Ramsey was ready with a broken piece of machinery, without which he insisted that his engines could not be made to move. The delicate and tedious work of repair was entrusted by the authorities to their own workmen on shore, so anxious were they to get rid of us. While they were still hammering away the *Sea King* arrived and signalled, and the *Laurel* steamed out to join her.

Not far from Madeira, and of the same group, is the Desertas, and under the lee of that uninhabited rock both vessels anchored, and all guns, supplies, etc., were transferred from the *Laurel* to the *Sea King;* whereupon the first entry in the log of the *Shenandoah* was made as follows:

"AT SEA, *October 19, 1864.*

"Having received everything from the steamer *Laurel* at sea, put ship in commission as Confederate States steamer *Shenandoah*, and shipped twenty-three men, as petty officers, seamen, firemen and coal heavers. Weighed anchor at 2 P. M., and at 6 o'clock parted company with the *Laurel*, when we hoisted the Confederate ensign for the first time. At 6.15 stood under steam to the southward and westward. Pleasant weather, with heavy swell from northward. Wind northeast. IRVINE S. BULLOCH."

THE ONLY CONFEDERATE CRUISER AFLOAT.

We were now the only Confederate cruiser afloat, and as we continued our course around the world, passing from ocean to ocean, meeting in turn ships of various nationalities, I always felt that whenever our nationality was known to neutral ships the greetings we received rarely warmed up beyond that of a more or less interested curiosity, and while we had many friends ashore who were most lavish and generous in welcoming us to port, underlying it all there appeared to exist a wish of the authorities to have us "move on." And yet the right of self government, as I understood it, was the only principle involved in that war. The issue was not the liberation of the slaves, but the enforcement of a union, and only when the South proceeded to withdraw, and when the North insisted upon blocking the way, did the parties come to blows. In regard to slavery, which was merely incidental to the struggle, Mr. Lincoln, in his inaugural in 1861, pointedly said: "I have no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with slavery in the States where it exists. I believe I have no lawful right to do so." And when on January 1, 1863, he issued his emancipation proclamation it was nothing more than a war measure, or, as he called it in the proclamation, a "military necessity," and the sentimentality we hear of now about the "apostle of freedom" and "striking off shackles with the stroke of a pen," etc., came afterwards. The North freed the slave not from sympathy for the slave, but as a military move to weaken and conquer the South.

WATER, WATER EVERYWHERE.

We spent most of our time at sea under sail. Melbourne, Australia, was really the only port at which the ship made a stay of any length. At the island of Tristan da Chuna, in the South Atlantic, she laid off long enough to land some prisoners, and at Ascension Island, in the Pacific, we only went into the harbor to burn four whalers at anchor, in fact we were constantly cruising. After leaving Ascension on the 13th April, 1865, the *Shenandoah* did not anchor until she reached Liverpool on the 6th November, nearly seven months after, and in that time while running from Behring Straits, in the North Pacific, around Cape Horn to Tuskar light on the coast of Ireland, we were four months out of sight of land.

A VERY SMALL CREW AT THE START.

The *Laurel's* crew was intentionally much larger than she needed. It was expected that a number of them, and also most of the crew of the *Sea King*, would ship on the *Shenandoah*, but at the last moment, when about to part company, most of them declined to go with us. Under ordinary circumstances we might have appreciated the gravity of the situation of being left with a ship at sea without a crew, but the temper of the officers at that time would hardly have admitted of any delay. A fair complement for the *Shenandoah* was a crew of about one hundred and ten men, but in addition to the officers, only twenty-three men joined us, not quite twenty-five per cent. of what was needed. In time, however, the crew was increased by shipments from the prizes.

THE "SHENANDOAH'S" OFFICERS.

Lieut. James J. Waddell, of North Carolina, commanded her, with Lieuts. W. C. Whittle, Virginia; John Grimball, South Carolina; Sidney S. Lee, Virginia; F. T. Chew, Missouri; D. M. Scales, Mississippi; Surgeon, Charles E. Lining, South Carolina; Master, Irvine S. Bulloch, Georgia; Paymaster, W. B. Smith, Louisiana; Assistant Surgeon, T. J. McNulty, Maryland; Passed Midshipmen, O. A. Browne and J. T. Mason, both of Virginia, and Chief Engineer, M. O'Brien, Louisiana; and three Master's Mates, three Assistant Engineers, and four Forward Officers. With a few exceptions, the officers had been in the United States navy, from which they had resigned as their respective States seceded.

As soon as we cut adrift from the *Laurel* the officers and men turned in together and worked side by side to get things straight, for the guns, supplies, etc., had been to some extent dumped upon our decks. But with such working material it was not many days before the guns were mounted, port holes cut, magazine built and ammunition stored—and order took the place of confusion.

A METAMORPHOSED MERCHANTMAN.

The *Shenandoah* had been a merchantman at one time engaged in the East India trade. She was a full-rigged ship, 220 feet long, thirty-five feet beam, with iron masts and lower yards. She carried royal studding sails, and was rigged with patent reefing topsails (that is, you reefed the sail by lowering the yard), and her standing rigging was of wire. Her engines were small, and only intended to assist in case of calm. When not in use, her propeller could be hoisted out of the water and her smokestack lowered like a telescope flush with the deck. Under favorable circumstances, she could steam ten knots and sail sixteen. Her armament consisted of eight broadside guns, namely: four eight-inch shell guns, two thirty-two pound Whitworth and two twelve-pounders.

FIRST PRIZE CAPTURED.

We captured our first prize on the 30th of October. She was the bark *Alina*, loaded with railroad iron, bound for Buenos Ayres. It was her first voyage. The estimated value of the ship and cargo was $95,000. As all ports were closed against our prizes, we scuttled this one, and any grief or regret at seeing a new ship, complete in all of its appointments, suddenly sent to the bottom while on a peaceful voyage, was suppressed by the thought that it was only one of the many hardships of war.

HOW CAPTURED MEN WERE TREATED.

We disposed of the crew of the *Alina* as we did the crews of all other prizes. As soon as the vessel was condemned, they were brought, with their chests and bags of clothes, on board the *Shenandoah*. The men and subordinate officers were put in irons; the captain on his parole. In the event of there being any women, they occupied a separate apartment, a part of our captain's cabin. The prize captain, with his female attachments, messed with the commissioned officers aft; all others forward.

As fast as we became loaded up with prisoners, they were either landed or transferred to some prize, which would be released upon giving bond to pay the Confederate government its estimated value a certain number of days after peace, or they would be transferred to any passing neutral ship who, for a consideration, agreed to take them as passengers.

MET NO DECIDED RESISTANCE.

I can recall no instance in which we met with any decided resistance; the officers of the captured vessels readily accepted the situation, and seemed anxious to give as little trouble as possible. Possibly they really thought—as one of them expressed it—that there were too many ships in the whaling fleet to thrive; that they needed thinning out. On one of the ships taken at the same time with several others the boarding officers found her Captain dressed in his Sunday clothes, grip-sack in hand. He had seen a prize on fire and, having taken the whole thing in at a glance, was quite ready with his crew to submit to the inevitable without any unnecessary talk.

HELPED TO FIRE THEIR OWN VESSEL.

Often in getting a prize ready to be fired those of her crew who happened to be still on board of her appeared to take pleasure in knocking down bulkheads to insure a good draught, and in collecting and preparing the most combustible materials for a first-class fire. There seemed to be no very great attachment for any particular flag; in most cases, soon after coming on board, whenever we wanted them they shipped with us, and served under our flag obediently to the very end.

PRISONERS' MONEY NOT INTERFERED WITH.

The amount of money belonging to the prizes was very small, possibly a few hundred dollars. The private funds of the prisoners were not interfered with. Most of the ships' cash had probably been converted into "trading stock," as being a much better circulating medium among the Esquimaux, the Fijians, and other tribes usually visited by whalers. A gallon of whiskey or a yellow handkerchief went much farther in purchasing the skin of a seal or fox than any amount of gold or silver.

The capture of the *Alina* was followed by that of several other vessels in rapid succession. Nearly every sail sighted, with her long sky poles and white cotton canvas, betrayed her American nationality before she ever hoisted her colors.

On the 4th of December we burned the bark *Edward.* She was at the time engaged in cutting up a whale. After landing her crew on one of the Tristan da Chuna Islands, about 1,500 miles west of Cape Town, we ran down to about 42° south latitude to strike the westerly winds, which could be increased or decreased in force by either increasing or decreasing our latitude, the prevailing winds in those latitudes being strong and from the west.

THE SHENANDOAH IN A GALE.

At Christmas, 1864, we had rounded Cape Hood Hope and were nearly due south of the Island of Madagascar, when the *Shenandoah* was put upon her mettle in a very heavy gale. I find the following entry in the log on that day:

> "From 4 to 8 A. M. fresh gales from the southwest; very heavy sea running; shipped several seas; 5:20 wind increasing, close-reefed main topsail; 5:30 battened down hatches.
>
> Signed, D. M. SCALES."

Which meant a state of utter discomfort—no fires, nothing cooked. This gale appears to have commenced on the 24th, and lasted to some part of the 26th of December.

A SKIPPER'S PLUCKY WIFE.

On the 29th we captured the bark *Delphine*, from Bangor. The captain had his wife on board, and there was so much sea on that we had to hoist her over the side. She was a woman of some culture, attractive in appearance and very decided. Probably if she had been in command the *Delphine* would have escaped—she said so. There was a stiff breeze blowing and I think the *Delpine* was the faster ship. As it was she declined to respond to the conventional blank cartridge and only luffed up when a shot from one of our Whitworths passed between her fore and mainmast.

DESOLATE ISLES IN THE INDIAN OCEAN.

In the Indian Ocean, about three thousand miles due south of the Island of Ceylon, by themselves, are the islands of Amsterdam and St. Paul's. We sighted St. Paul's on the 2d of January. A boat with some of the officers made an excursion ashore. It returned with a quantity of fish caught in a very short time, also a penguin, a curiosity at close quarters, to most of us. This was the only land we had seen since leaving Tristan da Chuna on the 4th of December. The harbor reminds one of the crater of a sunken volcano. It was a desolate looking place, occupied by three Frenchmen. It seemed so far away from everywhere. The effect was oppressive. It was a relief when the boat was hoisted and the ship filled away on her course.

JOHN BULL COULD NOT SCARE CAPTAIN WADDELL.

In about three weeks we came to anchor in the harbor of Melbourne, Australia. Our machinery needed repairs and the supply of coal was low. While at this port, party feeling about our war ran up to fever heat. Captain Waddell received a number of anonymous letters threatening the safety of the ship, and other letters warning him to be on the lookout for torpedoes, etc. Many of our crew deserted, and great inducements were offered for all of them to do so. However, we were not at all embarrassed by this, for about forty "stowaways" appeared on deck when we got to sea and more than made up for our losses. At one time things looked very squally, as if the end had come then and there. While in the dry dock, the government insisted upon searching the ship, it having been reported that we had increased our crew by the shipment of men since our arrival (which was untrue), and when the permission to search was refused, all work was suspended, leaving us with our machinery in pieces, high and dry in the dock. Captain Waddell at once informed the government that unless we were permitted to complete our repairs, he would abandon his ship to them and take his officers and crew to England. The sequel to all this was that in four days, we were at sea in thorough repair, with a good supply of coal, and altogether in first class trim for cruising.

While at Melbourne the officers were the recipients of invitations to a number of very handsome entertainments, and to one exceptionally so at Ballarat, a mining town about forty miles from the coast.

BURNED FOUR SHIPS AT ASCENSION.

After leaving Melbourne we cruised towards the coast of New Zealand, and then to the northward and eastward, among the Fiji, Gilbert and other groups of the East Indies, expecting at any moment to sight some of the whaling fleet. In this we were disappointed, and it was not until we reached the Ascension Island, just north of the Equator, between the Caroline and Marshall groups, that we found and burnt four ships at anchor in the harbor. From Ascension we shaped our course for the Okhotsk Sea, a noted whaling ground, but after cruising along the coasts of Kamschatka and Siberia, and around those waters for three weeks, we only succeeded in getting the old bark *Abigail.* She was a veteran in whaling voyages, having been launched very early in the century, but from her officers we learned that most of the fleet had gone farther north.

SCOURING THE ARCTIC OCEAN.

Although not on the programme, Captain Waddell concluded to push on to the Arctic Ocean. On the 22d of June we had reached latitude 62° north, and then we fell in with the ships *William Thompson* and *Euphrates*, both whalers. We burnt them, and on the 23d we captured two more ships. This day was made additionally eventful by crossing the 180th meridian of longitude, making that week eight instead of seven days. We had two Fridays and two 23d days of June. We made this addition to avoid being twenty-four hours ahead of time when we got home, as it happened to Phineas Fogg in his trip "Around the World in Eighty Days."

NINE WHALERS BURNED IN ONE DAY.

Hardly a day passed now that we did not capture several vessels until the 28th, when the climax was reached in eleven prizes. Nine of them were burnt and two bonded. After this no other captures were made.

Some writer soon after the war, in giving full play to his pen, refers to the 28th of June, 1865, in these words:

"The last act in the bloody drama of the American civil war had been played. Widely different were the armies that witnessed the opening and the closing scenes. The overture was played by the thunder of artillery beneath the walls of Sumter, with the breath of April fanning the cheeks of those who acted their parts while all the world looked on. The curtain finally fell amid the drifting ice of the Arctic seas. Burning vessels formed a pyrotechnic display such as the children of men have seldom looked on, while a grim and silent cruiser that had even then no government or country, and two weather-beaten whalers, filled with despondent prisoners, were the only audience."

INSIDE THE ARTIC CIRCLE.

The 29th June found us inside the Arctic circle. From the time of entering the Okhotsk Sea we had been constantly meeting fields and floes of ice, which by making frequent detours we had succeeded in either passing through or around, but now it became impossible to proceed farther north. A solid barrier of ice as far as we could see arrested our progress. It was perpetual day; we were on the borders of the land of the midnight sun and had no use for either lamp or candle. South of us was Behring Straits, one of the gateways to the cemetery for Arctic explorers, and only a few degrees north, afterwards, in 1879, the *Jeannette*, under De Long, was forced to make her first halt on an expedition which resulted so disastrously to most of its participants.

SAD NEWS FROM THE CONFEDERACY.

As there was now but little probability of doing much more in the Arctic, Captain Waddell headed the *Shenandoah* to the southward, hoping to capture a California steamer between San Francisco and Panama. But on the 2d of August, when nearly west of the Sandwich Islands, we fell in with the English bark *Baracouta*, thirteen days from San Francisco, bound for Liverpool, and learned for the first time of the colapse of the Confederacy. Had she been an American ship the chances are she would have been burnt, that is it would have required something more than the mere statement of the captain of an American vessel to convince us that the war was over. We had heard through some of the whalers captured in the Arctic, from San Francisco papers dated the 15th April, of the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, and of the disastrous events up to that date, but General Johnston was still in the field with his army. He did not surrender until the 18th April, and Kirby Smith until the 26th of May.

WITHOUT A COUNTRY AND WITHOUT A FLAG.

This information naturally effected a complete change in our status. It not only deprived us of the authority for being at sea, but actually prohibited our being there at all. The commissions of Captain Waddell and his officers, literally speaking, were now "not worth the paper they were written on." We were without a country and without a flag. The ship itself had become the property of the United States.

"AND FREEDOM WITH HER BANNER TORN BUT FLYING."

It is true that the *Shenandoah* had the Confederate flag flying three months after, when we came to anchor in the Mersey, off Liverpool, but this was much a matter of sentiment, a sort of loyalty which you show to a friend in trouble, and in whom you still believe.

SURRENDERED TO THE BRITISH AT LIVERPOOL.

The ship was now put upon a basis of peace, the guns were dismounted and stowed below; so, also, were the small arms. The smokestack was whitewashed, and to the outsider we must have presented the appearance of a rather trim looking merchantman. Our course was shaped for Liverpool, where we arrived without any mishap on the 6th of November, 1865, having made a complete circuit of the globe. After some little delay the English government accepted the surrender of the Shenandoah, and the officers and crew were permitted to go ashore.

THIRTY-EIGHT VESSELS CAPTURED IN ALL.

The *Shenandoah* captured in all thirty-eight vessels. Scharf, in his history of the Confederate navy, states that the sum total of the claims filed against England with the Geneva Tribunal on account of eleven Confederate cruisers was $17,900,633, and all but $4,000,000 of this having been caused by the *Alabama* and *Shenandoah;* that the actual losses inflicted by the *Alabama* were $6,547,609; only about $60,000 greater than those charged to the *Shenandoah;* that no indirect or consequential losses were allowed by the tribunal. In the "United States case" it was alleged that in 1860 two-thirds of the commerce of New York was carried on in American bottoms, but in 1863 three-fourths was carried on in foreign bottoms; that from 1861 to 1864, inclusive, 715 American vessels of 480,882 tons were transferred to the British flag to escape capture.

FOLLOWED THE EXAMPLE OF THE UNITED STATES.

The *Alabama*, *Shenandoah* and *Florida* were the only vessels recognized by the Geneva Tribunal in the adjustment of the losses. While the commanders of Confederate cruisers have stated that the destruction of private property and the diversion of legitimate commerce was not a pleasant duty, "in their wars the United States had always practiced this mode of harassing an enemy, and had indeed been the most conspicuous exemplars of it that the world ever saw."

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, January 2, 1898.]

THE SHENANDOAH'S CAREER.

(WASHINGTON LETTER.)

The agents of the Navy Department who are engaged in the compilation of the official records of the Union and Confederate navies in the late war have recently brought to light, from Southern sources, a mass of hitherto unpublished information of curious interest and value, relative to the operations of the Confederate privateer *Shenandoah*. In destructiveness to Union property, the work of the *Shenandoah* was second only to that of the *Alabama*, and the former enjoyed the peculiar distinction of having far outstripped the records of all other cruisers in the length of her voyage, and the fact that she never met with the slightest opposition from Union arms in her path of destruction, and continued her depredations many months after the conclusion of the war.

It is worthy of remark that the Navy Department at Washington was in possession of information relative to her outfit and plans early in the summer of 1864, but no active search was instituted until January, 1865; and though the United States ships *Santee*, *Wachusett*, *Iroquois*, *Wyoming*, and the European and Pacific squadrons at large were successively ordered in pursuit of her, none of them ever succeeded in coming up with her, much less in engaging her in combat. In the fall of 1865 her commander gained conclusive information that the war had gone against the South, and he leisurely and uninterruptedly made his way to England, where he gave himself and his ship into the hands of the British government.

The *Shenandoah* was a full-rigged ship of 1,000 tons and 250 horse power, with a battery of four 8-inch guns—two 32-pounders and two 12-pounders. She was originally the British ship *Sea King*, built in 1863 for the East India trade. On her return to England from her first voyage she was purchased by Confederate agents in Europe and fitted out as a cruiser in the Confederate service, primarily to disperse and destroy the New England whaling fleet in the northern seas. She had been designed as a transport for troops, had spacious decks and large air ports, and was well suited for conversion into a cruiser. A fast sailer under canvas, her steam power was more than auxiliary, as she could exceed eleven knots without pressing. Provided with fifteen months' stores, she sailed from London on October 8, 1864, in command of her English Master, Captain Corbett, for Madeira. Ten days later she was delivered over to her new commander, Lieut. James J. Waddell, who had taken passage from Liverpool with the officers and men detailed for his command. Among the latter were some picked men from the famous *Alabama*, which had been sunk by the *Kearsage* a few months before. The *Shenandoah* was commissioned on October 19th, and that day cleared for Madeira.

The journal of Commander Waddell is now in possession of the Navy Department, and it is a most interesting record of the career of the *Shenandoah*.

On October the 30th the cry of "Sail ho!" rang out from the *Shenandoah's* masthead. Immediately she bore down upon the distant vessel, an American bark the *Alina*, of Seaport, Me., bound for Buenos Ayres with railroad iron. She was on her first voyage, thoroughly equipped, nicely coppered, and beautifully clean—a tempting prize. Defence on her part was out of question, and the Confederates boarded and scuttled her, after appropriating such of her furnishings as they could make use of and taking the crew prisoners, six of whom afterward volunteered their service as active men on the *Shenandoah*. The *Alina* was valued at $95,000.

On November 15th, the *Shenandoah* crossed the equator. The course thence lay south along the coast of Brazil. Nothing of interest occurred after crossing the line except the interchange of courtesies with neutral vessels until December 4th, when the American whaleship *Edward*, of, and out of, New Bedford three months, was sighted and captured near the island of Tristan. The *Edward* had taken a whale and was "cutting out" when captured, her crew being so occupied with the fish that the *Shenandoah* had come within easy range of her unobserved. The *Edward's* outfit was of excellent quality, and the Confederates lay by two days supplying their steamer with necessaries. The whaleship was then burned, and Waddill landed for a day at Tristan and made arrangements with the native Governor to receive the *Edward's* crew, most of whom were Sandwich Islanders.

Soon after the departure from Tristan it was found that a serious accident had happened to the propeller shaft of the *Shenandoah* and it became necessary to seek some considerable port for repairs. Cape Town was nearest, but Commander Waddill preferred making Melbourne, if possible, the course thither lying nearer the more frequented tracks of the United States vessels. The voyage was marked by the capture of several merchantmen.

The character of the *Shenandoah* was known at Melbourne, and she dropped anchor in Hobson's Bay, cheered and surrounded by the steamers in the haven. The next day the work of repairing the ship was begun, and during the delay several of the crew embraced the opportunity to desert, all of them being men who had joined the *Shenandoah* from captured ships. The attempt of Waddell to pursue and bring back these men was obstructed by the United States Consul, as well as by the Australian authorities. The *Shenandoah*, in a fortified British port, was in no position to resist these acts, and on February 18th, the repairs and coaling having been completed, the port was cleared.

The delay of the steamer at Melbourne had operated against success for the *Shenandoah* in the South Pacific. The whaling fleets of that ocean had received warning of the presence of the privateer, and had departed for sheltering ports of the Arctic Ocean. Learning from a passing steamer that some United States whaling vessels were to be found in a harbor of the Caroline Islands, Waddell directed his course thither, reaching the islands early in April.

An English pilot, who had been living there for years, volunteered his services to the Confederate, and brought the steamer to anchor in sight of four vessels flying the American flag. The flag of the *Shenandoah* was not yet displayed. After anchorage was secured, four armed boats were dispatched with orders to capture the vessels and bring their officers, ships' papers, log-book, instruments for navigation and whaling charts to the *Shenandoah*. After the boats left the steamer the Confederate flag was hoisted and a gun fired. This signal, announcing the character of the warship, brought down the American flags and the seizure was immediately made. Waddell remained some days in this harbor, where he made friends with the native "King," a savage.

The course of the *Shenandoah* was thence for many days toward the north and beset with violent storms. Finally, the snow-covered Kuril Islands were sighted, and on May 31st the Sea of Okhotsh was entered under the coast of Kamschatka. A few days later the whaling bark *Abigail*, of New Bedford, was overtaken, captured and burned. The *Shenandoah* continued as far north as the mouth of Chijinsk Bay, but being forced away by the ice, she stole along the coast of Siberia on her still hunt, amid frequent storms and great danger from floating ice. On June 14th, no ships having been sighted, Waddell changed his course toward the Aleutian Islands, entered Behring Sea on the next day, and almost immediately fell in with a couple of New Bedford whalers. One of them, the *William Thompson*, was the largest out of New England, and valued at $60,000. These ships were burned.

The following day five vessels were sighted near an ice floe. The Confederates hoisted the American flag, bore down upon them, and ordered the nearest, the *Milo*, of New Bedford, to produce her ship's papers. Her captain complied, but was enraged to find himself thus entrapped. He declared the war was over. Waddell demanded documentary evidence which the Captain could not produce. His vessel was seized, and the *Shenandoah* started after the companion ships with the usual result. For several days following, the *Shenandoah* had things her own way, and the prizes were frequent and valuable. She struck fleet after fleet of whaling ships, only to consign them and their contents to the flames. On June 26th alone, five ships, valued collectively at $160,000, were destroyed, and a day or two later, she reached the climax of her career, burning within eleven hours eleven ships, worth in the aggregate nearly $500,000.

The *Shenandoah* was now overcrowded with prisoners, most of whom were afterwards transferred to passing ships. Having cruised around daringly for a week or two longer, and sighting no more ships, she turned her prow southward again. Her depredations were at an end, for early in August, she spoke the English bark *Barricouta*, from San Francisco to Liverpool, and from her received conclusive evidence of the end of the war between the States. Commander Waddell could not persuade himself to enter an American port, and for some time aimlessly scoured the seas. Later it was determined to seek an English port, and on November 5, 1865, the *Shenandoah* entered St. George's channel, having sailed 23,000 miles without seeing land. On November 6th, she steamed up the Mersey, and the Confederate flag having been hauled down, Waddell sent a communication to the English Minister of Foreign Affairs, Earl Russell, placing his ship at the disposal of the British Government. Through Earl Russell the vessel was transferred to the jurisdiction of the American Minister, Charles Francis Adams, who caused her to be conveyed to this country, to be dismantled.

Such is the record of the *Shenandoah*. She was actually cruising for Union property but eight months, and during that time she captured and destroyed vessels to the value of more than $1,100,000, and the Union had never been able to direct a blow against her. She had visited every ocean except the Antarctic, covered a distance of 58,000 statute miles. The last gun in defence of the South was fired in the Arctic Ocean from her deck on July 22, 1865.

[*Sunday News*, Charleston, S. C., May 2, 1897.]

THE SIGNAL SERVICE CORPS.

A TRIBUTE TO THEIR ARDUOUS AND INVALUABLE SERVICES DURING THE WAR.

An Address by A. W. Taft, before Camp Sumter C. V., Charleston, S. C., May 1, 1897.

Commander and Comrades:

To-night you have invited me to respond in behalf of the Signal Corps, being the senior officer of that body connected with your camp. With great pleasure do I accept the compliment, for it cannot but be a matter of pride to be chosen as the representative of such a command, a body composed of men selected from the different branches of the service, not only for their intelligence, but also for the complete confidence that could be placed in them, holding only the humble rank of privates, but what greater compliment can be paid to any man than to say of him that he had been selected for his intelligence and reliability from the ranks of the Confederate army, whose merits have won the admiration of all nations? I can also add that members of the Signal Corps, although only detailed men, were held in such esteem that to them were always extended the honors due to commissioned officers. Thrown, however, in daily intercourse with my brother survivors of the "Lost Cause," I cannot but recognize the fact that by many of those, who, with musket on shoulder or sabre by side, bore the heat and burden of many a hard fought battle, we are classed among those non-combatants, who, occupying what were termed "bomb-proof" positions, would now pose as veterans, and how can I better use the limited space of time allotted to me than by bringing to your attention certain facts that may tend to remove that erroneous impression?

The members of the Signal Corps, like those of all other commands, were assigned to duty at the various stations at which their services would be most valuable, some comparatively free from danger, while others were exposed and dangerous, that a term of service thereat, by any soldier, can be looked on as a certificate of bravery.

You have passed a highly merited eulogy on our lamented Comrade Thomas Huguenin, whose highest honor is that he commanded at Fort Sumter, but let me call to your attention the fact that three members of the Signal Corps were constantly there on duty, sharing not only the dangers and trials of Huguenin, but also of Rhett, Elliott, Harleston, Mitchell and of all those other heroes who there did serve, and of whose records we, as brother soldiers, are so proud.

"FORT SUMTER STILL HOLDS OUT."

By their side the signal officer stood, and beneath crumbling wall and the midst of bursting shells, with flag in hand by day and torch by night, they sent to this seemingly doomed city the glad tidings: "Fort Sumpter still holds out." When you honor the memories of those heroes, who for their country, gave up their lives, forget not the brave boy Huger, who, upon her ramparts, shed his life blood, as nobly performing his duty to his country and as willingly giving his life to the cause as anyone of them all.

Are there any whom you hold in higher esteem than the officers and men of the navy? Do not forget the fact that two members of the Signal Corps, stationed on each iron-clad, stood ready at all times to share the dangers of the gallant Ingraham, Tucker and their men.

Again, on Morris Island we find the Signal Corps, and on them devolved the duty of keeping that brave garrison in communication with the outer world. You who, like myself, experienced the dangers and trials of that siege, can indeed appreciate their services, and testify to the bravery and coolness with which the members of the Signal Corps there bore themselves in the midst of dangers that caused the bravest to tremble, standing nobly at their post, and only leaving the island with the rear guard, at the evacuation.

There were also members of the corps, who at other points, not so much exposed, did even more valuable service to our cause. I refer to those who day and night read the signals as they passed from station to station of the United States Army and Navy. To them we owe the preservation of Sumter, Johnson, Gregg and Wagner, on several occasions, those forts being forewarned of attacks to be made, and consequently prepared to resist the same. I have so far spoken only of the services of the corps in the siege of this city, having been connected only with this and the Signal Corps of the Army of Tennessee, and I know that my time is limited, and there are but few of those present who were at any time connected with the latter army, but will add that to demonstrate that the members of the Signal Corps bore themselves with equal bravery on other fields, and did not occupy bomb-proof places. History tells us that when the beloved Stonewall Jackson fell a signal officer caught him in his arms and another bit the dust by his side.

THE DEFENCE OF MORRIS ISLAND.

Such, my comrades, are the facts. I would submit for your consideration, still, for fear they may be received by some as the statements of one interested, I shall trespass on your patience while I quote from the published accounts of the defence of Morris Island. The writer in describing the attempt to blow up the Ironsides uses the following words:

"The new Ironsides was singled for destruction. One of the Signal Corps had been stationed at Battery Gregg, and another at Wagner, each with keen eyes, watching their respective lines of vision. At the electric key stood Captain Langdon Cheves, with eyes bent upon both stations, so that as the flags waved in concert, indicating the fatal moment when the Ironsides should be over the torpedo; to apply the spark and do the deed. Slowly the Ironsides steamed around, delivering one terrific broadside after another. Ever and anon the flag would wig-wag on Gregg, but Wagner was still; then that on Wagner, but Gregg's did not reply, and so it seemed that hours passed. At last both flags waved. The key was touched once and again. There was no answering explosion."

Again in this report we find the following:

"Though non-combatants, none ran greater risks than the Signal Corps. Perched on the highest and most conspicuous spots of Battery Gregg, flag in hand, the cynosure of all eyes, both friend and foe, exposed to the fire of sharpshooters and artillery, often their special aim, in the thick as well as the surcease of the conflict, the wig-wag of their flags conveyed to the commandant at Charleston, the needs of the garrison, or received from him orders for defence. By their intelligent service, likewise the dispatches passing from fleet to shore were read, so that forewarned by them on several occasions, the Confederates were forearmed, and ready so as to repel, with little loss, assaults that would otherwise have been fatal."

Such is the tribute paid to the Signal Corps by a disinterested party, one whose record is such that his words of praise would be heard with feelings of pride by any veteran, however brave he may have shown himself on many a hard fought battlefield. Such we are proud to claim as our record, and submitting the same, is there one of you who will challenge our right to the grand title of "Veterans of the Lost Cause?"

[From the Richmond (Va.) *Dispa'ch*, April 25, 1897.]

BURNING OF RICHMOND.

Incidents of the City's Evacuation Described.

LAST TO CROSS MAYO'S BRIDGE.

Experiences of an Officer on the Retreat.

"SUNNY SIDE," ALBEMARLE CO., VA., *April 6, 1897*.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

During part of the month of February and during March, 1865, the Second Battalion of Virginia Reserves (boys between sixteen and eighteen, and old men between forty-five and fifty, commanded by the undersigned) were stationed in the City of Richmond on guard duty, having been withdrawn from the lines nearly opposite Fort Harrison, about the 15th of February. On the afternoon of Saturday, the 1st of April, 1865, I went down on a small steamer to "Wilton," the home of my friend, Colonel W. C. Knight, and spent Sunday with him and his family. I expected to return to Richmond early Monday morning. During Sunday all was quiet on the north side of James river, but away to the south we could hear sounds that indicated a serious engagement. The Colonel and myself in the afternoon walked down nearly opposite Drewry's Bluff, when a steamer—the one I came down on Saturday—passed down, loaded, as we thought, with Federal prisoners. As it passed by rapidly, we heard from the boat that Richmond was to be evacuated, and that was the last trip the boat would make. As all was so very quiet in our neighborhood, we did not credit this report. About 10 o'clock P. M. Sunday I retired, and before I had fallen asleep the Colonel came to my door, knocked, and informed me that the lines on the north side were being evacuated; that all of his horses and wagons had been just then impressed, and were to be used in moving stores, etc. I was then about nine miles from the city, and my quarters were out in the neighborhood of what was formerly known as Buchanan Spring, so there was nothing for me to do but walk about twelve miles. It was then 11 o'clock at night. I placed in my haversack a small piece of hambone and a loaf of bread, which good Mrs. Knight gave me, little dreaming that I would get nothing more to eat for more than three days.

ORDERS TO BURN.

Reaching my quarters in the city about 2 o'clock A. M. of the 3d, my adjutant, Linden Kent, a youth about eighteen (who afterwards became a distinguished lawyer in Washington city, and died a few years since), showed me an order from General Ewell, directing all the tobacco warehouses, then full of tobacco, to be burned at a certain signal. He and Captain Herron, of Orange, the ranking officer in my absence (Captain W. T. Early, of Albemarle, and Major James Strange, of Fluvanna, then being absent, sick), had made all the arrangements necessary to carry this order into effect. I directed Captain Herron and Adjutant Kent, so soon as the signal was given, to fire these buildings, then pass over the river on Mayo's bridge and follow the army. Being dead tired, I threw myself down to rest, fell asleep, and did not waken until the arsenal exploded. This woke me up most effectually. I threw my blanket over my shoulder, sword and haversack on one side, and canteen, with a little brandy, on the other. I struck out for Mayo's bridge, some one or two miles distant. The streets were quiet and apparently deserted. When I reached Mayo's bridge the small bridge over the canal connecting the basin with the dock was on fire on one side, a burning canal-boat having drifted up against it.

LAST TO CROSS.

As I was passing over the bridge a few cavalry videttes passed me. I shall ever believe we were the last Confederates who crossed the bridge, for that had also been fired and was now in flames on one side. As I climbed the slope beyond the bridge, the rising sun was just beginning to peep over the eastern hills. I turned and looked back; the city of Richmond was in flames. From all the windows of the Gallego Mills tongues of flame were bursting out; dense clouds of smoke, sparks and flames were reaching skyward. Were I a painter, even now, after thirty-two years, I could paint the scene. The sight was awfully grand. I felt the end was nigh. After gazing on this sublime spectacle for a time, I trudged on in pursuit of my command. After proceeding about a mile, I met Mr. Davis, father of Dr. H. Wythe Davis, of your city, and brother-in-law of Colonel Knight, who lived nearly opposite Wilton. He was on horseback, and insisted upon my taking his horse. I declined to do so at first, but he remarked that I had better take him, because if I did not the Yankees certainly would. He had dismounted and tendered me the bridle. I took it, mounted; we shook hands and parted, he to return to his home, and I to follow and overtake my command. About 1 o'clock P. M. I overtook them, and we proceeded together with other commands, things being a good deal mixed.

THE OBJECTIVE POINT.

Our objective point was, as I learned, Burkeville Junction. On the night of the 3d of April, we encamped about twelve or fifteen miles from Manchester. On the 4th we crossed the Appomattox on the railroad bridge at Mattoax Station. On the 5th we passed Amelia Courthouse.

Owing to some trouble in our front, we made very slow progress, and that night we marched, or tried to march, all night, but only progressed a short distance; frequently we would move a few yards and then halt for an hour or two. Just before day we were ordered into camp. Captain Herron and I spread our blankets together and fell asleep. We had not slept more than an hour, when the ominous long roll sounded through the camps. We immediately fell into line and marched on. Up to this time the command had received no rations. Seeing that my men were nearly exhausted for want of food I directed two of my most active men to push forward a little distance from the main road, and try to secure a mutton, and rejoin us on the march. On we proceeded, very slowly, owing to the constant dashes of Sheridan's cavalry on our wagon train. We had not gone more than two or three miles, when we came to the two men with a dressed mutton hanging up near the road. We stacked arms and were about to divide our plunder, when Sheridan's cavalry struck our wagon train a few hundred yards in advance of us.

We at once fell into ranks, moved on, and in the excitement of the moment forgot our mutton, except that your writer pulled off a kidney and put it in his haversack, which delicacy he broiled on a few coals during a temporary halt. About two o'clock P. M. we approached Sailor's creek. When about a mile from the creek, the main road bore to the right. We passed directly forward, through two gate posts (I presume along a private road). As we wound down the hill, we saw on our left a house flying the yellow flag. We crossed the creek on a few fence rails thrown in. The creek was shallow, but marshy. As we went up the hill, the road bearing to the left, we came to several pieces of artillery and caissons which had been abandoned, and near them I found a soldier of this county —R. D. Burruss, by name—badly wounded, who belonged to the 46th Regiment, Virginia Volunteers, Wise's Brigade (this regiment I had commanded for about two years). He informed me that nearly all the brigade had been killed, wounded, or captured, around Petersburg, or on the retreat.

GROUP OF OFFICERS.

After going a short distance further, I came to a group of mounted officers, consisting of Generals Ewell, Custis Lee, Barton and others. In a few moments the artillery of the enemy opened on us. For myself, I must confess I felt somewhat excited, but General Ewell remarked in his ordinary tones: "Tomatoes are very good; I wish I had some." This remark, under the circumstances, at once calmed my excitement, and with great difficulty I restrained my disposition to laugh.

In a few minutes we were moved to the right, and as the ground was rough, hilly and thick with trees and undergrowth, I dismounted and turned my horse over to my orderly.

We proceeded a half a mile or more and were halted a little below the crest of a steep ridge, with a deep ravine in front of us, and another ridge opposite us as high, if not higher than our ridge. From our position the opposite crest was distant some 200 to 300 yards. On our extreme left (being the left of the entire corps) was the naval battalion, under Commodore Tucker, then came my little command of some ninety muskets, then came the command of Colonel Crutchfield (who was killed not far from where I stood). My belief has always been that there was a considerable interval between Crutchfield's right and the next command. I think the troops named above numbered not more than 600 muskets.

ARTILLERY OPENED.

Soon after we took our position the artillery of the enemy opened upon us, but the range was too high and did no damage, except to the tree tops. After the artillery had ceased firing a line of skirmishers appeared on the crest of the opposite ridge, but soon retired from a brisk fire opened by our line. After they retired a long line of infantry appeared on the opposite ridge. Our men opened on them and for a time there was brisk musketry fire on both sides. We had the advantage of position; the enemy were shooting below a point-blank range, while our men were shooting above that range. I believe it is the general observation of military men that troops usually shoot a little too high.

After some half hour, more or less, the enemy in our front retired, but a large body, at least a brigade, was observed moving around our left.

FLAG OF TRUCE

All things were quiet for a time; then I observed a flag of truce on the opposite ridge. General Barton directed me to meet it. I did so, and proceeded to the bottom of the ravine, where I met a mounted officer, who proved to be General (or Colonel) Oliver Edwards. He informed me that Generals Ewell, Lee, and all of the command who were not killed, had surrendered, and he desired us to surrender in order to prevent the further useless effusion of blood. This proposition I declined, on the ground that we had received no orders from our commanders to surrender. I reported the interview to General Barton, and about that time a squadron of cavalry rode up from the rear and we surrendered. I surrendered my sword, which had been the dress-sword of my great-grandfather, Dr. Thomas Walker, of Castle Hill, to a lieutenant, taking down his name, and some years since I recovered it by paying $25 (C. O. D.)

As this letter is already too long, I must close, with the remark that the men on the left were comparatively raw troops, and yet they acted with wonderful coolness and gallantry.

Very respectfully,

R. T. W. Duke,

Late Lieutenant-Colonel Second Battalion Va. Reserves.

P. S.—John Preston Goss, Esq., clerk in the First Auditor's office, was my sergeant-major, and, I think, was present at my interview with General Edwards. I would like John P. Goss to give his recollections of the retreat from Richmond and the fight at Sailor's Creek in your paper, as we are not even mentioned in any of the reports of the battle of Sailor's Creek.

This letter is written from memory, and there may be mistakes. I would, therefore, be glad to hear from any of the survivors of Tucker's Battalion, Crutchfield's Command, or of my command (the Second Battalion). At some future day I propose to write a brief account of what became of me, from our surrender at Sailor's Creek to my return home from Johnson's Island prison, on the 29th of July, 1865. R. T. W. D.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, May 2, 1897.]

RETREAT FROM RICHMOND.

Colonel Crutchfield and the "Artillery Brigade."*

INTERESTING REMINISCENCES.

A Forced March 'Mid Cold and Rain. Fight at Sailor's Creek.

RICHMOND, VA., *April 27, 1897.*

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

Being on a visit to Richmond from my home in St. Louis, I noticed in your paper of the 25th instant, a letter from Colonel R. T. W. Duke, giving some incidents of the retreat from Richmond, and the fight at Sailor's Creek. This has put me in a reminiscent mood, and I would like to give, for your Confederate column, some of my recollections of those stirring times, more especially of the retreat from Richmond, and the participation of my command in the battle of Sailor's Creek.

During the winter of 1864–65, my battalion, the 10th Virginia Artillery, was stationed immediately in front of Fort Harrison. The battalion had formerly been commanded by Major William Allen, of "Claremont," but at that time by Major J. O. Hensley, of Bedford county. It was composed of five companies—Companies A and C, from Richmond, commanded respectively by Captains J. W. Barlow and Thomas P. Wilkinson; Company B, from Bedford county, Captain Robert B. Clayton; Company D, from Prince George, Captain C. Shirley Harrison, of Brandon; and Company E, from Henrico, Captain Thomas Ballard Blake. Lieutenant Sam Wilson, was Adjutant.

The 10th Virginia and the 19th Virginia Battalion (also composed of five companies) were under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel John Wilder Atkinson, of Richmond, with Lieutenant John L. Cowardin as adjutant.

The 18th and 20th Virginia Battalions, commanded by Lieutenant-

---

* See *Ante*, pp. 38-47. The report to General G. W. Custis Lee, of Major W. S. Basinger, on the operations of "Crutchfield's Artillery Brigade."

Colonel James Howard, of Baltimore, and the 18th Georgia Battalion, also attached to our command, formed what was known as the "Artillery Brigade," which at that time was under the command of Colonel Crutchfield.

If I have made any omissions I would be glad to have them supplied.

The adjutant-general of the brigade was Captain W. N. Worthington, of Richmond. Captain Worthington had been a schoolmate of mine at Hanover Academy just before the war. Major-General G. W. Custis Lee commanded the division and Lieutenant General Ewell the corps.

We were thoroughly drilled in artillery practice, and manned the heavy guns on the line of the Richmond defences. We were also well drilled in infantry tactics, and were armed with rifles. I wish that it was possible to give all the names of the command, but space would not permit it, even if I could recall them after all of these years. I would be glad to see published a complete roster of all officers and men of the Artillery Brigade, at the time of the evacuation, and of those who were at Sailor's Creek. On the afternoon of Sunday, April 2d, 1865, rumors reached our lines of important movements pending. That night we received marching orders, and were under way by midnight. As our supplies of every description were exceedingly scant we were strictly in "light marching order." Our daily rations for some time past had been one pound of cornmeal and a quarter of a pound of bacon. The bacon was alternated with a pound of fresh beef. Both the bacon and the beef were occasionally substituted by a gill of sorghum. So we started on the march with empty haversacks. We moved towards James river, crossing on a pontoon bridge above Drewry's Bluff. The explosions of the magazines at Chaffin's and Drewry's Bluff and at Richmond could be plainly heard.

RICHMOND WAS BURNING.

Early Monday morning we learned that Richmond was burning. We were then moving in the direction of Burkeville Junction. It was a forced march, halting only to rest on our arms. To add to other discomforts, a cold rain set in. Footsore, almost starved, and well-nigh exhausted, we continued the march. There being no commissary stores from which to draw, no rations had been issued since leaving the lines, and, as before stated, we started with empty haversacks. The resources of the country through which we were passing had been almost exhausted, and we had to gather up and eat the grains of corn left on the ground where the horses had fed, whenever we could find any. We were, moreover, constantly annoyed by the enemy's cavalry, which hung on our rear. Thus the retreat continued until the afternoon of Thursday, April 6th. More than half of our men had straggled or fallen by the wayside from sheer exhaustion, but those whose endurance and grit had brought them thus far were ready to face any foe. Between 2 and 3 o'clock in the afternoon of the 6th we arrived at Sailor's Creek. The stream had been swollen by the rains of the past few days and the waters overflowed the banks. We waded across this stream and took position on the rising ground about 100 yards beyond. The ground was covered with a growth of broom straw and a few small bushes, mostly pine. Our line of battle was long drawn out—exceedingly thin. Very soon after taking our position, the enemy opened a brisk fire on us from a battery posted on the opposite ridge, about 300 yards away. We had no artillery to return the fire. This fire did but little damage to my immediate command, but our brigade suffered severely further to the right. Their infantry then appeared in solid line. They moved steadily forward, reached the creek which we had so recently crossed, waded through, as we had done, dressed up their line, and continued their advance towards the rising ground where our men lay. When they had advanced to within thirty or forty paces of our line, the order was given to charge. In a moment we were on our feet, yelling like demons and rushing upon their line. It has always been a mystery to me why they did not then and there wipe our little band from the face of the earth. It may be that the very audacity of our charge bewildered and demoralized them. At any rate they broke and fled just before we reached them, but a portion of the line engaged in a hand-to-hand fight. We followed them to the edge of the stream, into which they plunged, our men keeping up a deadly fire on them as they crossed. It was during this charge that my company suffered most severely. One-third were either killed or wounded, more or less seriously.

GALLANT CRUTCHFIELD KILLED.

Colonel Crutchfield was killed, and Adjutant Wilson shot through the leg, which had to be amputated. I received a slight wound in the shoulder, which, however, did not incapacitate me. After the enemy had retreated across the creek, we gathered up our handful of men and fell back to our original position. While Captain Barlow, of Company A, was endeavoring to reform his men on my company, which was the color company, he was shot through the head and instantly killed. I regret that I cannot give a full list of those who fell. We had hardly regained our former position, when Sheridan's cavalry came down on us from the rear. A young cavalry officer, riding in among us, begged us to surrender, telling us that we were entirely surrounded, and that further resistance was useless. It was so gallant an act no one attempted to molest him.

In the mean while the infantry, which had been driven across the creek, had reformed and were advancing in force. Our men then threw down their arms, and we were prisoners of war. I remember that in the hot blood of youth, I broke my sword over a sapling, rather than surrender it. When the infantry which we had so recently repulsed, came up to us again, it was with smiling faces. They commenced opening their haversacks, offering to share their "hard tack" with us, which in our famished condition we most eagerly and gratefully accepted. They, moreover, complimented us on the gallant fight we had made. In this connection, I will add that we were always treated with every consideration by the veterans at the front. It was only when we fell into the hands of the provost guard that any harshness was shown. About dusk that evening we were taken back across Sailor's Creek, and camped that night in an old field. The next morning (7th), we started on our long march to Petersburg and City Point, *en route* to northern prisons.

TO POINT LOOKOUT.

The non-commissioned officers and men were mostly taken to Point Lookout, while almost all of the officers were eventually taken to Johnson's Island, in Lake Erie. We took a boat at City Point, and when we touched at Fortress Monroe, on the morning of April 15th, learned that President Lincoln had been assassinated the night before. We were taken to Baltimore and from there to Washington. The city was draped in mourning. The excitement was intense and we had to be marched through the city to the old Capitol prison under a double guard, to protect us from a threatened mob. After remaining in the old Capitol about two weeks we were taken to Johnson's Island, where I remained until June 18, 1865, when I was released, our cause being then a "Lost Cause." Arrived in Richmond June 25th.

Several years ago a friend of mine in St. Louis gave me a copy of the New York *Herald*, in which was a dispatch from one of its war correspondents, dated Farmville, Va., April 9, 1865. He spoke of the fight at Sailor's Creek as follows:

"*Immense Slaughter of the Enemy.*—The slaughter of the enemy in the fight of the 6th instant exceeded anything I ever saw. The ground over which they fought was literally strewn with their killed. The fighting was desperate, in many cases hand-to-hand. There were a number of bayonet wounds reported at the hospitals."

He says nothing about the slaughter of his own men. We had an idea that we were doing some "slaughtering" ourselves.

However, this dispatch goes to prove that the fight was no child's play. He then gives "a list of some of the rebel officers captured on the 6th instant," as follows:

Navy.—Admiral Hunter, Commodore Tucker, Captain Simms, Midshipman J. H. Hamilton, Lieutenant H. H. Marmaduke, Master W. R. Mays, Midshipman C. F. Sevier, Midshipman T. M. Bowen, Lieutenant C. L. Stanton, Lieutenant J. P. Claybrook, John R. Chisman, Master's-mate, Lieutenant M. G. Porter, Lieutenant R. J. Bowen, Lieutenant W. W. Roberts, Lieutenant J. W. Matterson, Midshipman W. F. Nelson, Lieutenant M. M. Benton, Master's-mate S. G. Turner, Lieutenant W. F. Shum, Lieutenant T. C. Pinkney, Captain T. B. Ball, Lieutenant H. Ward, Midshipman B. S. Johnson, Midshipman F. L. Place, Lieutenant D. Trigg, Midshipman T. Berein, Midshipmen C. Myers, J. M. Gardner.

Marine Corps.—Captain George Holmes, Captain T. S. Wilson, Lieutenant F. McKee, Lieutenant A. S. Berry, Lieutenant T. P. Gwinn.

Army Officers.—Lieutenant-General Ewell, General Corse, General Barton, General Hunton, General J. P. Semmes, General Du Bose, General Custis Lee, General Kershaw and staff, Colonel C. C. Sanders, 24th Georgia; Lieutenant-Colonel J. C. Timberlake, 53rd Virginia; Lieutenant N. S. Hutchins, 3rd Georgia; Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton Phil, Georgia Legion; Major J. M. Goggin, Major E. L. Caston, Captain J. M. Davis, Captain Carwall, Captain J. W. Walker, A. A. G.; Captain C. S. Dwight, Captain McRae Cane, 16th Georgia; Colonel Armstrong, 18th Georgia; Captain L. Bass, 25th Virginia Battery; Lieutenant Colonel E. P. False, 22d Virginia Battery; Major F. C. Smith, 24th Georgia; Captain J. F. Tompkins, 22d Virginia; Lieutenant H. C. Tompkins, 22d Virginia; Captain

W. C. Winn, 22d Virginia; Adjutant S. D. Davies, 47th Virginia; H. W. O. Gatewood, 37th Virginia; Adjutant Williams, 3d Georgia Sharpshooters; Lieutenant J. L. Buford, Captain J. L. Jarrett, 69th Virginia; Lieutenant J. T. Ferneyhough, 20th Virginia Battalion; Captain J. A. Hanes, 55th Virginia; Captain A. Reynolds, 55th Virginia; Captain J. H. Fleet, 55 Virginia; Captain V. H. Fauntleroy, 55th Virginia; Lieutenant W. C. Robinson, 55th Virginia; Lieutenant Thomas Fauntleroy, 55th Virginia; Captain R. T. Bland, 55th Virginia; Adjutant R. L. Williams, 55th Virginia; Lieutenant J. R. P. Humphries, 55th Virginia; Lieutenant E. J. Ragland, 53d Virginia; Lieutenant A. B. Willingham, 53d Virginia; Lieutenant-Colonel T. G. Barbour, 24th Virginia; Captain W. F. Harrison, 24th Virginia; Lieutenant-Colonel James Howard, 18th and 20th Virginia Battalions; Captain A. Austin Smith, ordnance officer; Captain McHenry Howard, General Custis Lee's staff; Lieut. J. F. Porteous, ordnance officer; Maj. J. E. Robertson, 20th Va. Battalion; Captain S. H. Overton, 20th Virginia Battalion; Captain R. K. Hargo, 20th Virginia Battalion; Lieutenant C. W. Hunter, 20th Virginia Battalion; Lieutenant J. H. Lewis, 20th Virginia Battalion; Lieutenant A. G. Williams, 20th Virginia Battalion; Lieutenant B. Scruggs, 20th Virginia Battalion; Lieutenant J. N. Snelson, 20th Virginia Battalion; Lieutenant E. Coffin, 20th Virginia Battalion; Lieutenant Ferneyhough, 20th Virginia Battalion; Lieutenant P. F. Vaden, 20th Virginia Battalion; Lieutenant-Colonel A. D. Bruce, 47th Virginia; Captain E. L. Wharton, 47th Virginia; Lieutenant J. S. Hutt, 47th Virginia; Lieutenant C. Molty, 47th Virginia; Lieutenant-Colonel J. W. Atkinson, 10th and 19th Virginia Battalions; Lieutenant J. L. Cowardin, Adjutant 10th and 19th Virginia Battalions; Captain T. B. Wilkinson, 10th Virginia Battalion; Captain T. B. Blake, 10th Virginia Battalion; Captain R. B. Claytor, 10th Virginia Battalion; Captain C. S. Harrison, 10th Virginia Battalion; Lieutenant J. W. Turner, 10th Virginia Battalion; Lieutenant B. G. Andrews, 10th Virginia Battalion; Lieutenant T. C. Talbott, 10th Virginia Battalion; Lieutenant A. P. Bohannon, Adjutant Wilson, 10th Virginia Battalion, wounded; Captain J. H. Norton, 18th Virginia Battalion; Lieutenant W. Stevenson, 18th Virginia Battalion; Lieutenant Joseph Russell, 18th Virginia Battalion; Lieutenant S. Doridian, 18th Virginia Battalion; Captain D. L. Smoot, 18th Virginia Battalion; Colonel J. J. Phillips, 9th Virginia; Adjutant C. C. Phillips, 9th Virginia; Lieutenant W. Roane Ruffin, Chamberlayne's Battery; Captain E. B. Coltrane, 24th Virginia; Captain J. W. Barr,

Barr's Battery; Lieutenant W. F. Campbell, Barr's Battery; Captain H. Nelson, 28th Virginia; Lieutenant C. K. Nelson, 28th Virginia; Lieutenant J. B. Leftwich, 28th Virginia; Lieutenant J. N. Kent, 22d Virginia Battalion; Lieutenant H. C. Shepherd, 22d Virginia Battalion; Lieutenant J. E. Glossen, 47th Virginia; Lieutenant R. P. Welling, 12th Mississippi; Chaplain E. A. Garrison, 48th Mississippi; Lieutenant Robert T. Knox, 30th Virginia; Lieutenant J. H. Marshall, 30th Virginia; Captain J. S. Knox, 30th Virginia; Lieutenant St. George Fitzhugh, Pegram Artillery; Lieutenant T. L. Roberts, 34th Virginia; Lieutenant J. S. Watts, 46th Virginia; Lieutenant J. T. Fowler, 46th Virginia; Major M. B. Hardin, 18th Virginia Battalion; Adjutant W. H. Laughter, 18th Virginia Battalion; Captain W. S. Griffin, 18th Virginia Battalion; Captain L. B. Madison, 58th Virginia; Lieutenant Judson Hundron, Lieutenant J. Foyler, 58th Virginia; Lieutenant John Addison, 17th Virginia; Lieutenant-Colonel G. Tyler, 17th Virginia; Lieutenant J. B. Hill, 53d Virginia; Sergeant-Major J. S. Miller, 20th Virginia Battalion; Lieutenant M. H. Daughty, 11th Florida; Captain Winder, Young's Battery; Lieutenant J. C. Murray, Young's Battery; Captain W. S. Randall, General Custis Lee's staff; Colonel J. T. Crawford, 51st Georgia; Colonel James Dickey, 51st Georgia; Captain W. R. McClain, 51st Georgia; Captain J. H. Faulkner, 51st Georgia; Captain R. N. Askew, 51st Georgia; Captain V. B. Baglow, 51st Georgia; Lieutenant J. A. Brown, 51st Georgia; Lieutenant C. W. S. Swanson, Captain H. J. Otis, 2d North Carolina, Evans' Brigade; Lieutenant P. A. Green, 3d Georgia; Captain W. G. Baird, 24th North Carolina; Colonel P. McLaughlin, 50th Georgia; Captain W. A. Smith, 50th Georgia; Captain G. E. Fahn, 50th Georgia; Lieutenant Thompson, 35th North Carolina; Lieutenant J. B. Purcell, 56th Virginia.

The above list will doubtless be of interest to old soldiers who may chance to see it.

Very respectfully,

THOMAS BALLARD BLAKE,
Late Captain Company E, 10th Va. Battalion Artillery.

[From the Augusta, Ga., *Chronicle*, April, 1897.]

THE BEAU SABREUR OF GEORGIA.

A Fitting Tribute to the Gallant General P. M. B. Young, C. S. A.

At a recent meeting of the Confederate Survivors' Association, in Augusta, President Eve, in lieu of his annual address, read a tribute to the valor and worth of the late General P. M. B. Young, that will prove a valuable addition to the archives of the Association. It is as follows:

Gentlemen of the Confederate Survivors' Association:

I have been selected by your committee to present this tribute to the memory of our old commander and one of your honorary members, General G. M. P. Young. Pardon the seeming egotism—in reference unavoidable—in mentioning his services on the coast of Georgia and South Carolina, and shall offer this in lieu of the customary annual address of the President of this Association, as it is the historian's duty to keep up your records.

Comrades of the Cobb Legion, Georgia Cavalry, little did we think as we marched the streets of Richmond, Va., at our late reunion, to the soul-stirring, familiar airs of our old war songs, that he who had so often ridden at the head of your squadron, whose sabre had so often flashed in your front, the true hero of "The Cobb Legion, Georgia Cavalry," your Adjutant in 1861, your Major and Lieutenant-Colonel in 1862, your Colonel in 1863, your Brigadier-General in 1864 and 1865, P. M. B. Young, was then lying at the point of death, in the Presbyterian Hospital in New York City, far, far away from home, kith and kindred. True to his knightly instincts, when satisfied that he had a mortal hurt, unwilling to be a charge to his numerous friends or for them to witness his agony, he went to die alone! True to his proud spirit, he had wrested for a long time with the dread disease, while his intimates, looking only at that grand physique—"the typical cavalryman"—whenever a spasm of pain would contract his handsome countenance, recollecting what they had gone through together, would accuse him of becoming a hypochondriac, and he, with a merry laugh, would retort: "My heart has gone back on me." He who was so well qualified to have made a happy home—who was one of the most lovable of men—as we have served with him know—died in a New York hospital hundreds of miles from his beloved Georgia.

IDENTIFIED WITH THE COBB LEGION.

His history was our history, his glorious record ours. He was distinctly a creation of "The Cobb Legion," and they felt that indescribable attachment that men feel for comrades who have bled with them on more than one hard contested field.

Though General Thomas R. R. Cobb had organized the legion, he was a noted man in Georgia before it was formed. Though Colonel William G. Deloney was our "Chevalier Bayard," *sans peur et sans reproche*, he fell at the zenith of his glory, September, 1863. Though General G. J. Wright was as brave and gallant as man could be, yet they all were older; we expected much of them.

It was not the same feeling we had for Pierce Young. As Colonel Baker, of the 1st North Carolina Cavalry, told him at Middletown, Maryland, September 12, 1862, where, after a hard day's fight, incensed at some slighting remark that Baker had made of a charge of "The Cobb Legion," he defied him to mortal combat then and there, "on horseback or on foot, with sabre or pistol, or any way he would fight." "Why, Pierce, you are nothing but a boy, you forget yourself; I came here to fight Yankees, not as good a soldier as you." Unmindful of the emphatic berating of his junior officer, conscious of his own courage, demonstrated in many a fierce encounter, instead of arresting him for disrespect, he laughed at the boyishness displayed even before his own regiment, who, with the older men of Young's Regiment, always so regarded the affront. Far from being perfect, we forgave his faults, even as a father would those of a spoiled child—for a spoiled child in many of his actions was Pierce Young, even to the day of his death.

A West Point cadet, he promptly resigned on the secession of Georgia, and offered his services to the Confederacy, and was assigned to duty as adjutant to Colonel Thomas R. R. Cobb, then organizing his legion "on the peninsular." Being a born soldier and with his military training, it was easy for him to infuse into that command, then consisting of six companies of infantry, four of cavalry and the afterwards famous Troup Artillery of Athens, the *esprit du corps* they were so noted for.

THE CHARGE AT BURKITSVILLE.

Although in nearly all the engagements from Yorktown, around Richmond, Manassas and on the march into Maryland, it was at Burkitsville, September 13, 1862, "The Cobb Legion, Georgia Cavalry," first asserted its individuality.

With nine skeleton companies, reduced by the casualties of months of hard fighting and marching to less than one-fourth we had started with, Young was ordered and led the sabre charge against McClellan's advance guard on that road, hurrying to the relief of "Harper's Ferry," hurling back two of their crack regiments, the 8th Illinois and 3d Indiana cavalry, upon the infantry of the "Army of the Potomac." The picture can never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. We had to charge down a steep, rocky lane by twos between stone fences, from whose shelter their dismounted men were firing on us, over a narrow plateau, where we deployed into a company front at the run. The Dougherty Hussars of Albany (who were cut to pieces), leading the Fulton Dragoons, of Atlanta, next, then the Richmond Hussars, his favorites always, and as we passed Colonel Young, he was lying, surrounded by dead and wounded men and horses, in front of a little country church, his dead horse pinning him to the ground. As we came by at full speed, his clarion voice rang out clear and distinct above our yells, "Give 'em hell! boys, give 'em hell!" waving his plumed hat over that handsome face illumined by the fierce excitement of the charge. We crossed the ditch where lay First Lieutenant Marshall and the brave eighty-year-old Sergeant Barksdale, with his snowy beard almost to his waist, his sabre at the guard, the ball through his forehead, then up the steep hill to the stone fences on the crest, from whence the dismounted sharp-shooters vied with the mounted men in seeking the protection of their infantry line of battle. So P. M. B. Young's and the "Cobb's Legion's" reputation was established. So exciting was the charge, that General Hampton, who was always well up in front, snatched off his overcoat and throwing it to his son, with, "Take care of my overcoat, Preston," drew his sabre and dashed into the fray, followed by that brave boy, who pitched the overcoat into a fence corner, as he "had come to Maryland to fight Yankees, and not to carry his father's overcoat."

THE BRANDY STATION FIGHT.

At Brandy Station the 9th of June, 1863, did Colonel Young recapture Stuart's headquarters and check the triumphant advance of Pleasanton, who had driven back all our cavalry until they met the "Cobb Legion." "I do not claim that this was the turning point of the day." (P. M. B. Young's Report, Records of War of the Rebellion, Vol. xxii, p. 732.) As Major Heros Von Borke, the celebrated Prussian officer on General Stuart's staff, said to General Stuart in my presence: "Young's regiment made the grandest charge I see on either continent," and Brandy Station is considered the greatest cavalry battle of the war.

Wounded again while attempting to lead two regiments of infantry in the charge, which had been sent to reinforce him, he being in command of Hampton's brigade, August 1, 1863, (but although one of the color-bearers rushed out waving his flag following Colonel Young,) both regiments laid down, preferring "to fire lying down" than to follow the cavalry colonel, whose conspicuous uniform, commanding presence and emphatic pleadings for them to "forward," in tones that "could be heard a mile," was too fair a mark for the hundreds who were shooting at him, and he was shot through, and once more promoted for "gallantry on the field."

THE GREAT BLUFF AT CULPEPER.

Of his saving the commissary and quartermaster trains of the Army of Northern Virginia at Culpeper, October 9, 1863, by a lucky inspiration (bluff the boys called it), by covering the hills with dismounted men as infantry, and one piece of artillery to the hill, which "to keep a shooting," and keeping the brigade building fires all night and his band playing music, to make the Yankees believe there was a corps instead of the few hundred men he had for "duty," is too well told by John Esten Cook for me but to incidentally mention. For the third time was he wounded, and as usual in displaying conspicuous gallantry, for which he was promoted major-general of cavalry.

Sherman's forces threatening the powder mills at Augusta, Beauregard, Bragg, the Governors of Georgia and South Carolina appealed for reinforcements from the Army of Northern Virginia. "Major-General P. M. B. Young, with a division (?), consisting of 900 dismounted cavalrymen, under the immediate command of Captain F. E. Eve, was all that General Robert E. Lee could spare—and General Young was selected, hoping his men could be mounted and he assist General Wheeler in opposing General Kilpatrick, whose brigade he had defeated at Brandy Station with the sabre, and at the supreme moment of his supposed victory, in the most celebrated cavalry battle of the war. On their arrival in Augusta, without rest, they rushed to Green's Cut, to meet Kilpatrick's raid, who was then threatening Waynesboro, where Wheeler met and defeated him.

DEFENCE OF SAVANNAH.

Two hundred and fifty of Young's men were there mounted, and under Captain Eve were marched hastily to Pocotaligo, and from Pocotoligo to Tullifini, Coosawhatchie, Salkehatchie, Izard's Farm, Argyle Island. The crack of the rifles of Young's men—for the remainder of his division had been hurried forward (being unable to mount them) by rail, under the command of "that hard old fighter," the gallant Major Puckett, was heard in nearly all of "the bloody and obstinate fighting along the rice dams," during the seige of Savannah. A complimentary order from Lieutenant-General Hardee "but for the gallant conduct of General Young's command, I could not have held Savannah so long"—was read by Adjutant-General Church before us at Heyward's Farm, soon after the evacuation. He was without a peer as a cavalry officer from Georgia, and was one of Stuart's as well as Hampton's, most trusted lieutenants. That the choice should have fallen upon him, demonstrates what the War Department, General Lee, aye, President Davis, thought of him. Hampton, Butler, Rosser, Young—think of that immortal quartette! Of their commanding presence, as they rode at the head of your columns, of the imperishable glory they gained—and that you helped make. Is it not a glorious legacy to bequeath your children? Does any one think this fulsome praise? Then let him or them search the records of the War of the Rebellon, and see what P. M. B. Young is accredited with during that war. We know the half has never been told, or ever will be.

AFTER THE WAR.

It would take volumes to write all we know of him outside of what history records. His political standing during the gloomy days of reconstruction—as a Congressman, as United States minister at foreign courts, as a diplomat—is green in the minds of the present generation. A social favorite, he has been as much petted by the women as spoiled by the men, for there was a strong personal magnetism that was hard to resist about his chivalric presence and courtly bearing. To you, descendants of Confederate soldiers, do I cite his eventful life as a glorious example for you to emulate. An unknown cadet, who, by meritorious deeds and gallantry on the battlefield, that his numerous wounds attested, was promoted to major-general of cavalry in less than four years. This is his record as a soldier. As a civilian, elected soon after the war and serving several terms as Congressman, the wisdom of this selection being confirmed by his appointment by the National Government as their fit representative in foreign lands during the only two Democratic administrations since the civil war. "Our Confederate Brigadiers" die, but when their mortal remains have been long mouldering in the dust they will live forever in history and in tradition, and children's children learn with their earliest breath to lisp the names of the great chieftains of the South, and with their youngest emotions to admire and emulate their illustrious example. Amidst the wreath of immortelles that will garland the memory of him who was called the "Beau Sabreur of Georgia," the most noted cavalry officer of your State, and one the most celebrated in either army, North or South, we desire to contribute this leaflet as a memento of our estimation of him who was once our colonel and an honorary member of this Association.

E. J. O'Connor,
N. K. Butler,
F. E. Eve,
Committee.

[From the Raleigh, N. C., *News and Observer*, April 11, 1897.]

THE 23rd NORTH CAROLINA INFANTRY.

Organized in 1861, as the 13th Regiment of Volunteers.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF BY H. C. WALL.

Upon the secession of North Carolina, May 20, 1861, the convention passed an ordinance authorizing the raising and equipping of ten regiments of infantry, to be designated "State Troops," the said regiments to be numbered from one to ten, inclusive, in the order of their organization, the enlistment in the same to be made for and during the war. Subsequently the raising of other regiments, as volunteers for the term of twelve months, was authorized, these to be, in like manner, numbered from one up, in the order of their organization. This distinction between "State Troops" and volunteers was kept up until the re-organization under the general Conscript Act, which went into effect on the 17th of May, 1862, when the order of numbering the regiment was changed by adding the volunteer regiment, as originally numbered, to the number of "State Troops," by which the 1st regiment of volunteers became the 11th, and the others, in like manner, ten numbers beyond those they first bore. The re-arrangement, therefore, changed the old 13th into the 23rd. Under the ordinance referred to, ten companies from the following counties, viz: one from each, Richmond, Anson, Montgomery, Mecklenburg, Lincoln, Gaston, Catawba and three from Granville, were entered in the official records of the adjutant-general at Raleigh, as the 13th Regiment Volunteers. The several companies were ordered to rendezvous at Garysburg, Northampton county, and the line officers thereof directed to hold an election for field officers on Wednesday, the 10th of July, 1861. At the election so held John F. Hoke, of Lincoln, at the time being Adjutant-General of the State, was elected Colonel; John W. Leak, of Richmond, Lieutenant-Colonel, and Daniel H. Christie, at that time of Granville county, but originally from Virginia, was elected major. Isaac J. Young, of Granville, was the first adjutant of the regiment.

During the war the office of colonel of the regiment was succeeded to respectively by D. H. Christie, commissioned May 10, 1862; Charles C. Blacknall, August 15, 1863; William S. Davis, of Warren, a transfer from the 12th North Carolina, who was commissioned in October, 1864. That of lieutenant-colonel was succeeded to by Robert D. Johnston, of Lincoln, commissioned May, 1862, who was promoted to a brigadier generalship in July, 1863. That of major by Ed. J. Christian, of Montgomery, May, 1862, and by Charles C. Blacknall, May, 1862—more than a year before he became colonel of the regiment. The office of adjutant, subsequent to original organization, was held respectively by Vines E. Turner, of Granville, commissioned May, 1862; Junius French, of Yadkin, June, 1863; Thomas F. Powell, of Richmond, July, 1863, and by Lawrence T. Everett, of Richmond, May, 1864. The first quartermaster of the regiment was Edwin G. Cheatham, of Granville, commissioned July, 1861; succeeded by W. I. Everett, of Richmond, in the spring of 1862; by Vines E. Turner, June, 1863. The first commissary was James F. Johnston, of Lincoln. The first chaplain, Theophilus W. Moore, a Methodist, of Person, who later in the war was succeeded by Rev. Berry, a Baptist, of Lincoln. The names of Robert J. Hicks, of Granville, surgeon; Dr. Caldwell, of Mecklenburg, assistant surgeon, and William F. Gill, of Granville, sergeant-major, complete, as far as we know accurately, the field and staff of the regiment.

The companies of the regiment and their commanding chiefs were as follows:

Company A—Captain William F. Marllee, Anson.
Company B—Captain George W. Seagle, Lincoln.
Company C—Captain C. J. Cochran, Montgomery.
Company D—Captain Louis H. Webb, Richmond.
Company E—Captain James H. Horner, Granville.
Company F—Captain M. F. McCorkle, Catawba.
Company G—Captain Charles C. Blacknall, Granville.
Company H—Captain E. M. Fairis, Gaston.
Company I—Captain Rufus Amis, Granville.
Company K—Captain Robert D. Johnston, Lincoln.

On Wednesday, July 17, 1861, Colonel Hoke, with seven companies of the regiment, left the "Camp of Instruction" at Garysburg, N. C., for Virginia, leaving three companies, viz: "C," "D" and "H" behind, because of the much sickness (measles) among the men. These seven companies reached Manassas Junction on the 21st of July, while the battle was raging, but took no part therein as they were not ordered to the field. On August 5th, the three remaining companies, under command of Major Christie, broke camp at Garysburg. After several days of delay at Richmond, Va., for want of transportation facilities, the three companies were enabled to reach their destination and join the regiment which was then in quarters at Camp Wigfall, near the late battle-field. For several weeks encamped at this place, the regiment suffered exceedingly from sickness. By the surgeon's statement the sick-call at one time numbered 240, while fifty-seven of the cases were typhoid fever. The mortality was large. From camp to camp the command was moved until it went into winter-quarters on Bull Run in December, where it remained, with only such changes in position as the exigencies of the situation in outpost and picket duty required, until the 8th day of March, 1862. Meantime the regiment had been incorporated into a brigade with the 5th N. C. "State Troops," Colonel Duncan K. McRae; the 20th Georgia, Colonel Smith; the 24th Virginia, Colonel Jubal A. Early, and the 38th Virginia, of which brigade Colonel Early being the ranking officer, he was placed in command, subsequently being commissioned as brigadier-general.

In the fall and winter of 1861 numerous changes in the officers of the line of the regiment had taken place, which perhaps it is not material to note in detail. The winter was a severe one, and great was the mortality among the troops from pneumonia, typhoid fever, and other diseases. The old camps were abandoned on the 8th of March, 1862, and at daylight the regiment moved out, throwing away tents and camp equippage; sum total of first days' march, one and a half miles from starting point, progress being checked by confusion of orders. Early was now acting as major-general, in command of the fourth division. Not until sunset of the 9th did the grand column move again, reaching Manassas Junction that night. An immense amount of property was destroyed, as the army commanded by General Joseph E. Johnston was to change base to the peninsula. A very carnival, restrained to some extent by the power of military discipline, reigned that night at the junction. The soldiers got rich with plunder; depots of supplies and the express office were fired and barrels of whiskey opened at the head, poured their contents in streams upon the ground. A rough soldier was observed with six canteens of whiskey around his neck, and, as if he "wept such waste to see," actually wading in a puddle of the stuff while in a ditty, tuneless but gay, he whistled his regrets over departed spirits.

Our army at Manassas, numbering less than 50,000, was confronted by a host of more than 100,000. General McClellan, styled through the favoring pride of his friends, "the Little Napoleon," fell upon the expedient of transferring his troops by the way of the Potomac and Chesapeake Bay to Yorktown, anticipating an easy victory over the small army of Magruder, and then "on to Richmond" by the Peninsular route. This move on the part of McClellan, though conducted in great secrecy, was not long hidden from the eagle eye of Johnston; hence the retreat from Manassas, and his resolve to reinforce Magruder and take command of the entire force at Yorktown. With the other commands the regiment reached Yorktown on the 8th of April, '62, a stop having been made on the south side of the Rappahannock of several weeks duration, to await the full development of McClellan's plans. At Yorktown, the trying duty of service in the trenches began. On the 17th, after nine days behind the breastworks, the boys had their first experience with cannon balls and bombshells. The picket line was situated between opposing batteries, three-fourths of a mile apart, and more than one shell exploded in uncomfortable proximity to them. When the first shot was fired directly at the position occupied by the 23d regiment, the writer was on duty in the rifle pits as sergeant in command, some 200 yards in front of our breastworks. Well is remembered the "sensation" produced by the first shell that fanned the cheeks of ye innocent braves who occupied those rifle-pits, and particularly the moving effect wrought upon a certain tongue-tied individual whose deportment now, as contrasted with previous pretensions, presented a striking consistency with the spirit of the ancient ballad:

> "Naught to him possesses greater charms
> Upon a Sunday or a holiday,
> Than a snug chat of war and war's alarms,
> While people fight in Turkey, far away,"

for, with a precipitate bound, the tongue-tied warrior made tracks for the breastworks, exclaiming, in answer to remonstrances and threats of court-martial: "Dam 'fi come 'ere to be hulled out this way when I can't see who's a shootin' at me"—using the term hulled instead of shelled as synonomous, though he hardly thought of it at the time. At a period a little later in the service such conduct would have been most severely punished, but it is not remembered if "Dam 'fi" got more than a sharp reprimand and orders for an immediate return to his post. If he ever afterwards flinched, we were not informed of it. He was killed at Gettysburg. The term of service at Yorktown was not at all irksome, nor was it unmarked by occasional diversion from the tread-mill routine of duty. About the quaint old town were many points of interest that awakened patriotic contemplation. Soldiers would, as relaxation from duty permitted, repair to the spot, marked by a marble slab and a half mile from the town, where Cornwallis gave up his sword to Washington; and, standing on the consecrated ground, they would breathe the prayer that here may America's second revolution, as did the first, have an ending. But, alas! even then, as if in derision of prophecy and hope, there hung upon the horizon a cloud—not yet comparatively bigger than a man's hand, but which was destined to increase in proportions and intensity, and ere long to burst and scatter destruction and death over all the land.

On the night of the 3d of May Yorktown was evacuated. Twelve miles out in the suburbs of the ancient town of Williamsburg the battle of the 5th of May occurred, rendered necessary by the too eager pursuit of the enemy. From a point on the road several miles beyond the town towards Richmond, Early's Brigade—now composed of the 5th and 23d North Carolina, the 24th Virginia and the 2d Florida Battalion—was ordered back to aid Longstreet in resisting the furious attack. At the moment of our reaching the field the bloody drama was going on in full view of the town. Much was said at the time and afterwards of the part the 23d Regiment took in that battle. The writer can only give facts from a personal standpoint, as recalled by him, a private then in ranks, conscious too of a liability to error in an understanding of the existing facts. The design was a charge by Early's Brigade against a strong position manned by Hancock's Brigade, on the enemy's right. When drawn up in line for the forward movement, General Early rode the length of the brigade, using, in that fine-toned voice of his, something like the words: "Boys, you must do your duty." The line had steadily advanced a 100 yards or more when a body of thick forest of trees and undergrowth confronted the 23d, into which the regiment marched, the line at once becoming irregular and more or less jumbled by reason of the natural obstacles to its progress. At this moment General D. H. Hill appeared, mounted, in our front, and saying sharply to the men, now confused in ranks and each one commanding his comrades: "Hush your infernal noise." In an instant more the right wing of the brigade, having greatly the advantage of ground in marching, as we believe, and thus coming first in view of the enemy's battery, received their galling fire, and was hurled back by a fury of shot and shell irresistible by mortal force. The 5th North Carolina made a gallant but fruitless charge, losing many valuable lives, and the 23d did not support it at the critical moment. That moment was of the briefest possible span; like a sea wave against the sea wall, the charge bounded back instantly. Colonel D. K. McRae, of the 5th North Carolina, alleged that the 23d was inexcusably derelict in duty, and that its colonel halted the regiment in those woods without authority. Colonel Hoke, on the contrary, maintained that General Early gave the order to halt. Whether the command of "halt" and "lie down" was given to the 23d a second sooner than the batteries opened on the assaulting columns, would be hard to tell, for the action of the 23d in halting and lying down appeared to be about the same moment a portion of the assaulting force was rushing pell-mell back upon its line in the woods. It was all the work of a few minutes, and the brigade, chagrined at defeat and mourning the loss of many gallant spirits, fell back in order. Only four or five men in the 23d were wounded, and this by random bullets.

General Joseph E. Johnston, in a conversation with the writer several years after the war, placed the responsibility for this charge upon General D. H. Hill. He said he did not order it made, but permitted it only, however, after repeated requests from General Hill. The enemy seemed content to hold his own, without much further effort to advance his line as the shades of night came on. During the night and early dawn of the 6th the grand retreat was resumed. The 6th of May found the army on the march without a mouthful to eat, as the wagons had gone far ahead towards Richmond. On the evening of the 9th the Chickahominy was reached, and here the wagons were overtaken, much to the delight of drooping hearts and hungry stomachs. On this day, while bivouacked on the banks of the river, the reorganization of companies in the 23d Regiment took place, and new regimental officers were elected, as follows: Daniel H. Christie, Colonel; Robert D. Johnston, former captain of Company K, Lieutenant-Colonel; Ed. J. Christian, former lieutenant of Company C, Major; Vines E. Turner, former lieutenant of Company G, Adjutant.

The battle of Seven Pines was fought on the 31st of May, 1862. Here the 23d received the first real "baptism of fire." The attack was made by General Johnston with a view of capturing or destroying two divisions of the enemy which had been thrown forward to the southern side of the Chickahominy. The brunt of the fight was borne by D. H. Hill's Division, to which the 23d belonged. Samuel Garland, Jr., a Virginian, now commanded the brigade. The four brigades of Garland, Rodes, Anderson and Rains stormed the enemy's camp and captured everything as it stood, with twelve pieces of artillery, while General Casey's headquarters and official papers fell into the hands of the brave Confederates. At this point of attack the victory was certainly complete; and if equal progress had been made to the right and left of the centre, then might General Johnston's anticipations have been fully realized in the capture or destruction of the two divisions, with which purpose in view, as already indicated, the attack had been made.

It is not our intention to attempt a studied description of any battles, nor, indeed, is it essential to the purpose and limited province of this sketch. Besides, it is a difficult matter, even from the testimony of eye-witnesses and participants and with complete data in hand, to describe the position of any one regiment relative to that of another in battle. And again, with reference to true Confederate soldiers, what is said of the fighting qualities and achievements of one command may, with proper exception and qualification, be said of another—for indeed were they "Romans-all." We would, to compass our wishes, recall the scenes of each battle and impart to them a descriptive glow that might, in some degree at least, measure with the grave reality at the time they were enacted. Time inevitably casts a dimness over any event, however dear to the heart its memories may be; and we cannot hope at the best to give to those scenes more than a feeble semblance of what they really were. We would, were it practicable, give experiences in "words that burn" to the high-born purposes and resolves that stirred the hearts of those gallant spirits who fell in the discharge of duty, and around the critical hour of their fall would we throw a halo of glory that, reaching forward, might consecrate their names for all time to come. But the task is above our skill, and we must be content in the hope that we shall be able to place on record a simple and true statement of some of their deeds, with regrets that the whole thrilling story can never be told.

At Seven Pines the natural conditions were anything but favorable to an attack on the enemy. Heavy rains had fallen, and the earth everywhere was sloppy and boggy. On the firing of three big guns as a signal, the line of attack moved out and across a field of wheat towards the enemy. After crossing the field, the 23d found in its front, a swamp thick with undergrowth and tangled vines, and about waist deep in water. At this point was met the fire from the opposing batteries supported by musketry, and many of our boys fell in the water. Some, doubtless, were drowned, whose wounds were not necessarily fatal.

Beyond this swamp was encountered a net work of abattis—hundred of tree laps with the ends of limbs pointed and sharpened. Here many a brave boy met his fate without flinching. The right under Huger, the centre under Longstreet and D. H. Hill, and the left under G. W. Smith, were pressing steadily forward. A Northern writer, from this point of view, describes the scene thus:

"Our shot tore their ranks wide open, and shattered them asunder in a manner frightful to witness, but they closed up and came on as steadily as English veterans. When they got within 400 yards, we closed our case shot and opened on them with canister. Such destruction I never witnessed. At each discharge great gaps were made in their ranks. * * * But they at once closed and came steadily on never halting, never wavering, right through the woods, over the fence, through the field, right up to our guns, and sweeping everything before them, captured our artillery and cut our whole division to pieces."

At every other point than the centre the attack seems to have been barren of any material results. Starting in well, yet the assault on the enemy's left flank failed, because, by reason of the swollen condition of the water, General Huger was unable to move his division to the proper place. At the same time the difficulties that impeded the advance of General G. W. Smith, was scarcely less formidable, and he failed to break the enemy's right flank, though desperate and bloody efforts were made. According to the plan of attack, Generals D. H. Hill and Longstreet assailed the centre of the enemy's line of entrenchment; and it was at this point—notwithstanding the boggy condition of the ground and the great impediment of tangled undergrowth—that the attack was successful, and the flight of the enemy continuous from one line of works upon another for a distance of two miles, when night put an end to the conflict. Among the killed at Seven Pines was Major Edwin J. Christian, elected at the reorganization about two weeks before; Captain C. C. Blacknall, of of Company G, then became Major of the regiment, Isaac J. Young, succeeding to the Captaincy of Company G. Major Christian was a native of Montgomery county—a gallant soldier, while in all relations of his life he had borne a high and honorable name. Captain Ambrose Scarborough, of Company C, though written as among the killed in the battle, fell on the afternoon preceding while leading a reconnoitering party. A native also of Montgomery county, his career had been alike honorable in peace and war. The officers wounded in the battle were, Lieutenant-Colonel R. D. Johnston, Captain William Johnston, Captain I. J. Young, Lieutenant McDonald. Lieutenants Luria and Knott, both of Granville, were killed. The killed of privates and non-commissioned officers numbered thirty-five, while seventy-eight was the number of the same ranks wounded. These figures are taken from Moore's Roster, and we believe, are about the actual casualties. Lieutenant-Colonel Johnston, was wounded in the arm, face and neck, had his horse killed under him, and was shot down within fifty feet of where the breastworks and artillery were. From divers causes, sickness mainly, the regiment was able to go into action at Seven Pines, with only about two hundred and twenty-five men, according to the statement of Captain

A. T. Cole, who commanded Company D after the reorganization. General Johnston having been badly wounded at Seven Pines, General Robert E. Lee was now in command. After Seven Pines, the boys went into camp near Richmond, and here several weeks were passed in drilling. The Federal line of battle stretched along the Chickahominy a distance of nine miles, the right wing resting upon the northern bank of the stream, and extending a short distance above the village of Mechanicsville, six miles from Richmond.

The fighting at Mechanicsville, on the evening of the 26th of June, opened the ball that resulted in the demoralization of McClellan's forces, and his rapid retreat to the shelter of his gun boats in James river. According to General Lee's plan of attack, Jackson threw his force upon the right flank of the enemy, whilst A. P. and D. H. Hill pressed them vigorously at other points. Their breastworks were soon carried, and the enemy fell back one mile to a stronger line of works, from which position A. P. Hill failed to dislodge them. Night came on, but an artillery contest was still maintained until a late hour. Next day at dawn the Confederates renewed the attack, after a bloody conflict of two hours, the enemy, realizing that the mighty "Stonewall" had got in their rear, abandoned their position, destroying ammunition, &c., and fell back to a yet stronger line of works. In fact they had three lines of battle here, each protected by breastworks extending from a point on the left near Gaines' Mill, to a point on the right beyond Cold Harbor. In the attack on this position, the division of D. H. Hill—to which the 23d belonged—was the first to become engaged. When the battle became general, and the whole of Jackson's and Longstreet's corps had come into action, a charge was ordered and the first line of works carried—then the second line, then the third; and now McClellan's army was on the wing and running for dear life. It has been a disputed point between Confederate commands as to which was entitled to the glory of first mounting the enemy's works at Cold Harbor. General Lee officially paid high compliment to D. H. Hill and his division in this battle. Northern writers admit that their right wing gave way first, and it was at this point that D. H. Hill's charge was directed. McClellan's defeated army fell back upon Malvern Hill, a strongly entrenched position, where he managed to concentrate his forces and park his three hundred pieces of artillery. Here again the division of D. H. Hill opened the fight by a vigorous attack upon the enemy's right. Through some misunderstanding, the attack upon the left, was not promptly made, and from the fact the enemy drew reinforcements from their left and threw them over to the right to oppose General Hill's advance—the fire from the gunboats in the river at the same time being directed so as to guard against probable approach upon their left. The first line was broken and gave way before the daring troops of Hill's division, but not being properly supported to meet the accumulating odds against them, the position gained had to be abandoned. Magruder's attack upon the enemy's left was not made until near the close of the day, and, though desperate efforts were made at this point to break the Federal line, no material advantage had been gained when darkness closed the struggle. The brave Confederates had been baffled, but not beaten. Resting upon their arms that night, they intended to renew the attack next morning, but during the night the enemy had stolen away, leaving the dead and wounded on the field. They had sought and found protection under a powerful fleet of gun-boats at Harrison's Landing, and this closed the series of "Seven Days' Battles Around Richmond."

The greatest loss sustained by the 23rd in the seven days' of fighting was at Malvern Hill. According to Captain Cole, of Co. D, the number of killed in this battle was about thirty; the "Roster" records the loss not so large, the number of wounded, by Captain Cole, was estimated at about seventy-five. The number of the regiment engaged in this closing fight was between 150 and 175, officers and privates. Sergeant-Major W. F. Gill, of Granville, was killed at Malvern Hill; Captain Cole, of Co. D, and Lieutenant Munday, of "K," were wounded. Adjutant Turner, of Granville, was wounded in the fight at Gaines' Mill, and Captain Young of the same county wounded at Malvern Hill.

After Malvern Hill several weeks of quiet were passed near Richmond. No further movement was attempted by McClellan on the Peninsula. The next movement of the Washington government was to appoint John Pope, the man who had "always seen only the backs of his enemies," to take command of the army. With a "flourish of trumpets" he began his preparations of threatening Richmond from the north, which change of tactics was promptly apprehended by General Lee. Of Jackson's flank movement, by which he managed to strike Pope at a point where he least expected, and after a sanguinary conflict at Cedar Run put him to flight, winning large trophies and capturing many prisoners, it is unnecessary to speak. This initiatory victory over Pope led to active measures in Washington to concentrate all the available Federal force on the upper Rappahannock with which to rëinforce Pope. Meanwhile, General Lee, leaving D. H. Hill's division behind to watch the movements of McClellan, marched on the 13th of August with the main body of his army for Gordonsville, north of Richmond. Hill's command followed in the latter part of August, consequently reaching Manassas in time only to view the green plains strewn with the blue and gray dead, the living Federals having fled in confusion towards Washington. Such was the situation which marked the result of the three days' fighting known as "Second Manassas."

"Maryland, My Maryland!" With what bounding hearts did our boys climb up the opposite shores of the Potomac, looking confidently for the support and encouragement of the Maryland people, but alas, such hopes were doomed to disappointment!

The army rested at Frederick City, Md., from the 6th until the 10th of September. The first engagement on Maryland soil was at South Mountain Gap, on the main road from Frederick City to Boonsborough, along which the Federal army was directing its march. Here D. H. Hill's divison, on the 14th, successfully held in check the main body of McClellan's army thus enabling Jackson to march to the Virginia side and capture Harper's Ferry, while Lee was conducting his troops preparatory to the coming struggle at Sharpsburg. In the action at South Mountain, known in Southern history as the battle of Boonsborough, the 23rd Regiment bore a prominent part, and it was in this fight that General Garland, the brigade commander, was killed. It is well to recur to the report of this battle, as furnished by General D. H. Hill to the *Century* Magazine of May, 1886, for facts and observations, we quote:

"In the retirement of Lee's army from Frederick to Hagerstown and Boonsborough, my division constituted the rear-guard. It consisted of five brigades (Wise's brigade being left behind), and after the arrival at Boonsborough, was intrusted with guarding the wagon-trains and packs of artillery belonging to the whole army."

It was to save Lee's trains and artillery that the battle was fought, and not to prevent the advance of McClellan, as was believed in the North from an exaggerated idea about the number of Confederates engaged. General Hill says:

"My division was very small and was embarrassed with the wagon-trains and artillery of the whole army, save such as Jackson had taken with him."

It must be remembered that the army now before McClellan had been constantly marching and fighting since the 25th of June. It had fought McClellan's army from Richmond to the James, and then turned round and fought Pope's army, reinforced by McClellan's, from the Rapidan to the Potomac. The order excusing barefooted men from marching into Maryland had sent thousands to the rear. Divisions that had become smaller than brigades were when the fighting first began; brigades had become smaller than regiments, and regiments had become smaller than companies.

On the morning of the 14th, having fixed his lines of battle, General Hill relates that, accompanied by Major Ratchford of his staff, he was talking with a mountaineer who stood near his cabin, surrounded by his children. The mountaineer supposing that the General and the Major were Federal officers, was giving information about roads and "rebels." "Just then a shell came hurling through the woods, and a little girl began crying. Having a little one at home of about the same size, I could not forbear from stopping a moment to say a few soothing words to the frightened child. * * The firing had aroused that prompt and gallant soldier, General Garland, and his men were under arms when I reached the pike. I explained the situation briefly to him, directed him to sweep through the woods, reach the road and hold it at all hazards, as the safety of Lee's large train depended upon its being held. He went off in high spirits, and I never saw him again. I never knew a truer, braver, better man."

Garland's force was five regiments of infantry and Bondurant's battery of artillery, his infantry force being a little less than a thousand men, all North Carolinians. The five regiments were: The 5th, placed on the right; the 12th, placed as a support; the 23d, posted behind a low stone wall on the left of the 5th; then came the 20th and 30th. From the nature of the ground and the duty to be performed, the regiments were not in contact with each other, and the 30th was 250 yards to the left of the 20th. Fifty skirmishers of the 5th North Carolina soon encountered the 23d Ohio, deployed as skirmishers under Lieutenant-Colonel R. B. Hayes, afterward President of the United States, and the action began at nine A. M. between Cox's division and Garland's brigade. General Hill then gives the forces, respectively, engaged, and concludes that Cox's infantry, artillery and cavalry, reached 3,000, while Garland's opposing brigade numbered "scarce a thousand." Lieutenant-Colonel Ruffin, of the 13th North Carolina, later judge on the Supreme Court bench of this State, was with General Garland when the latter received his fatal wound. The effort of the enemy seemed to be to turn the 13th, and Colonel Ruffin in vain urged Gen. Garland to go to the other part of his line. With him "the post of danger was the post of honor." Judge Ruffin, in a letter to General Hill, stated that he had just told General Garland to get to a safer position from which to superintend his brigade when he received the mortal wound. Says General Hill: "Upon the fall of Garland, Colonel McRae, of the 5th North Carolina Regiment, assumed command, and ordered the two regiments on the left to close in to the right." This order was not received, or found impossible of execution. The main attack was on the 23d North Carolina behind the stone-wall (Colonel Blacknall, its commander, was then on sick furlough). General Hill continues: "The Federals had a plunging fire upon this regiment (the 23d North Carolina), from the crest of the hill, higher than the wall, and only about fifty yards from it."

The 12th Ohio made a charge upon Bondurant's battery, and drew it off, failing, however, to capture it. The 30th Ohio advanced directly upon the stone-wall in their front, while a regiment moved upon the 23d North Carolina on each flank (a hot position for the 23d.) The result was, "some of the 30th Ohio forced through a break in the wall, and bayonets and clubbed muskets were used freely for a few minutes. Garland's brigade, demoralized by his death and by the furious assault on its centre, broke now in confusion and retreated behind the mountain, leaving some 200 prisoners of the 5th, 23d and 20th North Carolina in the hands of the enemy. The brigade was too roughly handled to be of any further use that day."

A half hour afterwards, according to General Hill, General G. B. Anderson, of North Carolina, arrived with "a small but fine body of men," and made an effort to rescue the ground lost by Garland's brigade, "but failed and met a serious repulse." The loss in Garland's brigade is put by General Hill at, killed and wounded 100; missing 200—and in concluding the account, he says:

"If the battle of South Mountain was fought to prevent the advance of McClellan, it was a failure on the part of the Confederates; if it was fought to save Lee's trains and artillery, and to re-unite his scattered forces, it was a Confederate success."

The latter view was the true one. On the 17th of September, the battle of Sharpsburg, as known in Southern History, was fought. Colonel D. K. McRae, of the 5th North Carolina, was in command of the brigade. The divisions of D. H. Hill and Longstreet bravely held the centre and right in this action. The 23d regiment here was able to muster but few men, comparatively, many members of the regiment being bare-footed and absolutely unable to keep up with the rapid march over the rough and rocky roads. For several days the ration-supply for the boys had been roasting-ears, hard-grained at that. At one point in this fight the brigade wavered, and it occured through a mistake, or an order from some one not authorized to give it. While the line was advancing and driving the enemy before it a voice was heard: "Cease firing—you are shooting your own men," at the same moment several hands being seen along the line waving as if to indicate a sign for retreat. At this critical juncture the fire of the enemy in front increased, and a "run back" by the brigade was the consequence. No explanation was ever known for the mistake, "ruse" or whatever it was. The loss of the regiment in the two battles of South Mountain and Sharpsburg was about 45 privates and non-commissioned officers wounded and 15 or 20 killed; and of commissioned officers from 3 to 6 wounded; none killed. Assistant Surgeon Jordan was killed at South Mountain.

General Lee awaited a revival of the attack next day, but the enemy declined to advance, and learning that reinforcements were coming forward to McClellan, who had been put in command again after Pope's defeat at Manassas, General Lee withdrew his forces and recrossed the Potomac on the night of the 18th of September, 1862. After returning to Virginia, the army of Lee remained for some time spread out in encampment from the vicinity of Martinsburg to Winchester, in a country noted for productive farms, rich in choicest fruits of the pasture and watered by never-failing streams. The work of recruiting now commenced, and the effective force of the army was soon increased, the 23d getting its share by enlistment of conscripts and return of men who had been sick and wounded. After resting for a period of weeks along the banks of the Opequan, we find the regiment being moved by rapid marches to meet the enemy at Fredericksburg. The part it took at Fredericksburg was not very prominent. After the death of Garland, the brigade was commanded by General Alfred Iverson, a Georgian. After the battle of Sharpsburg, and while around Fredericksburg, General Rodes commanded the division. At Chancellorsville the regiment was on the extreme left, and was conspicuous in turning the enemy's right and accomplishing Hooker's defeat. Its loss was heavy at Chancellorsville. Its Major, C. C. Blacknall, was wounded here, and fell into the hands of the enemy, was confined in the old Capitol prison at Washington, at the time the Confederate spy, Miss Belle Boyd, was there; but was exchanged in time to return to the army before Gettysburg. The loss in the 23d at Chancellorsville was officially reported by General Rodes, as 173 killed, wounded and missing. Among the killed was Captain James S. Knight, of Rockingham, Richmond county.

In the Gettysburg campaign no part of the army acted a more important part than did the 23d North Carolina. It was engaged in the fight of the first day at Gettysburg, in which the brigade lost fifty-five per cent. in killed and wounded. The loss in this regiment was so great the first day, that it could not be taken into action, as a regiment, the succeeding days. The regiment was left without a commissioned officer, all being among the killed and wounded, and there remained but one non-commissioned officer and sixteen privates. The Colonel, D. H. Christie, was mortally wounded. Lieutenant-Colonel R. D. Jordan was badly wounded through the lower jaw and neck. Captain Baskerville, of Company G, killed on the field. Major Blacknall, first day at Gettysburg, was disabled by a ball that entered his mouth, knocking out several teeth and passing back through the neck. On the retreat to Virginia, he was captured, his terrible wound having forced him to stop for rest at a farm house. Colonels Christie and Johnston were also captured in an ambulance, but were rescued by Confederate cavalry and taken to Williamsport. The former died on the way to Winchester. Blacknall managed to escape from his captors, but was taken again next morning, then taken to Fort McHenry, where, with other officers, he was forced to draw lots for the fate of being shot in retaliation for a Federal Major shot in Richmond. Major Blacknall drew the unlucky number, and was condemned to execution, but for some reason his life was spared, then transferred to the horrors of Johnson Island, where he spent the winter, returning to his home in March, 1864. Against remonstrances of family and friends—although a wreck now of his former self, by reason of wounds and hardships—he scorned to accept a "bomb-proof" position, but rejoined his regiment in time to go with Early on his truly great march on Washington. By the way, it is said that Melville Holman, of Colonel Blacknall's old company in the 23d, was killed at a point nearer to Washington than any other Confederate who fell in the war.

Now, some words as to the careers, respectively, of Christie and Blacknall, the latter having succeeded the former as colonel of the regiment.

Daniel Harvey Christie was born in Frederick county, Va., March 28, 1833. In early life he displayed a fondness for military studies, and was educated at a military school. He became a citizen of Henderson, Granville county, N. C., some time in 1857, taking charge of both the male and female schools of the town. Of the former he established the Henderson Military Institute. The breaking out of the war found him in this position. He was quick to bound into the ring of military life, upon which he was destined to reflect so much honor and glory. His first wound was received at Seven Pines. Again, at Cold Harbor, just after Seven Pines, he was severely wounded and carried from the field. Within sixty days he returned to the command, and devoted himself diligently to the work of recruiting and disciplining his regiment. At South Mountain his management of the regiment, under exceptionally trying circumstances, was such as to elicit from General Garland words of highest praise for his regiment and himself, a few minutes before the general received his mortal wound.

After Sharpsburg, and when the army had recrossed the Potomac, Colonel Christie was ordered by General D. H. Hill to take command of Brigadier-General Anderson's Brigade, the latter having been terribly wounded. He commanded this brigade until Colonel, afterwards Major, Bryan Grimes reported for duty, when Christie returned to his own regiment.

At Gettysburg the fight was opened by Iverson's Brigade, of which the 23d was a part, and Christie held his men for hours under the most terrific and galling fires, until the whole regiment was either killed, wounded or captured, with the exception of one non-commissioned officer (some say lieutenant) and sixteen men. He was in the act of leading a charge when he fell mortally wounded, and many other brave men and officers of his command fell immediately near him. Some years ago a writer in the magazine called "Our Living and Dead," in noting Colonel Christie's death, wrote:

> "This not only closes the military but the early career of a truly noble patriot, over whom memory will ever linger pleasantly among his friends and with those with whom he served, and who ought to have the gratitude of all who love the South."

A touching piece of poetry, appearing in that magazine, commemorates his pathetic allusions to his darling wife whom he so much desired to see ere his spirit should take its everlasting flight. "But alas!" says the writer, "she came too late—she saw him no more." She, noble woman, survives, and is residing near Franklin, Virginia, and having had her gallant husband's remains bought home, she doubtless is solaced, in some degree commensurate with her sorrow, by the blessed privilege of spreading ever living flowers upon his grave.

Charles Christopher Blacknall was born in Granville county, North Carolina, December 4th, 1831. He was a brother of Dr. George W. Blacknall and Major T. H., and father of Mr. Oscar Blacknall—a man of letters and well known from his productions in the *Atlantic* Monthly and the newspapers. He married Miss Virginia Spencer, of Oxford, who still lives to mourn the death of her true and manly husband. These facts we get from Captain Capehart's recently delivered memorial on Colonel Blacknall, and from the Henderson *Gold Leaf*, whose editor, commenting on the truth and beauty of that address, adds his own eulogy of the dead:

"Colonel Blacknall had ardent patriotism, high conviction of right and principle, and an engaging manhood. His presence was attractive, his gifts were many, his heroism of a lofty type."

Such a man must needs have made an ideal Southern soldier. He received his death wound at the battle of Winchester, September 19, 1864. Having his foot shattered by a ball from a cavalryman's carbine, amputation failed to arrest the gangrene that subsequently set in, and he died on March 4th, being administered to by the good ladies of Winchester. He was buried by Christie's side—both Colonels of the 23rd North Carolina and *par nobile fratrum*. While the remains of Christie have been transferred to his home, Blacknall sleeps in the Stonewall cemetery at Winchester—a fact, which, whether of deliberate choice on the part of friends or not, seems fitting to meet the idea of the patriot bard: "Where should a soldier rest but where he fell."

To return to the regiment. We would be only too glad to have given a more detailed, as well as extended, account of battles already referred to, which friends have furnished us, particularly of Chancellorsville and Gettysburg; but it is probably well to have left that to the more general historian, since the action of one command, in any given fight, may be taken, as a rule, to be the action of all under the guiding hand and genius of their respective leaders. For the purposes of this sketch, an extensive account of any battle is not called for; hence, for the remaining report to be given, we propose to condense as much as possible.

After Gettysburg the remainder of the brigade, which was then almost without a field officer, refused longer to serve under Iverson, and Lieutenant-Colonel R. D. Johnston was made Brigadier-General. Iverson was removed and Lieutenant-Colonel Robert D. Johnston, of Lincoln county, N. C., was placed in command of the brigade, the division being commanded by Rodes.

Gettysburg had proved to be the "lion in the path" of General Lee's march into the enemy's country, and he soon fell back into Virginia. In operations at Vidiersville, and near Brandy Station in the fall of 1863, the regiment sustained loss, but not heavy. In barracks, at Hanover, during the winter of 1863 and 1864, the regiment may be said to have had a really good time, as did the entire brigade. So at the opening of the campaign in 1864, the regiment and entire brigade appeared well recruited for duty, well equipped and in good fighting trim generally. Governor Vance, in a speech to the army, said the boys looked like they had "corn to sell." This remark of Governor Vance's suggested most strikingly the contrast as between the appearance of the troops then and their woebegone plight on the return from the fatal field of Gettysburg. It was somewhat now like it was when the fight first opened at Chancellorsville, barring the fact that the regiment did not number so many men. It entered the fight at Chancellorsville in first-rate trim, numbering somewhere between 300 and 400 men, rank and file. It lost good officers there in the death of Captains Knight, of Co. D, and Hedspeth, of Co. K, besides from fifty to sixty privates and two commissioned officers killed and from 125 to 150 wounded, as estimated by Captain Cole, formerly of Co. "D," although the roster's report does not exceed fifty killed and seventy wounded. It was with a force much reduced that the regiment entered the first day's fight at Gettysburg. It must have been a small command at that battle, although it exhibited the nerve and endurance of a host. Its Adjutant, Junius French, was killed there, and among the killed also was Wm. H. Johnston, Captain of Co. K, while the roster places the killed of privates and non-commissioned officers at about fifty-five, and eighty-nine wounded, and fifty-three among the captured and missing. Among the wounded and captured of the 23rd was Captain H. G. Turner, of Co. H, since the war a distinguished member of Congress from Georgia. He is a native of Granville, and brother of Adjutant Vines E. Turner. It is well authenticated that only one officer and not exceeding twenty men of the regiment escaped death, wounding or capture.

It was about the 7th of May, 1864, that the brigade, after a season of recreation in the vicinity of Hanover and Taylorsville, received orders to rejoin the army at the Wilderness, near Spotsylvania Court

House. General Grant was now in command on the other side. The regiment had a part in the battle of the Wilderness.

Brigadier-General Johnston joined his command on the Rappahannock just before the battle of Mine Run, and participated in that fight, although the brigade was not actively engaged, as it was a mere skirmish. The brigade reached the army, from Hanover, just before the battle of the Wilderness. It participated in the engagement with Gordon's Brigade, turning the right flank of the Federal line. The brigade, in making the flank attack, penetrated to the rear of the enemy with some 300 or 400 men, but was recalled, and escaped through the line and took part in the exceedingly bloody action of next day.

At Spotsylvania C. H. the brigade was held in reserve to support any point of attack along the line. In the morning the line occupied by Daniel's and Doles' Brigades was assailed, and they were driven from their breastworks. Johnston's Brigade re-carried the works and re-established the line. This was done in the presence of General Robert E. Lee. The troops refused to make the charge until General Lee withdrew from the field, he then being at a very exposed point.

In making this charge a contest arose between two of the brigade officers, which proved that the race, (if not always) is sometimes to the swift. Major Brooks, of the 20th North Carolina, and Captain James F. Johnston, aid-de-camp to General R. D. Johnston, were the participants. A flag of the enemy had been planted on the breastworks occupied by Doles' Brigade, now held by three lines of battle. In the charge made to retake the works, each of these two officers made a dash for the flag. Brooks reached out his hand just in front of Johnston and seized the flag, carried it back to the rear, and presented it to General Lee with the request that it be sent to North Carolina as one of the trophies of the brigade. It was sent to North Carolina, with a letter from General Lee very complimentary to North Carolina troops.

After the recapture of the line of breastworks the brigade was again withdrawn, occupying its position in reserve until the line held by Major-General Edward Johnson was carried by the enemy. Johnson's Brigade was ordered to re-take that line of works. The enemy had crossed over where the Stonewall brigade had been located, and after penetrating 200 yards inside the Confederate line with three lines of battle, were occupying a thin piece of woods just in rear of the Stonewall brigade line, and the angle from which Edward Johnson's division had been driven. The brigade made a charge in the woods and was confronted with three lines of battle not more than fifty yards apart, and there could not have been less than 5,000 men in the three lines. The insufficient number of men to meet such a force was so apparent that when the brigade struck the enemy's first line, an officer from a New York regiment dashed out and demanded the surrender of the brigade; he was immediately shot down, and another came up to the brigade with like command, only to share the same fate. Instead of surrendering, an officer of the command seized the colors of the 23d Regiment and the brigade was ordered to charge. They charged, driving back the left of the enemy's line, and passed on, entering the angle of the breastworks, out of which they drove the enemy, and re-captured that part of the line. The whole Confederate line was then restored by the aid of other troops. General Johnston, while making observations from the top of the breastworks in the angle, was shot in the head and carried from the field.

In the charge to re-establish General Lee's line at a point known as the Salient, Colonel Garrett, of the 23d, was killed. Colonel W. S. Davis, of the 12th North Carolina, was placed temporarily in command of the 23d regiment, about this time. Individual incidents are not lacking, only the facts and circumstances are not in hand, to give prominent place to certain persons in these critical attacks. We would mention that Corporal E. S. Hart, of Company D, was flag-bearer of the 23rd at Spotsylvania, as he had been in previous engagements. In the hands of Hart, while he was able to be "on his pegs," that flag was never lowered except once, and that was when he was knocked down with the breech of a gun by a Federal.

The second Cold Harbor battle was not participated in by the 23d, but about this time it, with the brigade, was detached from Lee's army and sent into the valley under Early to meet Hunter. Captain Frank Bennett, of Anson county, was acting colonel of the regiment, and in that celebrated campaign the command was spoken of as "Bennett and his invincibles." It has been impossible, and will be, to report accurately the losses of the regiment in the campaign just closed, or in that now just opening before our command. The career of General Robert D. Johnston's Brigade, in the brilliant campaign with Early, is but a history of the 23d Regiment, which constantly shared its fortunes through it all—thence again to the lines at Petersburg, and down to the end.

The next fighting done by the brigade was as a part of Early's command in that truly great march on Washington city. The brigade was in all the battles of that command, and made the flank movement with Gordon's Division at Bell Grove and Cedar Creek. In this battle it had a hand-to-hand conflict with the 6th Army Corps. It captured, with the aid of Battle's Brigade, of Alabama, six pieces of artillery, which were gallantly defended by the artillerymen, who died at their posts rather than surrender. The brigade was ordered to take position in front of Middleburg, where it remained during the day, having skirmished with cavalry in front. That evening General Sheridan, having taken command of the Federal troops, made his attack on the left flank of the Confederate line. The brigade was in position where it could see the line as it broke, first at the point held by Gordon's Brigade, and then at that held by Ramseur's Brigade. These brigades retired from the field in great confusion. Johnston's Brigade was the only organized body that retired from the presence of the enemy with its line unbroken, halting and firing repeatedly as they were pressed upon, being the only organized force then of the Confederate army.

After falling back near Cedar Creek, General Pegram sent an order to Johnston "to cross the bridge" and follow the road towards Strasburg. General Johnston sent a message to him that it would be impossible to cross the bridge, as the breastworks built by the enemy commanded the bridge completely, and that the enemy would occupy them before he (Johnston) could cross; but that he could cross below, and preserve his brigade intact. A second staff officer from General Pegram commanded Johnston to bring his brigade across the bridge just under the command of those breastworks, which, in the meantime, had become occupied by the enemy, and thus, while the brigade was attempting to cross the bridge, a hot fire was poured into their line from the breastworks. Being totaly unprotected and at the mercy of the enemy, the brigade fell into confusion, and retreated under cover of the darkness. On the retreat up the valley, the brigade was covering the rear, followed by Sheridan's cavalry, in the flush of victory and determined to put the Confederates to rout, if possible. Thus was the command, from morning until night, followed and harried by a persistent foe; when the retreating column, attenuated as it was, had reached a point near Mount Jackson, General Johnston was ordered to face about and hold the enemy in check. He formed a line of battle, threw out his skirmishers, and had one of the hottest fights in which the brigade was engaged on the skirmish line. The enemy was defeated and driven back.

It was on the 19th day of September, 1864, when Colonel Blacknall, of the 23rd, got his death wound, that Johnston's brigade won distinguished notice. General Bradley T. Johnson, a brilliant soldier and writer of Maryland, gave a graphic account of that day's battle through the newspapers. We give an extract from his report of Sheridan's advance on that day:

"By daylight, the 19th of September, a scared cavalryman of my own command, nearly rode over me as I lay asleep on the grass, and reported that the Yankees were advancing with a heavy force of infantry, artillery and cavalry up the Berryville road. * * * Johnston and I were responsible for keeping Sheridan out of Winchester, and protecting the Confederate line of retreat, and communication up the valley. In two minutes the command was mounted and moving at a trot across the open fields to the Berryville road and to Johnston's assistance. There was not a fence nor a tree nor a bush to obscure the view. We could see the crest of a hill, covered with a cloud of cavalry, and in front of them—500 yards in front—was a thin grey line moving off in retreat solidly and in perfect coolness and self-possession. * * * A regiment of cavalry would deploy into line and their bugles would sound the 'charge' and they'd swoop down on the 'thin grey line of North Carolina.' The instant the Yankee bugles sounded, North Carolina (Johnston's Brigade) would halt, face by the rear rank, wait until the horse got within 100 yards and then fire as deliberately and coolly as if firing volleys on brigade drill. The cavalry would break and scamper back, and North Carolina would 'about face' and continue her march in retreat as solemnly and with as much dignity as marching in review. But we got there just in time, that is to engage cavalry with cavalry, and hold Sheridan in check until Johnston had got back to the rest of the infantry and formed line at right angles to the pike west of Winchester."

Being an entirely open country, everything that was going on could be seen for miles around; and Bradley Johnston says, in conclusion:

"There were 45,000 infantry and 10,000 cavalry in the open fields against 8,500 infantry and 3,000 mounted gun-men. The thing began at daylight and kept on until dark, when flanked and worn out, Early retreated, to escape being surrounded.

"This is the story (given only in part here) of the thin grey line of North Carolina and the cavalry charge, a feat of arms before which that of Sir Colin Campbell fades into insignificance."

The brigade had a severe fight at the Monocacy river, near Frederick City, in entering Maryland. Captain W. C. Wall, commanding Company F, was severely wounded in this fight. While General Gordon's Division crossed the river and attacked the line of battle in the flank, Johnston's Brigade was ordered to capture a block-house on the other side of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. A considerable number of the enemy were in the railroad cut and perfectly protected. The brigade charged across the railroad on the bridge, under a raking fire from a heavy battery on the other side of the river. Seeing it could not carry the block-house in that way, a company of soldiers passed under the culvert and opened fire on the enemy in the railroad cut from the flank, drew them out of the cut, and captured the block-house. When the first attempt to take the block-house, made by Colonel Blacknall with the 23d Regiment, had failed, by reason of an enfilade fire from a line of battle behind the railroad, which caused the regiment to fall back, General Johnston sent a message to Colonel Davis to take the 12th Regiment and capture it. Colonel Davis says:

"General J. was not in a very good humor and I was suffering (sick) so that I could hardly walk. However, I went forward to the ravine (not knowing the cause of the falling back of the 23d), and here halted and had picked men as videttes to reconnoitre and see all they could. Finding out about the line of battle behind the railroad, I sent General J. a message that if I advanced I would expose my men to an enfilade fire, and that if he would dislodge the line of battle behind the railroad I could take the house without loss of men. I never heard from General J. In the meantime, the fight was going on on the other side between Wallace (of Ben Hur fame) and Gordon. Three lines of battle engaged Gordon's one, and now Wallace begins to retreat. His men on our side then had to cross over quickly or be taken. I moved forward, and as we struck the bridge on our side the enemy was clearing it on the other side. The retreat and pursuit began, which continued for about two miles. We then advanced as far as Blair's farm, in full view of Washington city, but soon deemed it wise to come back into Virginia."

Of course the operations in the valley under Early, already given, were subsequent to the action and events recorded immediately above. In the valley campaign, the brigade was transferred to Ramseur's division. At his death, General John Pegram succeeded to the command of the division. Almost simultaneous with the transfer of Sheridan from the valley to Grant's line near Petersburg, Early's command returned to the aid of Lee, at least the greater part of it.

Picket duty on Hatcher's Run, during the greater part of the winter, was onerous and severe. The 23rd took an active part in the fight at Hatcher's Run, Captain Peace, of Granville, being its commander. It was in this action that General John Pegram was killed, and Captain Frank Bennett, of Anson, formerly commander of the 23rd, lost an arm, at the time being in command of the brigade skirmishers. The division was afterwards commanded by General Walker. Johnston's was one of the attacking brigades that carried the enemy's line of breastworks at the battle of Hare's Hill, in which action General Johnston was so injured by a fall from the breastworks, a sprain of the ankle, that he was carried from the field.

On the withdrawal of the army from Petersburg, he followed in an ambulance. To the last, was he true to the high, soldierly instincts of his nature. Finding that the Federal cavalry were about to capture the whole line of wagons and ambulances, he got hold of a few stragglers, stopped an ammunition wagon, made every man get down and take a gun, and with this force he prevented the capture of the wagon and ambulance train. Further on in the great retreat the cavalry broke into the line, captured General Johnston's ambulance, and the rest including a portion of the wagon train. General Johnston cut off the insignia of his rank from his coat, and seizing a mule, the driver having fled, he mounted the warlike animal bareback, rode back behind where the outfit had been captured, organized a force of stragglers and recaptured the whole line. A cause that had such grit as that in its defence, deserved success. But we hasten to a conclusion, regretting the incompleteness of a task which has been both pleasing and sad.

At dawn on the 9th of April, the scene of a bloody midnight skirmish is passed. Gordon's command, of which the 23rd Regiment is a part, moves with spirit against a body of infantry which after a volley falls back precipitately, and once more the "rebel yell" of victory cheers on our brave boys. But suddenly and strangely a halt is ordered, and the command marched from vigorous pursuit in the direction of the town. The whole army is massing in the vicinity of the courthouse—and see, there are Federal officers riding in the midst of Confederates, while on the neighboring hills and passing swiftly to the right, go hundreds of Federal cavalry, frantic with huzzas. Can it be? Ah, yes, the stacked arms, broken ranks, furled banners and weeping soldiers, proclaim the surrender of Lee's proud army.

Dr. R. J. Hicks, now of Warrenton, Virginia, who was a faithful surgeon to the 23rd, all through the war, says of the regiment:

"It did as much hard service, fought in as many battles, was as constant in the performance of duty as any other regiment in the army. And at Appomattox," says Dr. Hicks, "it surrendered about as many men as any other regiment in the army."

By the Appomattox "parole lists," taken from the last volume of the "Rebellion Records," it is shown that Johnston's brigade, at the surrender, numbered 463 men, rank and file. At that time, the brigade was commanded by Colonel J. W. Lea.

We close this paper with the addition of the following statistics, taken from the source above indicated, with reference to North Carolina soldiers surrendered at Appomattox: Total, forty-two regiments and one battalion infantry; five regiments and one battalion cavalry, and five battalions artillery. That all these should have numbered only 5,022 rank and file, at the surrender, says the Wilmington *Messenger*, shows the wear and tear North Carolina troops had sustained. First and last, by the muster rolls, these commands had contained over 100,000 men.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, June 6, 1897.]

ROCKBRIDGE SECOND DRAGOONS.

A Short History of the Company—Its Roll.

Mr. J. Scott Moore contributes the following to the Rockbridge county *News*:

The Rockbridge Second Dragoons was organized in the lower end of Rockbridge, principally in the vicinity of Brownsburg, and was mustered into service April 21, 1861. The officers at that time were John R. McNutt, captain; Robert McChesney, first lieutenant; John A. Gibson, second lieutenant; Dr. Z. J. Walker, third lieutenant. They were ordered to West Virginia (then Virginia), where Lieutenant McChesney was killed, probably the first man killed on Virginia soil. His tragic death occurred near St. George, Tucker county. Lieutenants Gibson and Walker were promoted to be first and second lieutenants by vacancy, and John Y. Anderson was made third lieutenant.

At the reorganization in 1862, after first year's service, John A. Gibson was made captain; James A. Strain, first lieutenant; James Archibald Lyle, second lieutenant, and James Lindsay, third lieutenant. The company was then doing service in Major William L. Jackson's battalion, composed of the following companies: Churchville Cavalry, from Augusta county; Charlotte Cavalry, from Charlotte county, and Rockbridge Second Dragoons, from Rockbridge county.

The 14th Virginia Cavalry was organized in 1862, and these three companies were assigned to it, the Dragoons becoming Company H. Captain John A. Gibson was made Lieutenant-Colonel, and promotions were made in the Dragoons as follows: James A. Strain, Captain; James Lindsay, First Lieutenant; William M. Sterrett, Second Lieutenant; Z. J. Culton, Third Lieutenant, who died in Salem while the regiment was in winter quarters near that town the winter of 1862–'63. A. B. Mackey was elected to fill Lieutenant Culton's place. Lieutenant Mackey was killed near Moorefield, Hardy county, on the retreat from the burning of Chambersburg in 1864. William N. Wilson was elected to supply the vacancy caused by his death. At the surrender the company was officered as follows: Captain, James A. Strain; First Lieutenant, James Lindsay; Second Lieutenant, William M. Sterret; Third Lieutenant, William N. Wilson.

This company holds undisputed the unique position of having probably the first and the last man killed on Virginia soil. Lieutenant Robert McChesney was the first, being bushwhacked in West Virginia, and James H. Wilson and Samuel B. Walker were killed at Appomattox on the 9th of April, 1865, several hours after the terms of capitulation had been signed by Generals Lee and Grant.

The following is a list of the dead and living who at any time during the war served in the company: William Adams, James Y. Anderson, John Y. Anderson, Samuel B. Anderson, Jacob H. Anderson, Robert Anderson, H. W. Bagley, D. S. Black, William Black, A. M. Brown, Charles B. Buchanan, William Brownlee, Jno. Brownlee, S. Balser, James Breedlove, Thomas Chittum, John Chittum, Z. J. Culton, Joseph Culton, John Campbell, William Davis, L. P. Davis, David Dice, George W. Dice, John Dice, Archibald Davis, Andrew Ervin, James B. Firebaugh, James W. Firebaugh, Henry Firebaugh, Taylor Ford, Alexander Ford, Isaac Friend, Robert Fulwiler, Henry A. Green, C. P. Green, John H. Greiner, C. C. Greiner, Granville Greiner, James L. Glendy, J. W. Gibson, John A. Gibson, J. Samuel Gibson, Howard Houston, N. B. Hull, James M. Huffman, John Huffman, Lorenzo Hill, John Hanger, Charles W. Irvine, John Johnston, John M. Kirkpatrick, Joseph Kennedy, Hugh Kennedy, David Kennedy, Joseph Kinnear, W. B. F. Leech, James Lindsay, H. T. Lindsay, John Lowman, James A. Lyle, William A. Lyle, John H. Lyle, James Lockridge, Isaac Lotts, Jacob Ludwick, W. R. Lackey, H. A. Lackey, A. B. Mackey, John W. Mackey, Gideon Marks, H. Rudd Morrison, John R. McNutt, Josiah McNutt, J. J. McBride, Samuel C. McMaster, Samuel Mines, John McKinsey, B. F. McClung, D. B. McClung, James A. McClung, John T. McClung, A. A. McClung, Henry (Little) Mackey, John Henry Mackey, A. A. Moore, Jas. McChesney, Robert McChesney, John K. Moore, William A. McCutchan, N. B. McCluer, Ananias J. Miller, John L. Morter, A. H. Moore, David H. McCray, Thomas Norcross, W. A. Norcross, Chas. Newton, James W. Ott, Frank Ott, William H. Parrent, Marion Parrent, Samuel G. Pettigrew, W. L. Patterson, H. W. Patterson, Cyrus Patterson, Nimrod Patterson, David Pultz, Wesley Paxton, Abner Paxton, John A. Paxton, Brenard Pinkerton, Fay Pinkerton, Harvey Payne, Chris. Palmer, W. W. Runnels, James Runnels, Samuel T. Rhea, James A. Strain, Samuel P. Strain, William A. Sandridge, Jacob H. Shaner, John N. Stoner, D. H. Stoner, William M. Sale, Robert Sale, Samuel W. Short, John Sheridan, John N. Snider, James H. Snider, Thomas Sensabaugh, James Smiley, Andrew Smiley, Robert Sterrett, Daniel Swisher, James Swisher, Wm. W. Smallwood, Alexander Stuart, S. W. Stuart, J. G. Stuart, William M. Sterrett, Samuel W. Sterrett, H. L. Terrill, James Terrill, F. H. Templeton, Arch. Taylor, William Taylor, Howard H. Thompson, John F. Tribbett, William Vines, A. H. Weir, William N. Wilson, Thomas M. Wilson, M. D. Wilson, Samuel N. Wilson, John Edgar Wilson, John W. Wheat, James Withers, H. A. Withers, John H. Whitmore, William Wright, John R. Wright, J. Alpheus Wilson, Robert Wilson, John Welsh, Matthew X. White, William A. Walker, Cyrus Walker, Dr. Z. J. Walker, Alexander Walker, Samuel H. Weir, Arch. Withrow, James H. Wilson, Howard Wilson, Samuel B. Walker.

Killed—A. A. Moore; Robert McChesney, bushwhacked near St. George, Tucker county, in 1861; Andrew Ervin, killed at Bratton's farm; Howard Houston, in battle, 1864; James Lockridge in battle in 1863; A. B. Mackey, at Moorefield, W. Va., in 1864; H. Rudd Morrison, in 1862; John F. Tribbett, at Monocacy in 1864; Samuel B. Walker and James H. Wilson, April 9, 1865, at Appomattox Courthouse; M. X. White, shot by Hunter's command near Lexington, while a prisoner, in 1864.

Died During War—Samuel B. Anderson, Jacob H. Anderson, Robert Anderson, Charles B. Buchanan, Z. J. Colton, William B. Firebaugh, Henry Firebaugh, Joseph Kinnear, Robert Sterret, Alexander Stuart.

The following died in prison: H. W. Patterson, Cyrus Patterson, John Henry Mackey, Gideon Marks, William Brownlee, William Black. Wesley Paxton was drowned in the Kanawha river in 1862.

The 14th Virginia Regiment was in Jenkins', afterwards McCausland's, Brigade, and did service in West Virginia, the Shenandoah Valley, and around Richmond. It was composed of three companies from Greenbrier, one from Augusta, one from Charlotte, one from Upshur, one from Rockbridge, and a large portion of two others were from this county (Captain William A. Lackey's and Alexander M. Peck's), the remainder of these two companies being from Roanoke, Pulaski, Montgomery and Highland counties. It was among the best mounted regiments in the service, and the discipline and their soldierly bearing were noticeable. James Cochran, of Augusta county, was Colonel; John A. Gibson, of Rockbridge, Lieutenant-Colonel; B. F. Eakle, of the Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs, Major, and Edward S. Roe, of Orange Courthouse, Surgeon. It was one of the regiments out of four that raided Pennsylvania to enforce the order of levying a tax of several hundred thousand dollars on the cities and towns of that State, as compensation for the burning of the mills and barns in the Shenandoah Valley by Sheridan in 1863. They burned Chambersburg because the Council of that city refused to pay the levy of $150,000. The regiment surrendered at Appomattox in 1865.

[From the New Orleans *Picayune*, April 25, 1897.]

EUGENE WAGGAMAN.

Colonel 10th Louisiana Infantry, C. S. Army.

A SKETCH OF THIS GALLANT AND USEFUL LIFE.

A massive figure in Louisiana history passed peacefully out of this life, in this city last night, a massive figure in the history of the gigantic struggle between the North and the South.

Colonel Eugene Waggaman died, venerable, and crowned with the honor of one of the greatest records of the late war. If Malvern Hill had had the poet who immortalized the Six Hundred, Colonel Waggaman would not be less known throughout the world to-day than they, and as long as history conserves the names of the brave, his name will make the Louisianian proud.

The Colonel's death was quite sudden. Two days ago he was enjoying better health than usually falls to the lot of a man of seventy years. He was stopping at the home of one of his children, at No. 5340 Pitt street. When his coffee was handed him yesterday morning, before he had gotten out of bed, his head was seen to droop and blood gushed from his mouth. It was soon discovered that he had suffered another stroke of apoplexy, and the physicians said he could not live through the night. Something like six months ago he was stricken, but he had recovered entirely from the effects of the stroke, and up to the time of this seizure he was enjoying good health. He had an iron constitution, and it is thought that, had he not exposed himself too much of late years, he would have lived out possibly, a century of existence. He had never known what it was to suffer an ache of disease through his long life.

Colonel Waggaman was born in this city on September 18, 1826. He was born on the identical spot where the Solari grocery now stands, at the corner of Royal and Customhouse streets. He came from a family both titled and historic for generations. His ancestry is traceable back into the nobility of Europe. Baron von Brouner, who, after an eventful career, came to Louisiana to settle, was his great-great-grandfather. The baron came to Louisiana with a commission from the king of Spain. He was a Swiss soldier. He commanded a regiment of Swiss infantry and saw service under three kings. The first of these kings was Amedee I, of Italy. He conferred upon the Baron his title. In testimony of esteem he further presented the great-grandfather of this sketch, with a medalion, a gold snuff box, containing the King's portrait and ornamented with diamonds, and other tokens which remained heirlooms in the family for generations.

Stanislaus, of Poland, next commanded this historic soldier's services, and then the Baron came to Louisiana under commission of his majesty of Spain.

As his bride, the Baron brought to America, Christine Carbonari, of the celebrated Spinola family. Two daughters were born to this union. One of them married Cyril Arnoult, a merchant of Flanders, who settled in this city, and who participated in the battle of New Orleans. Their daughter, Camille Arnoult, married George Augustus Waggaman. Mr. Waggaman was a Marylander. His forefather, Bartholomew Ennals, had settled in Dorchester, Maryland, shortly after the foundation of the colony by Lord Baltimore.

George Augustus Waggaman, the father of the subject of this sketch, speedily became prominent in this State. He was a lawyer and became a judge of the Federal courts. He was then made Secretary of State and held that office for three successive terms. Finally, in 1861, he was elected to the United States Senate for a term of six years. He was a whig, and the leader of his party in this State. He took an active part in all the exciting political occurrences of his time, and participated in a fatal duel as the result of politics. The democrats here in those days were led by Dennis Prieur, and it was with this leader of the opposite political faith that the encounter took place. The duel was fought under "The Oaks."

The story is related that Senator Waggaman intended only to wing his antagonist, and it resulted fatally for him. He missed his aim, but Prieur's bullet was more accurate, striking the senator in the leg and severing the femoral artery. The senator never recovered from the injury. He refused to permit the amputation of his leg, and died of gangrene on March 22, 1843. The duel had occurred on the 20th. Had he lived six months longer he would have been sent as minister to France, for such appears to have been President Tyler's intention.

Senator Waggaman's children were: (1) Henry St. John, who became a lawyer and died at an early age; (2) Christine, who married Sanfield McDonald, the first prime minister of Ontario, Canada, and who refused the order of knighthood offered by Queen Victoria; (3) Eugene, the subject of the present sketch; (4) Mathilde, who married Judge Henry D. Ogden; (5) Eliza, who married John R. Conway, and (6) Camille, who died in youth.

Eugene Waggaman was educated at Mount St. Mary's College, Maryland, and graduated from there as valedictorian of the class of '46.

Returning to this State from school, he took charge of his mother's and his own sugar plantation in Jefferson Parish, and at the age of twenty-five years married Miss Felicie Sauve, the daughter of Pierre Sauve, of the same parish. During the years 1858–59 he was a member of the State Legislature which called the Constitutional Convention. In the next year the war had come. With the martial blood of his ancestors tingling in his veins, he at once prepared for the fight. He raised in his own parish a company of cavalry known as the Jefferson Chasseurs. These were the young men of the plantations, accustomed to the saddle from infancy and perfect masters of their animals. Being chosen their captain, he went on to Montgomery, the seat of the Confederate government, and offered the services of his company.

The value of cavalry was not appreciated by the new government. The Virginia campaigns had not yet happened to teach them the lesson. The cavalry was declined as too costly to support, and Captain Waggaman was compelled to return and so declare to his men. But he was determined. He asked the company to fight on foot, but not one man complied. Coming to New Orleans he enlisted as a private in the 10th Louisiana Regiment, commanded by his cousin, Colonel Mandeville Marigny. Before the regiment left he became captain of the Tirailleurs d'Orleans, a company composed in large measure of foreigners—Greeks, Italians, Indians, Spaniards, and representatives of all the southern European nations. To drilling and molding this strange mass he devoted himself with telling effect, and to the end they were amongst the most loyal to the cause.

The 10th Louisiana went to Virginia and shared in all the battles of the retreat. Promotion was rapid in the regiment, where, out of the forty officers allowed it at one time, thirty-one were killed or wounded. So not many months of active service had been seen by the regiment before Captain Waggaman was made lieutenant-colonel, commanding the 10th Louisiana.

On the 1st of July, 1862, came the battle of Malvern Hill, and with it came glory and fame to the 10th. The story of the battle is well known, but the account of "that charge, less famous, but equally as desperate as that of Balaklava," will bear repetition. The following narrative of it is taken from the "Military Record of Louisiana," by the late lamented Napier Bartlett, published some fifteen years ago, viz:

> "A daring attempt in the first place had been made to flank Malvern Hill, but this movement had been met by a superior flanking party of the enemy. The brigade now pressed forward across the open field fronting Malvern Hill, with the ardor of young soldiers panting for their first laurels, and ignorant of the madness which had doomed so many of their numbers to cruel wounds or certain death. As they advance the troops on the flank give way, though all of Semmes' brigade continued on gallantly, in spite of the waning light. When within 500 yards of the Federals, the brigade reformed, and the desperate cry rang out: "Fix bayonets—charge!"—commands almost equivalent to a death sentence. But with the natural ardor of the troops from the Pelican State, the men labored up the crest of the plateau, immediately in front of thirty-three pieces of artillery. Up the hill they go at a double-quick. Colonel Waggaman jumping imprudently far in advance of the regiment, but the men tearing on after him. On the last fifty yards of the charge comes the strain. It lasts but five minutes. In that time 127 men are lost out of 272. So withering was the storm of shell and bullets with which they were received, that at one time they walked over a whole regiment who were lying down, colors and all, and who appeared in the dusky twilight to be so many corpses. Onward still the little band pursued its way, although unsupported by other troops, until it crossed bayonets with the Federal infantry."

It thus happened (one of the rarest occurrences of the war) that the whole of the 10th Louisiana engaged in a bayonet struggle along almost the entire line, with a force fifteen times greater than their own number. The advanced line of the Federals having been driven back the 10th finds itself among the cannoneers. While Dean, a brave Irishman, was receiving his death wound at the side of the leader of the 10th by a bayonet through the neck, the latter succeeded in knocking up the muskets in his immediate front and in cutting a path as far as the second line of the enemy's artillery. His death seemed inevitable. Cries of "kill him," "bayonet him," sounded on all sides. His command, which it may be said in passing, had been ordered forward by a military error, and never for a moment had a ghost of a chance of success, were of course nearly all killed or captured by the formidable line in their immediate front. Those of the 10th who succeeded in stumbling back over the bodies of their fallen comrades owed their escape to the darkness.

Colonel Waggaman was captured and with some sixteen others, including Captain I. L. Lyons, was taken to Fort Warren, near Boston, where they remained until exchanged. They were everywhere treated with courtesy, and one pleasant incident, at least, mingled softening remembrances with those of his imprisonment. Just before his capture he had thrown away his sword to prevent surrendering it. This was a weapon valuable both for the quality of its steel, its make and the fact that it had been in use by the family for over 150 years. At the exchange this sword was returned to him by Assistant-Adjutant-General Thomas, who had been specially commissioned to do so.

After the exchange Colonel Waggaman was sent back to Louisiana as a recruiting officer, but was shortly afterwards recalled to Virginia by special order of General Lee. He took Stafford's command of the 2d Louisiana Brigade. He did brilliant fighting in the second valley campaign. He was wounded in the forearm at Winchester, but even while suffering from his inflamed wound continued in command. At Petersburg he led the 2d Brigade in another desperate charge, and again saw perilous action when the brigades were covering the retreat.

Then Appomattox and surrender came. There it was Colonel Waggaman's sad honor to surrender all that was left of the 16,000 men who composed the Louisiana brigades. When they had been drawn up in ranks for the ceremony Colonel Waggaman begged of them the privilege of becoming the depository of a piece of the brigade's battle-flag. This was willingly granted. The flag had to be surrendered, but a piece could be taken from it. With that sword which had saved his life at Malvern Hill he cut a section, including the lateral side and two stars. This he has sacredly preserved, with the same old saddle-bag and papers in which it was placed, to be transmitted as his most valuable heirloom to his children. Only one person has ever induced him to part with a portion of it. That one was the daughter of his old commander—Miss Mildred Lee. He gave her, some twelve years ago, a small piece, including one of the stars, and in return received a splendid portrait of her father.

At Appomattox every respect was shown the Louisiana soldiers. At the surrender they marched with heads as erect as ever. When they impinged on the line of the conquering enemy the victors shouldered arms with grave faces, on which was neither smile nor cynicism, nor suggestion of the defeat of their adversaries.

Colonel Waggaman returned to New Orleans with the remnant of the Louisiana troops. His fortune was shattered, but he set manfully to work to repair it. He was elected at one time to the office of civil sheriff of this parish, and always took an active share in politics as a becoming citizen.

His wife and four sons and two daughters survive the deceased. The sons are William, Albert, Charles and Frank, the first two mentioned being married, and the daughters are Mrs. Thomas E. Waggaman, of Washington, and Mrs. Mamie Birne, of Wilmington, Delaware.

For the past year or so of his life, the Colonel was engaged in experimenting upon a small farm he possessed near Lake Charles, in the hope that he might make it profitable, and it was during this period that he exposed himself injudiciously to the weather, and to too great hardships for a man of his age. The experiment was not successful, the railroad being too far away from his farm to enable him to operate it to advantage.

One of the touching incidents of his late years happened at the time of the Veteran Reunion in Houston. One of the men who had been in his command at Malvern Hill proposed to go to this reunion and one of the great plans he had in connection with it, was to wear the sword his chief had thrown away at Malvern Hill, rather than have it captured. The Colonel accomodated him, but he said: "Only once in its history since I have had it, has it parted company from me. Take it, and be sure that it gets back to me safe. I could hardly refuse it to one who had followed it so gallantly as you. But," added the Colonel, with emphasis, "if it doesn't come back to me safe, be careful that you do not come back." His old soldier comrade lived in a distant parish, and so impressed was he with the earnestness of his former commander's words, that he was afraid to trust it to the express company or any messenger, and it was only when one of the Colonel's sons by accident happened to be in his portion of the State, that he hunted him up and asked if he was quite sure that he could bring the sword safely back to the Colonel, if he were entrusted with it.

[From the Richmond (Va.) *Enquirer*, May 10, 1871.]

HON. JAMES MURRAY MASON,

Of "Mason & Slidell" Fame.

A Tribute to this Exalted Patriot by Hon. Henry A. Wise.

The Hon. James Murray Mason is no more. His death has already been announced, but we deem it a pleasure, as well as a duty, to take more than a cursory notice of the loss of such a man to the once honored State, which he and his ancestors served so long and so eminently, at a time when her glory was the chief pride of her sons.

Descended from the Masons of Gunston, in Virginia, and from the Murrays of Maryland, he was born November 3, 1798, in the county of Fairfax, and after early boyhood was reared and educated chiefly in the city of Philadelphia, with every opportunity for attaining accomplishments of a high order. He was a resident in a French family of superior refinement, and was a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, A. D. 1818. Thus trained to the age of his majority he could not be other than a gentleman, in the highest sense of that much abused term.

The son of General John Mason, Sr., of "Claremont," the grandson of George Mason, of "Gunston," the only rival of George Washington, and the author of the first Bill of Rights, properly conceived and expressed, ever penned for mankind; and sprung from a mother more like a "mother of the Gracchi," than almost any woman of her day, James M. Mason could not but feel the pride of birth and a sense that he had an escutcheon never to be stained, always to be kept in honor. But he had no other pride of family than that which required of him every attainment and every virtue to maintain his position in society and his relations to the State. He was far above the boasting of his blood.

Philadelphia, at that day, was not only the cleanest city in the world, with the best founded and governed municipal institutions on this continent, under strict Quaker regime, but had a society of the world, the most cultivated in all its grades. Mr. Mason had free access to that society, sought it, and availed himself of all its advantages. Among other families of high "grace and decorum," he was happily intimate in that of the eminent Benjamin Chew, of Germantown, whose house was battered by the balls of the Revolution; and early after graduating in the profession of the law he wedded one of the proudest daughters of that house. It was not a case of "*noblesse oblige*," but a beautiful love-match between "lady and knight," both accomplished, peerless and true. That lady survives the honored lord, who cherished her devotedly a long life-time through; and next to the solace which God gives to one bereaved like her, she has the comfort of the many pledges of their true love in the children and grandchildren of their marriage.

We are informed that Mr. Mason studied law with Mr. Benjamin Watkins Leigh, of the Richmond bar. He evidently studied law, especially the English common law and its history, more with the view to its application to the science of government than to its practice in the forum. In politics he was hereditarily a Democratic Republican, opposed to all implied powers, for strict construction and strong limitations of constitutional powers of government, and extremely jealous of the separate, independent and sovereign rights of the States, and especially maintained the right of self-government in the States in respect to their own domestic and internal relations. His political faith was of the order of the stock of men from which he sprung—it was after the model of his grandfather, and he aspired to political preferment from the first of his career.

He settled in the town of Winchester, in the rich county of Frederick, of the valley of the Shenandoah, and the first time we had personal knowledge of him was in 1826, when he was in the twenty-ninth year of his age. On the 4th of July of that year he delivered the oration of the day in that town to a large concourse of citizens, and we were struck with the singularly same ring of metal which sounds in the old George Mason Bill of Rights. He was not, however, neglectful of his profession, was diligent in its practice, and the bench and bar of Winchester and surrounding circuits then, even more than now, were distinguished for eminent lawyers, such as Henry St. George Tucker, Alfred H. Powell and John R. Cooke, and a younger tier of professional devotees, such as the two Marshalls, the Conrads and Moses Hunter, the best wit of them all. Mr. Mason took a high rank among them at the bar, but always looked to politics for his field of distinction; yet he was no demagogue, and spurned the *ad captandum* of the vulgar electioneerer. His forte was good taste; and he had the keenest relish for the aesthetical. The word "proper" with him embraced not only what was befitting, in good phase and seeming, but what was just, manly and right in itself. His education partook of the French school, and it modified his English temperament, American habits and Virginian abandon into a peculiar form. It made him self-possessed in his manner, and no scion of chivalry was ever more manly; and yet there was inexplicably mixed in him qualities confused in the composition, which made him seem to strangers what he was not—somewhat haughty in his carriage. There was a geniality mixed with a hauteur uncongenial; a hearty laugh contrasted with the sternest frown; a brusqueness with a reticent and commanding dignity; a John Bull bluffness with a French-like air of finished politeness; a Virginian old plantation way with marked attention to niceties; a jealous regard for conventional forms, and yet he would violate them imperiously. His integrity was sterling—exact to truth; his firmness was rock-like; his sense of honor was of the highest tone, and his every word and action was guided by a discretion always sound and always on guard. In the family, both of his father and his own home at Winchester, he was the model of husband, father, son and brother; among his friends and associates he was supreme in their confidence, and he was among the few men known ever to have magnified by the nearer approach to him; he was greater near to him than he appeared to be at a distance, because he preferred the intrinsic and real to any looming of the mirage of greatness, and he was far higher in his moral than in his mental faculties and powers. A man thus stamped with the seal of nobleness could not fail to attract the homage of those around him, or to be afforded the opportunities for the aspirations he indulged. Honest, he was trusted; discreet, he was relied on to "do justice and judgment;" and brave, all felt assured that he could make the "sacrifice" when called on. He did nobly make it at the last extremity, without a murmur and without soiling his escutcheon; he made no palinode of his principles, and soiled not his good faith.

At that day Winchester was, though less than now, freely accessible to Baltimore, Alexandria and Washington city. He was often at the two latter places and had full intercourse with the leading men of the day. He had the highest admiration for John Randolph, of Roanoke, and Mr. Randolph had an exalted admiration for him. It was, if we remember aright, in 1828, when the presidential canvass was going on between General A. Jackson and Mr. John Quincy Adams, that Mr. Randolph made his inimitable speech in the Senate of the United States, comparing wisdom and knowledge, the personations of which were Jackson and Adams, contrasted. It was unique in all its characteristics, extremely eloquent, and nicely critical, and was, perhaps, the last, if not the first, speech of Mr. Randolph which he ever reported for himself.

He called it his "*longo emendacior*" speech, had it printed in pamphlet form, and circulated it among his friends and those whom he specially admired. One of the copies was inscribed by him to Mr. Mason as "a worthy son of worthy sires." This was written on the back of the printed speech, and it is to be hoped that the copy has been preserved. It was an encomium which any man might envy, and this was before Mr. Mason had any prestige of public service—whilst he was a young man and before he took his seat in Congress. A young man, just thirty-one years of age, might well be proud to have a compliment such as this paid to him by the most sensitive and observing critic of his age.

In such a community as then governed itself in Frederick, Mr. Mason was soon called into the public service. He was sent to the House of Delegates in the General Assembly of Virginia, where so many great men had found a school to train them for usefulness and for the glory of their country. The halls of the General Assembly were then graced by a galaxy of talents, such as those of John Thompson Brown and others, his peers, and the city of Richmond was then rich in the grand social graces of the great houses of the olden time, in the midst of which Mr. Mason shone and became generally known in the State. In the year 1837, in the fortieth year of his age he was elected to the House of Representatives of the Congress of the United States, and served one term, until 1839, when he betook himself again to his profession, and was, eight years thereafter, in the year 1847, elected to the Senate of the United States. He was never distinguished there for any one great speech, or report or measure, but his whole course was so sensible, dignified and discreet, as to be worthy of Conscript Fathers, and he was for years at the head of the high Commmittee of Foreign Relations.* He was twice re-elected, and before his third term expired, he was obliged to retire by the impending Civil War, which threatened all he held dear, and summoned him to the defence of his mother State of Virginia. He sought no distinction in either house of Congress, but contented himself with the even tenor of his way, doing his duty diligently, conserving the Constitution of the Federal Government, and guarding the rights of the States and the liberties of the people. To any and all opponents he yielded nothing on these points, and was practical and persistent in his course. He was always practical on questions of mere expediency, where no question of morals was concerned; and the moment any question of moral obligation arose, involving the faith and truth of men and States, he knew where the true practical was, which but few men ever know, and they are seldom distinguished in public political life. When the Constitution, which the faith of men and States was pledged to support, was violated, he paused not to consider what was the present profit of submission; and when self-respect and honor called upon him to vindicate both, he counted not the cost of contending for both. He knew by his honorable instincts, trained by the discipline of his childhood, by the associations of his youth, and by the calls of his manhood, that there was no profit in sacrificing sound morals to a dread of defeat, or to the dross of immediate gains. He counted the cost, and knew the danger of loss for the time, but also knew that to be practical in the end was to be true to the moral law, and himself.

Though a staunch, unwavering Democrat, he was never a mere partizan; party was his servant, not his master, and he adhered to it only as long as it violated no fundamental law or principles, and kept good faith. When its representatives proved hesitating or recreant in defending the Constitution, in protecting the people, and in preserving the public peace against the enemies of all three, he then proudly and independently was relf-reliant, and claimed the right of self-government for himself and for his constituents.

In the conflict of States as to what was the fundamental law, he took the side of strict Construction, and of Limited Powers—as his fathers before him did against George III; and considering the covenant and bond of union broken, he espoused the cause of the Southern Confederacy, "without fear and without reproach." He was incapable of treason. In the war he was honored by President Davis with the high trust, jointly with Mr. Slidell, of Commissioner to the European Powers; his residence was in England, and he was most efficient in obtaining credit, in furthering Confederate privateering, and in putting his Government and people in the most respectible attitude before the nations and courts of Europe.

---

* He was the author of the Fugutive Slave Law of 1850.

On the passage out in October, 1861, he and Mr. Slidell arrived at Havanna, sailed thence on the royal mail steamer *Trent*, for England, and on the 8th of November, the *Trent* was boarded by the United States war steamer *San Jacinto*, Captain Wilkes in command, and the Confederate Commissioners were captured as prisoners of war, and taken from the British deck to Boston. This was the first time that under any such pretext the British flag was ever violated on the high seas, under Britain's own old pretension of the right of search and seizure, by a United States man-of-war under that same old pretension of Great Britain. After the United States, from Independence day down to that time had fought against that pretension and in favor of "Free Trade and Sailor's rights," against Great Britain, and had at last by treaty gained the abandonment of any such claim on the part of England, Captain Wilkes attempted to set it up and enforce it on the part of the United States against the flag of England herself. The prisoners were sent to Fort Warren, but were quickly, though not gracefully surrendered on the peremptory demand of Great Britain. We would gladly recall an incident at the time of this capture, or during the captivity of Mr. Mason, which went the rounds of the papers at the time, illustrative of the lofty bearing of the old cavalier, erect, stern, dignified, and commanding, cutting in his manner and wit like a two-edged sword; but the particulars of the incident escape our memory. The Puritan who accosted him with religious tracts, was so shocked that he set him down as an irredeemable infidel. But Mr. Mason was no infidel, and we rejoice to be informed that in his last hours he had the ministering of the venerable Bishop Johns, now the head of that Episcopacy in the State which consecrated the house at Occaquon, in the county of Fairfax, where George Mason led his family of old to worship God.

After the war Mr. Mason remained a while in England, then came to Canada, and there remained until within the last two years, when assured that his person would be safe in returning to Virginia, here to die among his household gods, and the silent and familiar things of his reminiscences, and the few faithful friends who remained true to his faith and their own.

It was not in the course of nature, or in the reason of things that he could remain with us longer. The disasters to the Confederacy and the South, the wounds to his pride, the aching agony of seeing all his hopes of liberty and self-government and the State Rights blasted, and the desecration of sacred things, and the devastation and demoralization he witnessed on coming home, were too much tension on the nerves of an aged man of delicate sensibilities and proud sense of honor. After toiling for a settlement near his father's old home at Claremont, near Alexandria, and fixing for a quiet retirement, his system collapsed, and he fell under paralysis. His last moments were without pain, and he died as he had lived, composed and firm, April 29, 1871.

He was an honest man, a highly cultivated gentleman, a well trained and practised lawyer, a sound statesman, and a pure patriot. And as sure as the assurance of God's own word that "he who doeth truth, cometh to the Light," James M. Mason's great and grand soul, unstained by earth in the natural life, hath now come in the spirit to the Light of Heaven.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, Dec. 5, 1897.]

HON. R. M. T. HUNTER.

An Address by Colonel L. Q. Washington.

THE MONUMENT MOVEMENT REVIVED.

Mr. Hunter's Birth, Education, Early Environments and Public Life.

This address was to have been read at a joint-meeting of the R. M. T. Hunter Monument Association and the Board of Supervisors of Essex county, appointed to be held at Tappahannock on the 24th of September, but which, owing to unavoidable causes, had to be postponed until the 20th of December.

THE ADDRESS.

Gentlemen—Some six years ago, in the town of Fredericksburg, I had the honor to preside over a meeting composed of influential citizens of this Commonwealth, when the initial steps were taken to organize an association for the purpose of removing the remains of the Hon. R. M. T. Hunter from their place of burial in Essex county, Virginia, to the capital of the State, at Richmond, and of erecting a monument at the tomb; and also of arranging such other testimonials of respect for his eminent public character and services, as might be deemed appropriate. It is due to the Hon. J. B. Sener, of Fredericksburg, to state here, that he was, so far as I know, the first person to suggest such action; and he has, with others, steadily cherished and promoted the consummation of this praiseworthy purpose. The Chair, by authority of the meeting, appointed a committee whose duty it was to obtain from the General Assembly of Virginia, a special charter of incorporation, for themselves and other citizens to be associated with them, to carry out the design of the meeting. That committee consisted of the following gentlemen:

Hon. T. R. B. Wright, of Essex; St. George R. Fitzhugh, Judge J. B. Sener, Rufus B. Merchant and Hon. J. H. Kelly, of Fredericksburg; William F. Drinkard, Joseph Bryan, William Ryan, Rev. Dr. John B. Newton, General Archer Anderson, Colonel Frank G. Ruffin and Judge Waller R. Staples, of Richmond; Ex-Governor

Fitzhugh Lee, of Glasgow; Judge William J. Robertson, of Charlottesville; General Eppa Hunton, of Warrenton; Major Holmes Conrad, of Winchester; Hon. John Goode, of Norfolk, and Hon. Taylor Berry, of Amherst.

Most of these gentlemen were personal friends of the deceased statesman, but there was no purpose of limiting the committee, except to representative Virginians.

This committee met at Richmond on December 2, 1891, and were aided by the presence and counsel of a number of distinguished gentlemen, including members of the General Assembly of Virginia. General Joseph R. Anderson was elected chairman, and a committee was appointed to draft a charter of incorporation. The organization was afterwards perfected by the selection of a Board of Directors, with Dr. G. Watson James as Secretary, and Colonel William H. Palmer as Treasurer of the Association.

This body was incorporated by the General Assembly by an act approved February 2, 1892, and all the powers then deemed necessary to promote the object were conferred upon the corporation.

I need not dwell upon the impoverishment of many worthy citizens of Virginia, and the other causes which have impeded and postponed the execution of the objects for which this Association was formed. The question for us to-day is, can these obstacles be removed and our design consummated? It will not fail. It must not fail. We meet here to-day in the very county in which Robert M. T. Hunter was born, and where his home was; in the county that he loved; among the very people, or their children, whom he loved and respected, and whose unfailing confidence was to him always an inspiration and a just source of pride; to further this tribute to the most distinguished son of Essex. There can be no honor paid to his memory that does not also reflect honor upon this old county on the Rappahannock and upon the Commonwealth of Virginia.

I would not be justified in obtruding upon your patience a full and complete account of Mr. Hunter's life and public services. That duty devolves upon his biographer and the future historian who shall faithfully narrate the history of the country from the year 1836 down to the time when the conquest of the Southern States relegated so many of their eminent sons to poverty and private station. But surely I may be permitted, in brief phrase, to glance at the distinguished, influential and useful part borne by this great but modest Virginian during the critical era in which his life was cast. It was often a time that tried men's souls, and only the pure gold survived the crucible.

EARLY ENVIRONMENTS.

Mr. Hunter was born in this little county on the 21st April, 1809. It is a country neighborhood, without a city or a large town, sparsely settled in his time and ours. I am aware, and probably you are, that there is a modern school of thought which assumes that for an intellectual growth a man should be born and reared in a city or a closely settled neighborhood—a hothouse, so to speak, in which his brain and energies are to be stimulated to the highest degree. But history gives little warrant for such an assumption. The great men of this country certainly were nearly all of them country bred. Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Calhoun, Patrick Henry, John Marshall, George Mason, John Randolph, Henry Clay, Henry A. Wise, Abel P. Upshur, William C. Rives, Silas Wright, Thomas H. Benton, Andrew Jackson, Francis P. Blair, Abraham Lincoln, William J. Bryan, and many more I could adduce were the product of country life—of plantation life—and almost without exception had not only the plantation manners, in which dignity and good breeding were happily blended, but possessed also the genius and force in affairs which plantation life and duties and contact with Nature rather than with the mob tended to develop. You do not find the best trees among those which are crowded close together. Individuality, self-reliance, decision, thoughtfulness, study, gentleness, charity, truth, purity of morals—all these noblest adjuncts to mental growth and distinction flourish on the farm far better than in the heat and dust and turmoil of the great city, with its wealthy few and unfortunate multitude. Born on the plantation, loving Nature and honest country folk, our great statesman was, through his entire public career, always happy and eager to return to his home and native air in Essex. He did not linger in Washington or even Richmond longer than his public functions absolutely required.

So, if I were called on to specify the formative influences of Mr. Hunter's character, I should certainly include country life, plantation life and influences, association and sympathy with the country people of Virginia, the fireside and historical traditions of the old Commonwealth, the study of history, and especially of Virginia history, and of the character and teachings of her great men. He was proud of them all in his own modest, gentle way, and to the last, very proud of the Commonwealth which had called him so often to her service, and called him because he represented perfectly and fully the best type of Virginia character and principles.

Mr. Hunter was indeed fortunate in those surroundings and early associations which go so far to shape character, and to develop a sure and healthful growth of every faculty. He was extremely fortunate also in being an alumnus of that grand institution of learning, the University of Virginia—the favorite child of the illustrious Jefferson, the first university of this country, and very long the only one, and the first as I conceive, to embody in our land, the breadth, wise liberality, thoroughness of culture, and high standards of scholarship and character, which were needed to equip a young man for a great professional or political career. This scholastic training, the fruits of which pervade all Mr. Hunter's public addresses, was followed by the study of law at Winchester, under the invaluable direction of Judge Henry St. George Tucker.

His public life began when he was twenty-five years of age. He was elected a member of the General Assembly of Virginia. Young as he was, we find him discussing the more serious and difficult questions of finance and banking. The great political questions on which parties were dividing, also came before the Legislature, as they had done often in the old days. Mr. Hunter met these issues upon a consistent theory of constitutional construction and policy, yet one of perfect independence from extremes of party bigotry and dictation. He aimed only to get the truth and to be right. At the very outset and in the very flush and ardor of youth, he displayed the moderation and equipoise which characterized his career to the close.

He was then, as always, an advocate of a strict construction of the Federal Constitution and of States' Rights. He regarded these ideas as the very foundation-stone of political liberty and good government. The special friends of that creed first elected him to Congress in the year 1837. He took a part in the debates of the House. How well he bore himself may be judged by the fact that at the very next Congress he was chosen Speaker of the House of Representatives. He was then only thirty years of age. Among his predecessors in this very high office were Nathaniel Macon, Henry Clay, Langdon Cheves, Philip P. Barbour, Andrew Stevenson, John Bell and James K. Polk. Polk was his immediate predecessor as Speaker. To the next Congress Mr. Hunter was again chosen a representative. In this body he had occasion to discuss all the great party questions of the day which preceded the sectional question—

the last a mere cloud in the sky at that day, but destined soon to loom up and obscure the entire horizon. Thrown by a new apportionment into a partially new congressional district, he was beaten as a candidate for the Twenty-eighth Congress by a small majority; but two years afterwards he was easily elected to the Twenty-ninth Congress. This was the first Congress of Mr. Polk, whom he had helped to elect to the presidency. In this Congress he promoted the establishment of the Independent Treasury—a measure strongly opposed, but which vindicated itself and soon ceased to be a party issue. He also earnestly supported the celebrated revenue tariff bill of 1846, known in after years as the Walker tariff; and he also favored the warehouse system. The last measure was largely, if not wholly, his work. Its vast importance and place in modern commercial transactions is known to every merchant in the land; but how few of them know and are grateful to the statesman who did most to give it a permanent place in our fiscal system! On the subject of the tariff, Mr. Hunter followed the teachings of Adam Smith, Ricardo, McCulloch and the great political economists of Europe, whose works have built up the doctrine of free exchange of products, upheld in this country by Jefferson, Calhoun, Silas Wright, and numbers of our greatest thinkers and patriots, and held abroad by Peel, Cobden, Bright, Bastiat and Gladstone.

ALEXANDRIA RETROCESSION.

In the same Congress he actively and most wisely promoted the retrocession of Alexandria to Virginia—a policy dear to every heart in the Commonwealth, and destined, as I hope, never to be surrendered at the bidding of alien speculators and jobbers. The long and dangerous contention with England over the Oregon boundary was also settled at this Congress by the wise and patriotic statesmanship of Webster, Calhoun and Benton. In this patriotic work Mr. Hunter co-operated. But it required no common nerve and sagacity for a public man to take then a position which all can now see and admit was the very essence of wisdom and state-craft. It was a race for empire, and our country, with greatly inferior naval power and no easy land communication at that hour across the continent, has won the race. We sacrificed a pawn to win a queen. A war with England at that time might have cost us Oregon and the whole coast.

By this time—1846—the war with Mexico had begun, and the slavery agitation had broken out afresh by the claim of the antislavery agitators to apply the Wilmot proviso interdicting the carrying of slaves to any country which might be acquired from Mexico as the result of a successful war. Mr. Hunter cherished the Union of the States, and he loved peace always; but, pacific as he was by nature and principle, he would not consent to any measure that destroyed the equality of the Southern States in the Federal Union. At that very hour two-thirds of the soldiers imperilling their lives for the country in the Mexican war were from the South, and more than half the others were Democrats who disapproved of the abolition crusade. Perhaps, however, I ought to bear in mind that ingratitude is the cardinal principle of modern politics.

In 1846 Mr. Hunter was elected by the General Assembly, to the United States Senate. He took his seat in December, 1847. As a result of the reputation he had already achieved in the other branch of Congress, he was placed on the Finance Committee—by far the most important committee of the Senate, and the one having charge then, not only of all revenue measures, but also of all the appropriations of the National Government. At the session of 1850–51, Mr. Hunter became the chairman of the Finance Committee. "The revenue is the State," said a great statesman of the Old World

Mr. Hunter's tastes and studies fitted him especially for all this class of questions, To recount his work upon them would be impossible. He filled this position up to the spring of 1861, when he left the Senate. On all the questions and topics belonging to this committee he had the unbounded confidence of his brother Senators of every party and section. His integrity, purity, and knowledge of affairs, gave him an almost absolute veto on everything corrupt, base or dangerous in fiscal legislation. He was deemed a safe, conservative man; a watch-dog of the Treasury—not a mere barking dog, but a faithful and incorruptible sentinel. He shaped and carried through the compromise tariff bill of 1857—a measure supported not only by the Democrats, but by many prominent northern Republicans, by William H. Seward, Henry Wilson, N. P. Banks, Salmon P. Chase, and others. They were content to follow a Virginian of the Virginians. His statement of what any provision in a bill he had in charge, meant or effected was enough. His candor and truth were a power and a pillar of fire. You have to-day at Washington, a great court to examine and consider claims against the United States Government. The government creditor, instead of vainly hanging around Congress and growing gray-haired in a hopeless quest for justice, has his "day in court." Search the history of this court and you will find its sure prop and pillar, the life tenure of its judges, is the proposition of your man of Essex. He helped to breathe into it the breath of life and to organize it upon an enduring and impregnable basis of judicial impartiality and independence.

You hear much nowadays of "civil-service reform," and of applying the merit system to all minor and clerical employments of the Federal government. Who was the first man to move in this matter? I answer that one of the first to agitate the subject, the one who made it a hobby from year to year, and who finally formulated a wise and practical measure to effect it, was again your man of Essex—R. M. T. Hunter. It passed in his very words, and thus became the law of the land. It is a sound, sensible, moderate and constitutional measure. If it were the law to-day, and duly enforced, and had never been tampered with by demagogues and ignorant men, it would secure efficient employees for the government, protect their tenure better than your present law, protect also the best interests of the government, and it would be an admirable substitute for the present bastard system of cant and hypocrisy, doubtful in its constitutionality, and almost universally regarded as having sunk into evasion, trickery and fraud, with features that no sensible business man, no president of a bank or manager of a business establishment ever acts upon in private life. I say, therefore, that we are indebted to Mr. Hunter for the only good law ever passed upon this subject.

THE COINAGE QUESTION.

We have had on two continents, and especially on this continent, a long and heated controversy over the coinage question. It has engaged the intellects of the ablest men in modern times. In 1851, 1852 and 1853, long before parties ever divided on this question, Mr. Hunter, as Chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, found it in his pathway and dealt with it exhaustively. Rejecting the shallow Mint-Bureau plan of Mr. Secretary Corwin—an echo of the British system of coinage, not offensively, but simply ignoring it—he formulated a measure regulating the coinage, which passed the Senate unanimously, without debate, precisely as he wrote it and upon his sole *ipse dixit*. Next, but after some delay, this identical measure passed the House of Representatives and became a law in February, 1853—to remain the law of the land without question or cavil from Presidents Pierce, Buchanan, Lincoln, Johnson and Grant. Such was his power in the United States Senate in a period of fierce party strife on a great organic and economic question, opposing, as he did then, the Secretary's recommendation. I have heard or read this coinage debate from 1874, when it began, till now, over twenty years of parliamentary struggle, and if I were called upon to name a document which best expounds the true principles of finance and statesmanship on this difficult subject, and in a perfectly unanswerable manner, free from ill-temper or bias and full of wise prescience and overwhelming argument, I should name the report made by Robert M. T. Hunter in March, 1852, to the United States Senate, which accompanied the bill proposed by him to regulate the gold and silver coinage.

Mr. Hunter spoke also on foreign affairs as such questions came up. He was conservative by nature and habit. He did not love or desire sectional controversy, but in that trying period of agitation and controversy he stood by the institutions, the civilization, and the constitutional rights of the South. He did this without sectional or personal rancor, but with a firmness, learning, eloquence and argumentative power that made him second to none in the debate. The very men who voted against him on these sectional questions never impugned his motives or questioned his ability, and on the fiscal and administrative questions which was especially confided to his care they trusted him far more than they trusted each other. Can you imagine a more splendid triumph of Virginia mind and character.

I have preferred to speak not so much of his stand on party or sectional questions as on measures and policies where he acted with or led men of both parties. This sketch is but a passing glance at a long, laborious and brilliant career. Mr. Calhoun, Mr. Clay and Mr. Webster all left the Senate, or died in the Senate, about 1851 or 1852. When this grand triumvirate had departed, there were yet many strong men who served in that body with Mr. Hunter from 1850 to 1861 who have made a great impress upon our history. I need hardly mention such great names as Senators Mason, Toombs, Jefferson Davis, Benjamin, Stephen A. Douglas, Seward, Sumner, Chase, Trumbull, Bayard, Slidell and Crittenden. Yet I can truthfully assert that of this list of very able men, not one was superior in general, all-'round ability to Mr. Hunter; not one was his equal in legislative force and influence; not one was so universally confided in and trusted. Since the passing away of Jefferson, Madison, Marshall and Monroe, hardly any Virginian has borne so influential a part in political affairs as R. M. T. Hunter, and certainly no Virginian has done so in the Federal Congress, though the Commonwealth has had many sons who were wise and eloquent in council. To be pre-eminent, or even prominent, in such a galaxy as hers, demanded the very highest qualities of mind and character.

When the great and regrettable contest between the North and the South arose, Mr. Hunter held that the South was simply standing on her constitutional rights. He held that it was her right and duty to resist aggression. He stated his position in temperate, thoughtful, conciliatory, but firm language. At no time of his life did he for one moment doubt the perfect justice and truth of the Southern cause. I met and conferred with him frequently during the winter of 1860–'61, preceding the civil conflict. Gladly would he have welcomed a settlement between the contending States on the firm basis of constitutional rights for both sections, safety for his own people, malice and injury to none, and an enduring peace with honor. That was not to be. He left the Senate in March, 1861, following not the suggestions of personal ambition or his own interest, but the hard and rugged path of duty. Very soon afterwards the Commonwealth of Virginia sent him as one of her representatives to the new government at Montgomery. He performed that mission. On the 21st of July, 1861, he was called by President Davis to take the position of Secretary of State for the Confederacy, from which Mr. Toombs, of Georgia, had resigned. He filled that important trust with eminent ability until the new, or "permanent," Confederate Constitution and Government went into operation on the 22d of February, 1862.

Prior to that event the Commonwealth of Virginia elected Mr. Hunter, and, as I remember, unanimously, to the Confederate Senate. It was a most critical period, and demanded the greatest ability and resource, both in the executive and legislative departments of the already hard-pressed Confederacy. Mr. Hunter was made President *pro tempore* of the Senate. His influence was great and commanding. His advice, counsel and influence were not only felt and welcomed in all the great measures of military defence and equipment then adopted, but even in the selection of officers for important commands. He was a steady friend of President Davis in respect to all the great measures of defence and supply. He had the friendship and confidence of Mr. Davis and his Cabinet; of James A. Seddon, John A. Campbell, Graham, Cobb, Lamar, Curry, Letcher, Bocock, Harvie, Caperton, Joe Johnston and Robert E. Lee. He was one of the first to discover and appreciate the superb genius of Stonewall

Jackson. He counselled often with Robert E. Lee, relied on his ripe judgment, and gave him his fullest support. In all fiscal and economic measures, he naturally took the lead. Respecting and trusting Secretaries Memminger and Trenholm, he, nevertheless, originated all the general features of Confederate finance. With an infant republic, compelled by a powerful adversary to incur an enormous war expenditure, and not able to export its surplus products or even fully to raise them for the markets, it is not strange that Confederate money should have sunk to so low an ebb as it finally did. The only wonder is that it did not fall much earlier and more rapidly. We may recall with instruction and profit the fate of the assignats of the French Revolutionary government and of the Continental money of our first Confederacy of 1776. Had the second Confederacy proved a military success, as did the first one, and as the first French republic did, possibly the fertile mind of Hunter might have been able to devise some solution of the financial problem based on ripe experience and a study of modern conditions; but after four years of noble and fearful struggle against gigantic odds, our righteous cause went down in gloom and disaster. All was lost save honor. The public careers of Hunter, Davis, Lee and many more were virtually closed at this point; but their names, the memories of their splendid services, their virtues and, still more, their sacrifices, will never be forgotten by the people of the South or by the pen of history.

Mr. Hunter realized towards the close of the struggle the hopelessness of a protracted contest, and he was anxious to do something to save the South from total subjugation and a conquest without any terms of peace. The problem proved an impracticable one, for reasons on which I may speak another time, but his motives were humane, disinterested and pure, as they always were. The blame for failure belongs to the ambitious men at Washington, who, seeing final victory almost in their grasp, would not spare either Southern misery or Northern blood in their stern purpose to become absolute masters of the situation. The government of the Union being thus re-established by the sword, Mr. Hunter regarded it as his duty to accept the Union in good faith, and, as a good citizen, to co-operate with patriotic men in every section to restore the reign of law and order and the Federal Constitution. This was the sentiment of Virginia and the South. It was deeply unfortunate that this sentiment was not at once recognized and acted on by the dominant party, instead of adopting, as they did, the policy of hate, military rule and disfranchisement. Men like Hunter, Campbell, Baldwin, Stephens and Lee ought to have been invited to public positions, to help to restore the old Union, and then, instead of a vulgar sectional conquest, keeping the South as a mere province for long, weary years to be harried and plundered and lied about, there would have been a genuine restoration of the Union and a rapid growth of the old national feeling, in which consists the real strength of the Republic. Well did the eloquent Kossuth say: "Hatred is no good counsellor." No government built on hate can stand, or ought to stand.

In this sketch I have omitted much and I have elaborated nothing. A regard for your time, and for the superior knowledge of many of those around me, admonishes me to be as brief as possible. I will not close, however, without averring my belief that not even George Washington himself (to whose character and services Mr. Hunter has rendered the most original and instructive tribute ever uttered by man), was more pure, disinterested, and patriotic than he was in his public action. Gentleness, charity, and truth were bound up in his very nature. Of malice he had none. He was not devoid of ambition, but he had none of the vulgar arts of self-seeking, and the distinctions which came to him so often came unsought. He was easy of access, affable to the humblest citizen, always open to the suggestion and advice of his friends; never dogmatic or disputatious, never rash or aggressive. In his time of greatest prosperity and power, he was modest almost to diffidence, When trial and adversity came, as they did, "not as single spies, but in battalions," he bore deprivation and affliction with a singular fortitude. He suffered with and for the South. A special expedition of marauders was dispatched by Butler, which, emulating the savagery of the British during the Revolutionary War in Virginia, destroyed his plantation in his absence.

After the war closed he was made a State prisoner, imprisoned at Fort Pulaski, subjected to coarse and brutal treatment, such as no Southern gentleman ever deals out to a negro, and when a beloved child was being borne to the grave, he, who had never harmed or wished to harm a human being, was denied the privilege of dropping a tear on the grave, or offering comfort to the bereaved mother. He was not sordid. He was too old fashioned for that. His life at Washington as a Senator of great influence, was as simple and unostentatious as that of any plain Virginia farmer. With ample opportunities for acquiring wealth in public office, he amassed nothing, and the results of the war, left him poor indeed. He died a poor man—poor in this world's goods, but rich, immeasurably rich, in honor. I knew him long and closely. To know him was to love and venerate him. To have known him and to have enjoyed his friendship and confidence till the hour of his death, I shall always count as a privilege, and a most precious remembrance.

To the rear of the present hall of the House of Representatives at Washington, there is a long gallery in which are hung up the portraits of all the illustrious men who have been the Speakers of the body. There you see Henry Clay, Cobb, Andrew Stevenson, Polk, Kerr, Randall, James G. Blaine, and the present able occupant of the chair, Mr. Reed. There, too, you see the youthful, almost boyish, face of Speaker R. M. T. Hunter, of Virginia, ingenuous, open, true and strong—there is no dark shadow on that brow, no wrinkle written by sorrow and care, but rather the light of hope and of a confident, brave soul. To me, as I wander there and involuntarily turn my gaze upon it, there is hardly anything more touching than to contrast, as I must, this portrait with the saddened, melancholy face which haunts my memory of him who, burdened with private grief and public calamity, had, like the patriot, Grattan, survived the liberties of his country, and who, loving Virginia as he did, was called on to witness and mourn the unspeakable shame of a great State that had given Washington and Jefferson to the country, and by the wisdom and patriotism of her sons, had secured to all the Colonies freedom and a government of consent, subjugated by arms, plundered, oppressed and scourged by the very communities she had so generously warmed into life. He saw the sad story of Poland's conquest and dismemberment, so eloquently told by the poet, Campbell, reproduced in the New World, with fresh horrors and the added element of ingratitude by the conquerors. He saw his mother—Virginia—with bleeding breast, in her hour of agony—

> "Find not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
> Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe."

I have said Mr. Hunter was a conservative. No man loved truth more, or was quicker to discern abstract principles; but in action for the State he belonged to the wise school of Edmund Burke. His theory of public duty was the attainment of the best political results under existing conditions and circumstances. He would take the half loaf. His mind was eminently practical. He did not seek to tear down institutions, but to build up, to preserve what was good, to develop so as to gain a basis for national growth and the constant betterment of the masses. He opposed all class legislation. He was a friend to vested rights and to property and compacts. Peace, conciliation, fair argument, a study of the harmonies of our system—these were the weapons of his intellectual armory. The lessons of history were impressed into the very web and woof of his mind. Had he lived in the days of Jefferson, that great man would have called on him no less than on Madison to employ his fertile mind and ready pen to expound those doctrines of liberty and constitutional freedom which have made a great school of thought, destined to live as long as this republic shall survive.

More than any one whom I have known in civic trusts, Mr. Hunter reminds me of the distinguished men of that revolutionary period—men strong, learned, composed, equal to any trust; who did not derive honor from office, but who dignified and ennobled public station. We have not had the great privilege of looking on the faces of those who built that wonderful edifice of free, constitutional government; but it is something to have known, as you and I have done, one who embodied so well in his character, mind, and purposes the best traditions of the heroic period of our republic, suggesting, as it does, the fervent, assured hope that the admiration of public virtue, which so deeply animates our people will bear rich fruit in after years, and continue to bring forth in every crisis that may come worthy men to serve the State and uphold the fame of Virginia.

DREWRY'S BLUFF.

A Letter from General Beauregard to General Wise Regarding the Battle,

AND THE

Difference between General Beauregard and General Bragg as to the War Policy at that Crisis.

Now printed, as written, from the original, now owned by the grandson of General Wise, Mr. Barton Haxall Wise, of Richmond, Virginia:

ALLEGHANY SPRINGS, *October 3, 1873.*

My dear General: Mr. Marrin has referred to me your letter of the 19th ulto. I give you, with pleasure, some of the dates you refer to.

I arrived at Petersburg from Weldon (where I had been ordered to from Charleston to "await orders") on or about the 14th May, '64. Finding that General Pickett was very ill from fever, I ordered Genl. Whiting, then at Wilmington, to come at once to Petersburg to assume command, while I moved to Drury's Bluff, where Gen'l Hoke temporarily commanded.

Gen'l W. arrived at about noon on the 13th, & after about one hour's conference with him & leaving with him some written general instructions, I started for Drury's Bluff accompanied by 3 regiments of Colquitt's brigade & part of Col. Baker's Reg't of Cavalry.

When we arrived at Swift Creek I was informed by one of my aids just returning from Rich'd that he had met some of Butler's Federal troops on their way to attack Drury's Bluff. I therefore diverged to Chesterfield C. H., where we arrived about 12 h. P. M., & found it occupied by a small force of Federals which we drove out of the place. We reached D's Bluff about 3 h. A. M., in a terrible rain-storm, passing between Butler's left & the river. I at once sent for Col.s Harris and Stevens of the Eng'rs & after conferring with them about one hour, I sent the latter to the Pres't [Davis], to tell him that, if he w'd that day (the 14th) send me 10,000 men from the troops about Richmond (5,000 under Ransom) & Gen'l Lee's army, I w'd attack Butler's 30,000 men (who had been successful in the afternoon of the 13th in taking the outer line of defences) capture or destroy them by 12 h. on the 15th. I would then move to attack Grant on his left flank & rear, while Lee attacked him in front, & I felt sure of defeating Grant & probably open the way to Washington where we might dictate *Peace!!*

The Pres't being sick & very tired, Col. Stevens could not see him, but delivered my message to Gen'l Bragg with my request that the necessary order sh'd be issued at once, but he refused to do it, although mil'y adviser of the Pres't, without the orders of the latter & as he w'd not *disturb him* (!) he came to confer with me at D's b. where he arrived at about 6 h. A. M.

After discussing my plan, which he agreed was the only one which might save Rich'd & the Conf'cy, he still refused to issue the necessary orders. I then said to him "Bragg circumstances have thrown the fate of the Conf'cy in y'r hands & mine, let us play our parts boldly & fearlessly! issue those orders & I'll carry them out to the best of my ability. I'll guarantee success!" but he w'd not, saying that he w'd return at once to Rich'd & get the Pres't to issue them—about one hour after the latter arrived, & after a long conference, he refused to issue them, except as to Ransom's command, which came only on the morning of the 15th & the battle of D's b. was fought & won on the 16th—if Gen'l Whiting had obeyed my orders, which I sent him by three diff't couriers on the afternoon of the 15th we w'd nevertheless have captured or destroyed Butler's army. Bragg's last dispatch to Whiting could not have been dated before the 14th of May, for he only knew of my intended attack on the morning of that day.

Fearful of interference from Rich'd in Gen'l Whiting's movement, I insisted as a part of my order to him, that he w'd *obey no orders, from any source not passing through me.*

Such, General, are my recollections (distinct) of those events—which you will find in the No's. of the "*Land We Love*," or Baltimore "*Southern Magazine*" in which they were published a few years since, numbers of which I sent you at the time.

I regret that I have not a copy of Ransom's *subterfuge* in defence of Bragg or I w'd send it to you with pleasure, but you will probably find it in the back files of the Rich'd *Whig*, in which, I think, it was published, shortly after the Battle of Drury's bluff.

With my kind regards to your family, & hoping that you may furnish Mr. Marrin with your recollections of that eventful period of our late war,

I remain, Sincerely y'r friend

G. T. BEAUREGARD.

Gen'l H. A. Wise, Rich'd, Va.

P. S.—The events of the 15th, 16th, 17th & 18th of June, '64, about Petersburg were also critical & glorious. G. T. B.

MALVERN HILL—JULY 1, 1862.

AN ADDRESS

Delivered before Pickett Camp, Confederate Veterans, Richmond, Va., on March 8th, 1897, by Hon. John Lamb.*

The deep interest taken by old soldiers in the delineation of any of the battles through which they passed, and the even deeper interest manifested by the younger generation, who never heard the sound of a hostile gun, is an encouragement and an inspiration to those who have the good fortune, after the lapse of so many years, to be able to call up some of the salient points in one of the most remarkable contests of modern times. The witness of any event, when asked to relate it, is apt to have his imagination fired, and thus to color the facts. There is unconscious exaggeration. Hence historians attach small value to memoirs written long years after the occurrence of events, and we naturally take with "a grain of salt" the enthusiastic utterances of our speakers on occasions like this. Fortunately, however, we have here the carefully prepared reports of the corps, division, brigade, and regimental commanders, on either side, written at the very time of the engagement; and by carefully considering them we can arrive at a correct and intelligent opinion of the results. Only a few have the time or the taste to examine such reports critically, and we find in this fact the importance of your camp organizations, and the necessity for encouraging such efforts.

THE SEVEN DAYS' FIGHT.

While Daniel has graphically described the battle of Gettysburg, and thus added, if possible, to his fame as an orator; and McCabe, in the most beautiful word painting, has pictured the Crater in all its thrilling horrors, and helped to immortalize the heroes who figured in and around that pit of death; and Robinson, with his philosophical mind, has drawn from the Wilderness a history and a story that will instruct and delight succeeding generations; and Stiles, in your presence a few weeks ago, gave a most vivid and interesting history of Second Cold Harbor,—no one has, as yet, attempted to describe any part of the seven days' fight which took place in June, 1862, under the walls of this historic city.

---

*Captain Lamb took part in the seven days' fighting around Richmond. He was a member of the Charles City Troop, to which he refers, and was courier to General Magruder at the battle of Malvern Hill. He repeatedly crossed the field that day under the hot fire of the Federal guns, but escaped unhurt.

The most momentous, the least understood, and the severest criticised battle of that year was that of Malvern Hill. In order to understand why and how it was fought, it becomes necessary to examine the position of our troops on the day of the 30th, and to pass over the field of Glen Dale (Frazier's Farm) and witness the death-grapple of Longstreet with McCall and Sumner.

On Sunday morning, June 29th, the divisions of Generals Longstreet and A. P. Hill left their camp north of the Chickahominy, and marched, via the Long Bridge and Darbytown roads, to intercept General McClellan in his retreat to James river. The distance of sixteen miles was made, and those weary survivors of the desperate encounters of the previous days camped on the Long Bridge road, within two miles of the retreating Federals, who were then passing Glen Dale, where the Long Bridge, Charles City, and Willis Church roads meet.

While these two divisions were marching down the Darbytown road, Magruder was engaging the enemy at Savage's Station on the York River road, and Jackson's forces were detained at Grape Vine bridge. Magruder, having lost 400 men killed and wounded, and having captured many prisoners, including one hospital with 2,500 sick and disabled Federals, and inflicted a severe loss on the enemy, estimated at not less than 1,000, slept on the field that night; and early on Monday morning, the enemy in his front having retreated via White Oak, marched his whole command over to the Darbytown road, and at 2 o'clock reached Timberlake's Store. At 4 o'clock he was ordered to New Market to the assistance of General Holmes. Between sunset and dark his front brigades were forming in the dense woods bordering the Long Bridge road, with the view of rendering this assistance. After dark, he was ordered to Longstreet; and, weary and footsore, these men marched to Glen Dale and occupied the battlefield, where Longstreet and Hill had made their slendid fight unsupported, although 50,000 men were within a radius of three miles.

General Huger's forces, consisting of Mahone's, Wright's, Armistead's and Ransom's brigades, were ordered down the Charles City road early Sunday morning, the 29th. At the request of General

Magruder, one brigade (Ransom's) was sent back; but, so far as we can learn from these reports, there was no interruption to the march of the other brigades down the Charles City road, until they reached Fisher's run, within three miles of the cross roads at Glen Dale. The enemy had blocked the road for a mile with felled trees, and planted their guns on the south side of the stream, and succeeded in detaining Mahone at that point all day. A flank movement of his infantry through the woods to his right would have turned the position and placed him in easy reach of General Longstreet's left. Longstreet, in his report, complains of both Generals Jackson and Huger, saying that 50,000 were in easy hearing of the battle, yet none came in to co-operate with him. "Jackson should have done more for me than he did. When he wanted me at Second Manassas I marched two columns by night to clear the way at Thoroughfare Gap, and joined him in due season." We have seen why General Magruder did not reach him, and no blame can attach to that commander. That Franklin was able to hold Mahone and Armistead so long at Fisher's Run, or that those ambitious and enterprising brigadiers had not found a way to flank his position, will always be a mystery to the student of these detached fights made in thick woods and swamps, with raw troops, who were than only volunteer associations of men, without the drill and discipline necessary to make even of the very best material good and efficient soldiers. The detention of Gen. Jackson at White Oak Swamp, three miles in rear of Glen Dale, and only two miles to the left of Huger, was as unfortunate (though more easily accounted for), as the delay at Fisher's Run. General Jackson's troops reached White Oak Swamp at noon Sunday. The bridge was destroyed and the crossing commanded by the enemy's batteries. Jackson, in his report, says: "A heavy cannonading in front announced the engagement of General Longstreet at Frazier's Farm, and made me eager to press forward, but the strong position of the enemy for defending the passage, prevented my advancing until the following morning."

Major Dabney, in his life of Jackson, says: "On this occasion it would appear, if the vast interests dependent upon General Jackson's co-operation with the proposed attack upon the centre were considered, that he came short of the efficiency in action for which he was everywhere else noted." Then, after showing how the crossing might have been effected, Dabney adds: "The list of casualties would have been larger than that presented on the 30th, of one cannoneer wounded; but how much shorter would have been the bloody list filled up the next day at Malvern Hill.'' Dr. Harvey Black, who was with General Jackson at the time, has often told me that the General was completely overcome by fatigue, and, having fallen asleep, it was impossible to arouse him, and that this was the cause of the delay at White Oak Swamp.

Such was the position of the Confederate army at 2 o'clock on Monday, June 30th.

FRAZIER'S FARM.

The Federal General McCall held a line near the Charles City cross-roads at Frazier's Farm, supported by Sumner and Heintzleman. An artillery duel opened about 3 o'clock, and the second or third shell from the enemy's guns fell and burst in a little field, where sat General Lee, President Davis and General Longstreet, killing two or three horses and wounding several men. First, Kemper, then Jenkins, and after these, four other brigades of Longstreet's division, charged through the thick woods and swamp, with a battle front of only three-fouths of a mile. McCall was soon thrown back on Sumner and Heintzleman. Battery after battery was taken and then lost. The woods were soon full of dead and dying men. A. P. Hill's division was then ordered in. Branch's, Field's and Pender's brigades were hotly engaged. Bayonets were crossed in those dark woods. In the language of General McCall: ''Bayonet wounds were freely given and received. I saw skulls crushed by the heavy blows of the butt of the musket, and in short the desperate thrusts and parries of life and death encounter proved, indeed, that Greek had met Greek, when the Alabama boys fell upon the sons of Pennsylvania.'' The battle raged with fury, and death held high carnival. The 47th Virginia captured a battery and turned the guns on the enemy, and following up this success, captured Major-General McCall.

The enemy fought with great desperation and gallantry. Featherstone's brigade was driven back in disorder, and Samuel McGowan, with the 14th South Carolina, came to their rescue with unsurpassed gallantry. On the right, two of our brigades were being repulsed, when Archer, in his shirt sleeves, at the head of his brigade, went in with the Confederate yell. Night was throwing its mantle over this scene of death and carnage, when Gen. J. R. Anderson, with his Georgia brigade, was ordered in, and forming two regiments in line on each side of the road, received the enemy's fire at seventy paces, and then engaged them in mortal combat. The volume of fire as it rolled along the line was terrific; every foot of ground was contested;

and when darkness rendered it impossible to prolong the contest, the troops were mingled in such confusion that they wandered into the lines of the enemy in trying to find their respective commands.

The Confederates had failed to get possession of the Willis Church road. Franklin glided past us in the night in easy reach of our artillery. Magruder relieved A. P. Hill about 2 o'clock in the morning of July 1st. Jackson followed Franklin over White Oak Swamp. Huger moved from the Charles City to the Long Bridge road, passing over the battlefield where he was so much needed the day before.

MALVERN HILL.

Thus on the eventful day of July 1, 1862, the Confederate army was stretched along the Willis Church and Long Bridge roads. The enemy, having abandoned their position at Glen Dale during the night, were now safe behind the lines of Fitz-John Porter, who had carefully massed his artillery on the hills around Crew's house. The Ten Thousand, immortalized by Xenophan, did not hail the sea with more delight than did these soldiers, who were only changing their base, welcome the hills that overlooked the historic river on which their gun-boats floated. This position was, perhaps, the strongest occupied by any army during the war. The private soldiers in the Federal army were quick to see this, and, their writers say, remarked on it as they filed into position. The private soldiers on both sides were then taking their first lessons in the ways of war; later, along the banks of the Antietam and on the heights of Gettysburg, they proved themselves the best soldiers the world has ever seen. Crew's farm, and not Malvern Hill, was the scene of the engagement of July 1st. A range of hills, all the approaches to which could be swept by artillery; a swamp difficult to pass, and fringed by a skirt of woods east and north; on the west an open plateau commanded by the gun-boats in the James; on the south was Malvern Heights, frowning with reserve artillery, under the shelter of the gun-boats. In this impregnable position Fitz-John Porter awaited our attack.

Before sunrise, General Magruder's forces, having slept on the field at Frazier's Farm, were in line, and the advance was as far as Willis' Church, when an order came from General Lee to move on the Quaker road with his whole command. Calling to him three guides, and examining them separately to be sure as to which was the Quaker road, he changed the line of march, and, returning to the Long Bridge road, followed the same for about two miles, and then turned into the road that had been known for sixty years, and is known to-day, as the Quaker road. Having followed this road for nearly a mile, General Longstreet, whose troops were in reserve on the Long Bridge road, overtook Magruder's column, and after several moments of earnest conversation, in which he insisted that this could not be the Quaker road, desired that General Magruder should return and take another road nearly parallel to the one he was on, and form to the right of Huger, who was already getting into position on the right of Jackson. Thus was added another serious mistake to the chapter of mishaps that had followed us for three days.

While we find little in the written reports condemnatory of General Magruder on this point, and nothing to show the displeasure of General Lee, whose patience must have been sorely tried, yet we have heard in the various criticisms on this battle enough to warrant any soldier who served under Magruder in coming to his defence; and I hope by a plain statement of the facts to vindicate his action and his memory to-night, in the presence of some who served under him, and many who admired his soldierly bearing.

Leaving for the present our lines on the right, where Huger and Magruder are forming for the attack, we see that General Jackson has reached the creek near the Parsonage, on the Willis Church road and Quaker road (the Federal map Quaker road) about noon. General D. H. Hill, in the *Century* Series, says: "At Willis Church I met General Lee. He bore grandly his terrible disappointment of the day before, and made no allusion to it. I gave him Mr. Allen's description of Malvern Hill, and presumed to say: 'If General McClellan is there in force we had better let him alone.' Longstreet laughed and said: 'Don't get scared now that you have got him whipped.'" A little later, after describing the action of his five brigades, he relates an incident illustrating the power of the Federal rifled artillery, and I expect many an old soldier in this audience could duplicate it: "I saw an artilleryman seated comfortably behind a very large tree, and apparently feeling very secure. A moment later a shell passed through the huge tree and took off the man's head."

General Whiting's Division was on the extreme left. With the exception of a regiment on his right, his command did not fire a gun, but lay down in Poindexter's wheat field and received the shelling patiently all the evening, with a loss of six killed and 194 wounded. About 3 o'clock each division commander received the following order:

"*July 1, 1862.*

"*General*—Batteries have been established to act upon the enemy's line. If it is broken, as is probable, Armistead, who can witness the effect of the fire, has been ordered to charge with a yell. Do the same.

"R. H. Chilton, A. A. G."

Only a battery or two could get into position at the time, and as soon as exposed on the edge of the field fifty pieces turned on them and they were crushed at once. An eye-witness of that fight, I shall never forget the spirit and gallantry displayed by the batteries I saw go in and engage the enemy. By the time they had fired a round every horse was dead. The men pulled back the guns by hand, and in the face of bursting shells and whizzing bullets and surrounded by dead and dying comrades, vainly atttempted to fire their pieces. On the hill in front of Magruder's centre, the only point from our position where artillery could be carried in, the ground was covered with dead horses and men, and in many places you could step from one body to another. The conditions of the order which I have read not having been fulfilled, some of the division generals wrote back for instructions, and received the reply to charge with a yell. I heard this order twice delivered to General Magruder as he was urging the commanders of his nine brigades to do all in their power to overcome the difficulties of the swamp and woods and press up to the batteries.

As General Hill's troops had the shorter route to reach the open field in front of Crew's, they became engaged sooner than Magruder's. General G. B. Anderson began the attack, and in a short time was wounded and carried from the field. Then Gordon, Ripley, Garland and Colquitt charged with the yell. Battery after battery was in their hands for a few moments, only to be wrested from them by the enemy. Had the attack been simultaneous, success must have crowned their efforts. Armistead, immediately on Magruder's left, made a gallant charge an hour before, and the nine brigades of Magruder moved through the thick woods and up and around the hill skirting the field, and emerged into the same to meet the fire from fifty to one hundred guns, that tore gaps in their ranks and strewed the ground with their dead. Some of them reached the batteries, and the blue and the gray were mingled as they lay around the old sheds and barns in the Crew field. General Hill, in describing this scene, says it was not war—it was murder. The battle was delivered by fourteen brigades, while six divisions lay near by and heard it. The incessant roar of musketry and the terrific cannonading presented a scene of awful sublimity. Whistling bullets and bursting shells, falling trees, clouds of smoke, lifting for a moment, and then a sheet of fire along the lines from 20,000 guns on either side, and then a rattling sound that has not died away before the batteries open again, and this repeated with slight intervals from 4 until 10 o'clock, can give you but a faint idea of the grand but fearful scene. It is impossible to fully appreciate it unless you had witnessed it; and some of you did. The news of that battle sent sorrow and distress untold to thousands of homes from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, while in the North and West there was many a vacant chair and aching heart.

The battle, with all its melancholy results, will stand forever a record of the heroic achievements of the Confederate infantry and the unequalled power of the Federal artillery; and if in the tide of time these should be called to co-operate on any field our country need fear no foe.

REPORTS OF THE BATTLE.

Thus ended this fearful conflict, the last of the seven days' fight. The losses on each side were about equal, the Confederates suffering more, perhaps, in killed and wounded, as they were the aggressors and fought the Federals on their chosen ground. Our killed and wounded reached 3,000. The loss of the enemy, while heavy, was not so severe. Fitz-John Porter says: "It is not to be supposed that our men, though concealed by the irregularities of the ground, were not sufferers from the enemy's fire. The fact is that before they exposed themselves by pursuing the enemy the ground was literally covered with the killed and wounded."

Their own gun-boats helped in this slaughter, and inflicted little if any loss on our men. The thirty-two-pounder howitzers and siege-guns killed and demoralized the Confederates. Ours were raw troops, many of whom had never been in line of battle, and they confronted the regulars of the United States army. It requires experience and drill to make efficient soldiers, even of material such as Hill and Magruder commanded that day.

General Holmes, commanding a division of 6,000 effective men, occupied a position on the River road on our extreme right. The day before, he had a slight engagement with Warren's Brigade, and suffered the loss of two killed and forty wounded, and his request for re-enforcements turned Magruder from his direct march to Frazier's Farm, and thus prevented a complete success on that field. In his report he says: "I moved my division to a point on the River road half a mile below the upper gate of Curl's Neck and there remained during the night, in line of battle, but I deemed it out of the question to attack the strong position of Malvern Hill from that side with my inadequate force."

In his official report of the battle, Longstreet said: "A little after 3 P. M. I understood that we would not be able to attack the enemy that day, inasmuch as his position was too strong to admit of it." Writing long years afterwards in the *Century Magazine*, he says: "As our guns in front did not engage, the result was the enemy concentrated the fire of fifty or sixty guns upon our isolated batteries and tore them into fragments in a few minutes after they opened, piling horses upon each other and guns upon horses. Before night the fire from our batteries failing of execution, General Lee seemed to abandon the idea of an attack. He proposed to me to move around to the left, with my own men and A. P. Hill's Division, turning the Federal right. I issued my orders accordingly for the two divisions to go around and turn the Federal right, when, in some way unknown to me, the battle was drawn on. We were repulsed at all points with fearful slaughter, losing 6,000 men and accomplishing nothing."

Swinton, who refers to our army as "that incomparable body of men, the glorious infantry of the Army of Northern Virginia," says of Malvern Hill: "Lee never before or since that action delivered a battle so ill-judged in conception or so faulty in its details of execution."

In referring to the Quaker road, I have doubtless raised the inquiry on many a mind here, "What would have been the effect had General Magruder not mistaken the order, or had there been only one road known by that name?" I am unable to say; and not having been educated a soldier, I do not presume to criticise. With the knowledge of the roads and the country, gained since that time, and the experience of the years after the battle, I will venture to say that had Magruder followed on the Willis church road and the (Federal map) Quaker road, and occupied the position of D. H. Hill, so that that officer, together with Early and Ewell, could have extended our left until it encircled Malvern Hill, the enemy would have been taken in flank and forced to give battle on ground more advantageous to us, or to make his retreat over the single road across Turkey Island creek.

The depositions of three intelligent citizens and soldiers of Henrico county, sworn to before R. H. Nelson, a magistrate, then and afterwards a member of my cavalry company, and now living on Frazier's Farm, in Henrico county, can be seen in the records of the Union and Confederate Armies, series 1, Vol. XI, page 677, and they prove beyond question that the road on which General Magruder was conducted by these guides was the only Quaker road known to those people; and now, after thirty-four years have elapsed, you may go there and the same road will be pointed out as the Quaker road.

DEFENCE OF MAGRUDER.

There has been a charge more serious than that of mistaking roads, laid to the door of this gallant and unfortunate commander; and I want to disprove that to-night, and vindicate his memory. Not many months ago, meeting accidentally a gallant Confederate general, and the conversation turning on the war, he remarked that the battle of Malvern Hill was a sad and melancholy mistake, and that it was a serious and unfortunate occurrence that General Magruder was under the influence of liquor. I have heard Federal officers, when commenting on the Malvern Hill fight, make the same charge. Not long ago a veteran's son said to me that this impression was on his mind, derived, he thought, from conversations he had heard around his father's fireside. I wish to say, for the information of this camp, and the citizens of this city, that General Magruder was perfectly sober the whole day. I did not leave his side, except to carry some order; I spread his blankets that night, and, lying near by, heard the whole conversation between him and General Lee in regard to the fight. In the record of the Union and Confederate Armies, series 1, Vol. II, page 683, will be found the certificate of E. J. Eldridge, Surgeon of the 16th Georgia regiment, bearing directly upon this point. I quote in part:

"Concerning his condition in reference to intoxication, I can say most positively, that if he was under the influence of liquor, I failed entirely to see it. Had he been laboring under such influence, I must have noticed it. I am positive that he had not even taken a drink, most certainly was not the least excited from this cause."

It would be an easy task to show that at no time during that period, was Magruder inactive or inefficient. Swinton, the historian, says of the fight at Savage's Station:

"Magruder attacked in front with characteristic impetuosity about 1 o'clock in the afternoon, expecting Jackson, whose route led in flank and rear, to arrive and decide the action.''

Again, he says of the operations on the south of the Chickahominy:

''Porter could expect no aid from the southside, for they were fully engaged by the demonstrations of Magruder, who, by energetic handling of his troops, making a great show and movement and clatter, held the corps commanders, to whom McClellan applied for aid in behalf of Porter, so fully occupied that they declared they could spare none.''

Of the devoted, loyal sons of Virginia who volunteered for her defense, none was more patriotic or heroic than John Bankhead Magruder. On the plains of Mexico he had won his first laurels. With consummate skill he fortified the historic peninsular from Yorktown to Mulberry Point, so that the foremost captain of the Federal army, with 100,000 men against 15,000, was halted and held at bay until Johnston's forces could march to the rescue. At Savage's station he attacked the rear guard of McClellan's army, and inflicted severe loss on the Federals. From that point he had moved with great alacrity to Timberlake's store, and was in position to deal a telling blow at Frazier's farm, when the order came to move to New Market. It does seem the irony of fate that he should have been the victim of the misfortunes that attended our imperfect knowledge of the roads and topography around Richmond.

President Davis, in his ''Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government,'' says: ''We had no maps of the country in which we were operating; our generals were ignorant of the roads, and their guides knew little more than the way from their homes to Richmond.'' This latter declaration does injustice to many patriotic and intelligent citizens of our lower counties, some of whom have passed beyond the reach of censure or praise, others of whom are here to testify for themselves, and will be heard from, doubtless, around your camp fires. General Long says, evidently with a view of offsetting the rather severe criticisms of General Dick Taylor, that the major-generals had maps, and he produced a copy of the same. That some of our generals had maps of the principal county roads there can be no question; but the by-roads were not laid down. A division-general, after the engagement of July 1st, was directed to move on the left flank and proceed to the neighborhood of the old Westover church, in Charles City county. Calling to his guide, he asked to be piloted to Nance's Shop. Arriving there, he inquired how far it was to Bradley's Store, near the church, and learning that the distance was nearly the same as from the starting to his objective point, he asked why he had not carried him the nearest way; the guide, a blunt, plain man, replied: "You told me to bring you to Nance's Shop, and I have done so." The neighborhood road was not laid down. The general made no inquiries of his obedient guide, and lost five miles in his line of march. The same difficulties as to roads have attended armies in older and more open and cultivated countries than Eastern Virginia, and have been the instruments of winning or losing many battles.

MALVERN HILL AND WATERLOO.

A most original and graphic writer, delineating the battle of Waterloo, remarked: "Here a general of division fell; near by, brigades with their commanders perished; soon the grand old Imperial Guard, that had never known defeat, hurled its front ranks into a yawning chasm of earth that its rear might pass over to meet, upon the fixed bayonets of the hollow squares of Wellington, a no less certain fate. And all this, why? A cowboy said to a general on one bright Sunday morning: 'Sire, take this road.'" Blucher, seventy-three years old, fired with the spirit of war and revenge, falling from his horse, but mounting again with the alacrity of youth, presses upon the scene, while Wellington prays that he or night would come. Waterloo was won by the accident of a well-directed route. Malvern Hill was doubtless a drawn battle because the Quaker road was misunderstood.

It was a fearful ordeal to pass from under the cover of the hills that fringed the Crew field, and face the enemy. I could easily give you examples of personal valor and heroism unsurpassed in war. Of many such, probably none exceeded the gallantry of Captain Martin, of the 53rd Virginia Infantry, Armistead's brigade. And Thomas Fletcher Harwood, of Co. K (Charles City Southern Guard), color-bearer in his regiment, who lost a leg there, and is to-day one of the many maimed survivors of that fight, has a record in the archives at Washington that will carry his name to the latest posterity. A century hence the Daughters of the Confederacy will be establishing their right to membership upon these records, as many of Virginia's fair daughters to-day are building their claims upon the imperfectly kept records of our Revolutionary fathers.

CHARLES CITY CAVALRY.

In the carefully written and full report of General Magruder, he refers to the Charles City Cavalry as follows:

"The brave and devoted troopers of the Charles City Cavalry were on this, as on all other occasions, distinguished for the promptness, intrepidity, and intelligence with which they discharged their important duties; and to their chivalric and enterprising lieutenant, Hill Carter, Jr., I owe a public acknowledment of the great services he has rendered his country on every occasion which has presented itself."

It may not be inappropriate to remark that this company, to which General Magruder refers, lost the first man killed in battle in the war; for Samuel W. Pryor had been killed in a skirmish below Bethel church, the Confederate line, and was sleeping in his family burying ground in Charles City county, before Wyatt fell at Big Bethel in June, 1861. It also lost about the last man killed in the war; for its gallant first lieutenant, William H. Harwood, who had passed through every cavalry fight of his command, and been engaged in as many hand-to-hand encounters as any man in the service, fell pierced through by a cannon ball, in the desperate charge on General Gregg's brigade, the day before the surrender at Appomattox.

Benjamin H. Harrison was captain of this company at Malvern Hill. Magruder thus refers to him:

"The noble, accomplished, and gallant Harrison, commander of the Charles City Troop, uniting his own exertions with mine, rallied regiment after regiment, and leading one of them to the front, fell, pierced with seven wounds, near the enemy's batteries."

This worthy member of one of Virginia's historic families, was a close kinsman of the Benjamin Harrison of 1774, who, when the storms of revolution were gathering, stood at Jefferson's right hand, as Partrick Henry stood at his left, to make the voice of Virginia heard in behalf of self-government. He was a resident of that section of Virginia from whose soil sprang three men who became Presidents of the United States. He possessed in the highest degree all those heroic and lovable traits of character that endeared him to his men. One of them, closer to him than many, had the day before, while resting at Timberlake's Store, tried to dissuade him from rash exposure of his life. But a noble and dauntless spirit impelled him, when it was not required nor expected of him, to lead the advance infantry regiments, and die, as Armistead died afterwards on the heights of Gettysburg, hard by the enemy's artillery.

The calmness and composure of the citizens of this city through all the trying days previous to and during the conflict was never exceeded in the history of any people, not even in Rome when in the forum were sold the very fields on which the victorious Carthagenians were camped. From the files of the *Dispatch* of that time, I quote as follows:

"A distinguished lawyer, whose age prevented him being in the field, exclaimed to a friend when the battle (Malvern Hill) was raging: 'I am proud of Richmond. I am proud of my fellow-citizens. I could never have believed it possible for human beings to behave so admirably as they have done to-day. From my soul I am proud of them.'"

In the issue of this paper of the 3d of of July, we find the following notices:

"Major John Stewart Walker, former captain of the Virginia Life Guards, was killed on Tuesday. He was a gallant officer, and one of our best and most influential citizens. Ellis Munford, son of the Secretary of the Commonwealth, also fell mortally wounded."

There also, you will find a long list of the killed and wounded, and notices of the work in the hospitals, and tributes to the noble women in this city, ministering angels of charity then as now.

The sons they had sent forth with the Roman matron's injunction were returning upon their shields. In habiliaments of mourning they visited the hospitals, ministering to the Southern youths who, far from home and friends, were suffering and dying. The unshaken faith of the noble women of the South upheld and prolonged the heroic struggle for constitutional rights, while their cheerful sacrifices in their isolated homes, providing for and teaching their little children and praying for the absent husband and father, oftentimes with no protector save the faithful slaves who watched over the defenceless homes, furnishes the most unique and striking example of devotion to duty the world has ever known. The descendants of such women will rehabilitate a land impoverished by war and afflicted with unjust and discriminating legislation. When under the guiding hand of Providence her vexed problems are settled and she enters once more upon a career of prosperity, another monument will crown one of the hills of this consecrated city, erected by the sons of veterans and dedicated to the noble women of the South.

[From the Sunday *News*, Charleston, S. C., July 25, 1897.]

THE SLAUGHTER AT PETERSBURG, JUNE 18, 1864.

There was no Fighting Around Petersburg in 1863.

Some Interesting Personal Reminiscences of the Fatal Day, and those which Immediately Preceded and Succeeded it, by Judge Wm. M. Thomas, then an Officer of Rion's Battalion in Hagood's Brigade.

To the Editor of the Sunday News:

In your issue of Sunday, the 18th July, Mr. Marcus B. Alley, of the Maine Artillery during the late war between the States, gives a history of the Federal attack upon the lines at Petersburg on June 18, 1864. He writes it as 1863, but that was a mistake. There was no fighting around Petersburg in 1863, and all with whom I have conversed agree that 1864 is correct. Otherwise his description from the Federal standpoint is in accord with my recollection.

As this was a bloody and remarkable battle, and no account of it has been written for several years, you will, I hope, allow me to give the Confederate version of the battle. Even the Federal official reports have been strangely reticent concering the operations of the 18th of June, 1864, and of the two days preceding that day. General Grant, in his report, says that he ordered General G. W. Smith to advance, and for three days finding no progress had been made, he went himself to the front. This is all he says; General B. F. Butler, who had been bottled up, as Grant said, across the Appomattox, a stone's throw from a part of this battlefield, and who crossed it to see Grant, retaliated the bottling up assertion by alleging that "Grant was drunk" on this occasion.

Some time ago a new element to me, was introduced into our Confederate version, and I wrote to General Hagood the accompanying version, so as to recall his attention to the facts. In reply he wrote me he was glad to get it; that no report of the same had ever before reached him. Colonel Rion, who usually made these reports, was wounded on the 19th of June, and was subsequently for some weeks in the hospital, so that no official report from him could have been made. It will thus be seen that from both sides the official accounts of the battle have been meagre, and that a Confederate statement should supplement the Federal account of Mr. Alley.

HAGOOD'S BRIGADE.

The Confederate lines attacked at that time were held by Hagood's South Carolina Brigade, and were those to the north of Petersburg, commencing at the Appomattox river on the west, and extending eastwardly across the Charles City dirt road and railroad north of and alongside of Hare's Race Course to the salient on the lines held by Colquitt's brigade. Hagood's, Colquitt's and Clingman's brigades comprised Hoke's division. Clingman's brigade did not come up until the 19th. The extreme west of the line was held by a Virginia battery on the banks of the Appomattox, and from there to the Charles City dirt road were the 11th, 21st, 27th and 25th regiments. Between the dirt road and railroad was a fort, and to the east of the railroad was another fort. These forts were held by the 7th battalion, under Major James H. Rion. Colonel Nelson was absent, and did not return until the 19th. He was killed five days afterwards, on nearly the same field. From Rion's forts to Colquitt's salient there was a short gap. The forts were somewhat nearer to the Federal lines than the salient, but when on the 19th the forts were abandoned and new lines established south of Hare's Race Course, in the old canal, then the gap was closed and Colquitt's salient became nearer the Federal lines. Beyond Colquitt's salient to the east the lines ran to the salient, variously called Pegram's (who occupied it on the 18th of June), Elliott's (who there fought the mine fight in August) and Gracie's (who held it after the mine fight). None of these, however, were engaged on the 18th of June.

The attack of the Federals commenced on the 16th. From the Virginia battery, on the banks of the Appomattox, to the Colquitt salient, the Confederate lines were there held by General Wise's Virginia brigade and the Virginia reserves. The Federals came across the James river and advanced on Petersburg by the Charles City roads. They swept across Wise's lines, leaving no Confederate position occupied except that of the Virginia battery at the Appomattox. From that point to Colquitt's salient, the Confederate lines remained undefended until late in the evening and during the night, when they were re-occupied by the arrival of reinforcements of Hagood's brigade.

Hagood's brigade had been on the north side of the James river, confronting Grant's army, from before the battle of Cold Harbor, on the 3d of June, along down the Chickahominy, Malvern Hill, and Haws's Shop; and on the morning of the 16th were on the north bank of the James river, near the pontoon bridge at Drewry's Bluff. We were hurriedly marched across the bridge to the south side of the James, and on to the Petersburg and Richmond railroad, near Chester Courthouse. It was a cool morning, and as I was marching near Major Rion, there came to my nose the most fragrant scent a weary soldier ever inhaled.

"What is that?" I asked.

"Hush," said Orderly-Sergeant Malone, of D, the front company, "Major Rion has opened his brandy flask." Rion always carried a flask filled with French brandy for an emergency, and, wearied with the fatiguing campaign and march, he had taken a morning dram. I believe the smell did me as much good as the dram did for him.

We came to the railroad, about sixteen miles or so from Petersburg, and halted along the track. The 7th, under Colonel Rion, was in front and nearest to Petersburg. Towards evening, Major Ed. Willis, of the Quartermaster's department, came along from Richmond with an engine, tender, and two cars. He called for two companies of volunteers from the brigade to go to Petersburg. Colonel Rion stepped out and said: "The whole battalion will go." He directed me to put the eight companies, comprising some 500 men, on the train. It was close packing, standing and sitting, inside and outside, on engine, tender and cars. I was on top taking in the scenery and the pine smoke from the engine. I was a dirty white man before we started, but by the time we arrived in Petersburg I was black.

Right across Pocahontas Bridge and up the Main street we marched, my blackness illuming and leading the way. It was just after Wise's brigade had given way. They were running back, some hatless, some shoeless, and nearly all without guns. The women of Petersburg were out on the sidewalks, carrying their household goods from place to place.

"What brigade is that?" they asked.

"Hagood's brigade," I proudly answered.

"We are safe now," said they, as they went down on their knees on the pavements. Hagood's brigade had saved them twice recently before, in May, at the battles of Walthall Junction, and of Swift Creek. Their gratitude was an inspiration to every man in the regiment.

Out we marched on the Charles City road, until we came just south of Hare's Race Course. There we were marched into a depression among the hills, where General Hoke had his headquarters, and were rationed. About dusk we were marched to the north of the race course, and into an open field nearly aligned on Colquitt's salient, and we commenced immediately to throw up breastworks with bayonets, swords, tin plates, etc. Three times during the night we were drawn up in line of battle to charge, and the order was countermanded. At last, towards morning, our pickets were put out in front, and we went to sleep on our arms.

Just at daybreak the adjutant was directed to relieve the pickets, and draw them in nearer if necessary. We knew the enemy were facing us across the field, When the Adjutant came to the picket line in the gray of the morning, there could be seen Federal pickets approaching two of Wise's abandoned forts in our front, as if to take possession of them. The forts were as near to us as they were to the Federals. The old picket combined with the relief and made a dash for the forts; they got there before the Federals, and the Federals lost several men. The Federals fled. I reported to Major Rion, who sent me to General Hoke. He ordered Major Rion to advance his whole battalion into the forts, and to hold them if he could.

By the time I rejoined the regiment Major Rion had his line of battle ready, and we moved away from Colquitt's left, across the gap to the forts. The Federals began to comprehend the situation. They commenced shelling us and sending forward their infantry to attack the forts. This was kept up all that day.

Early in the day General Hagood came to us, and made his headquarters on the left of the left fort, next to the dirt road. Across the road, along a marshy slope, were the 25th and other regiments of his brigade, extending down to the Appomattox river.

Between our dirt road and the 25th regiment was a deep drain, and it became necessary to bridge this drain in order that there might be access along our lines. General Hagood's staff was scattered, and I can recall none who were with him except Lieutenant Dwight Stoney, a glorious little soldier then, and now in the Charleston express office. The General made use of me, and among other things, he intimated he wanted that bridge built. I informed him our battalion pioneer corps, under Lieutenant Hill, of Company C, was back at Hares's Race Course. He directed me take Dwight Stoney's pretty marsh tacky, with a good switch, ride fast as I crossed the railroad where it converged to the dirt road, and bring up the pioneers. The Federals were sending their shells down the railroad as down a sluice. But the pony carried me safely, and I soon had the pioneers at the front. When I reported with them, Lieutenant Hill was temporarily absent, and General Hagood turned the pioneers over to me to build the bridge. A veteran soldier can do almost anything, and soon I raised a cloud of dust which drew afresh the shelling of the Federals.

About this time some of Captain Dave Walton's company came in from the front, and said one of Wise's abandoned cannon and limber chest were at the foot of the hill in front, about sixty yards away. The General gave me leave to stop raising the dust, and to take the pioneers and recover the gun. We brought it back into the road, alongside of the left fort, wheeled it round, and got it ready for the next charge of the Federals. The General said when we put it in position, that we had no artillerists to manage it. I told him "some of Rion's old company B, were among the pioneers and were drilled in artillery practice." "All right, go ahead." This was the only gun used that day or the next, so far as I know, on our lines, and it did good service, as Mr. Alley testifies.

About the time General Hagood came to us and was endeavoring to establish the line down to the river, Captain Ward Hopkin's, Captain Walters', and perhaps some other companies, were marched to the front and towards the river, across the open field. I was standing on the parapet of the fort watching them. The Federals trained their guns upon them, and I saw these brave soldiers killed. Along with them were Lieutenant Allemong and Sergeant Beckman. I knew them all well. Ward Hopkins was a classmate with me in the South Carolina College, and no more knightly spirit ever served the Confederacy. Beckman and I had gone to the same Sunday-school and church in our boyhood.

A TADPOLE.

During the night of the 17th the ammunition gave out, and it was brought up in an army wagon. I had to distribute it to the regiments on our left. I started with a detail, carried out my orders, and was returning to headquarters, when I missed my bridge and brought up in the swamp. As bad luck would have it, the Federals made an attack at that time. Then I was in the swamp and water, with the Federals in front of me, and the 25th regiment in rear of me. There was no alternative except to obey the old Confederate injunction, "to grab a root." I managed to get between two tussocks, and under water as much as I could. The balls passed over me from both sides, so I was unhurt, but I felt very uncomfortable all night in my wet and muddy clothing.

The next morning was the 18th June. Then Mr. Alley says, Lincoln's pets, 1,950 strong, the Maine battery, charged us, and went back with 250. I can realize that this was so, for, except at Cold Harbor, I never saw such slaughter.

At early daylight the Federals commenced shelling us. It was then, as it is now, my habit to take hot coffee as soon after daylight as practicable. Of course I had to make it myself. That morning I made a double portion, for Major Rion and myself. I knew he needed it. He brought his tin cup to me, and then went off across the esplanade of the fort, and called to me to bring him his coffee. To do so I would have to expose myself to the shells of the Federals, which were flying around us. I did it. The Major said: "I wanted to see if you could do it without spilling a drop. I believe you did it."

The Major gave the right fort to my charge; but, such a charge! "Take your place in the fort, when the line crosses the railroad, and extend my orders. Remember, I hold you responsible at the mouth of my pistol, if a shot is fired from that fort before my order to fire." I was dazed; for it is almost impossible to restrain men from firing when under fire, and while being charged, and I knew the Major was a strict disciplinarian and would do as he said. So I asked him: "How can I help it?" "Go to Captain Jones (I. L., of Liberty Hill), and say to him what I said to you, and that I say you can only relieve yourself of responsibility from my pistol by your opening fire on him upon the first premature shot he permits to come from that fort." I so did; crossing the railroad among the shells to see Captain Jones. That discipline was the secret of that slaughter.

The battle was continuously fought under the strictest tactics of the manual of arms. The Major would stand in the open, so he could see our breastworks, and the balance of us would be "grabbing a root, close up to the breastworks." The enemy would come by brigades, two companies deep, and march steadily across the open field towards us, while the air over our heads was seething with shells and minie-balls. At my post, behind the breastwork, near the railroad, I would peep up to see how near the Federals were. Captain Jones, on the other side of the railroad, was doing the same thing. Closer and closer would the Federals come, and I would think to myself, "Will he never say fire?" At length they came within ten or fifteen yards, as Mr. Alley says, and the Major straightened himself, "Rear rank, ready! aim, fire!" Then, "Front rank, ready! aim, fire!" I extended the orders to Captain Jones, and 250 Enfield rifles of each rank spoke at each command with one voice. The air was thick in front of us with the smoke; but when we ceased firing, and the air cleared, we could see the retreating and scattered Federals, and the dead they had left in our front.

In one of these charges, while the shells were flying, I peeped up to see the approaching Federals. Just in front of me there suddenly appeared something like a black buzzing bee. It was a shell. I knew what it was, and down I ducked behind the breastwork. The shell burst in the breastwork, right in front of me, and covered me with dirt all to my protruding legs. I was pulled out, and my head bandaged where a piece of the shell had struck me. It was my duty to report the casualties. I did not report myself. "How is this?" asked Major Rion. I told it was slight, and I did not want my wife to be unnecessarily alarmed. "Wounds, sir, are honorable to a soldier and his command. A wound is any blood letting. Don't let this occur again." I told him "I hoped it would not."

But all things must come to an end. General Hoke had been preparing an interior line for us, while we were fighting the forts. South of Hare's Race Course was the old Colonial Canal, leading from near Colquitt's salient down to the Appomattox, and it made splendid breastworks. On the morning of the 19th the interior line was ready. At daylight Major Rion directed me to make a detail of skirmishers for him. When I reported with the detail he directed me to take the rest of the battalion back to the canal and report to General Hagood. This I did, looking back at Major Rion to see what he was going to do with his skirmishers. They were all lying flat and within ten or fifteen yards of the breastworks. The Federals saw us withdraw, and came on to the forts with a great rejoicing. The Major let them crowd the breastworks, and then poured in a volley from his skirmishers. Both sides retreated.

I had reported to General Hagood in the road, and he directed me to take his horse and recall Major Rion. The campaign had made him bony, yet I mounted, but did not get twenty yards before he fell with me. The shells were flying, and they thought I was killed, but I got on my feet, turned the horse's head back to the General, and cried out, "If he had no objections, I would take the balance of my journey afoot," and so I did.

The Major brought in his skirmishers, and exchanged them for the first company of the Washington Light Infantry, and went back to the front. The Federals must have thought he had a brigade, he ran the infantry about in such a way. We could hear him, "Charge, men, charge!" "Down!" The infantry behaved well, and the Major was so well pleased that he sent to me for the second company of the Light Infantry. General Hagood gave me a verbal order on the commanding officer for them, and I carried then out to Rion. He had been wounded in the right forearm at Drury's Bluff, and he always carried a tournequet and bandages ready in his haversack. Just after midday he was wounded in the left forearn, and brought in his skirmishers. I applied the tournequet for him, and bandaged his arm, and he went to the hospital.

Before going he had the prescience to establish our picket pits; he directed they should be kept at a good distance from our main line, so that the main line might not be annoyed by shooting from close quarters. This was wise. When we first entered the canal our regiments were mixed up, but soon Colonel Nelson came in, and our battalion was aligned from the road eastwardly, and the other regiments extended to Colquitt's salient in the same direction; to the west of the road was Clingman's North Carolina Brigade. They did not keep the Federals off as far as we did, and the consequence was Clingman suffered from the near approach of the Federals. They got so close they could talk together, swap tobacco, newspapers, etc. The men became so friendly that an order was issued on our side to stop it, and to commence firing. I recall how a Tarheel got on the breastworks and cried out, "Hide out, you Feds, we have orders to commence firing, and we are going to begin."

The difference in the picket lines in front of us and those in front of Clingman made a complete trap for several Federal officers. The officer of the day and officers in charge of the Federal picket line used to start, after nightfall, to visit their picket pits, commencing at the Appomattox river, and going eastwardly. Along Clingman's line it was plain sailing, but when they came to the road and crossed over in our front, they came on the same projection to the rear of the Confederate pickets; and all the Confederates had to do was to draw a bead on them and make them stand and deliver.

Captain W. C. Clyburn, of Co. G, was at that time acting as major, and inasmuch as we had recovered the cannon on the 17th he was put in charge of it when it was brought back to the canal. It was right in the road, and the Federal prisoners, when brought in, would be brought before Captain Clyburn. He is now, and was then, one of the politest men in the world. He would receive these Federal officers with the utmost courtesy, but he would always insist on the spoils of war. Captain Clyburn had plenty of greenbacks and good clothing so long as this trap lasted. He lived well, too. He once asked me to dinner with him. "Take this seat, up against this tree; you can see to the front, and you are in no danger, I can assure you. None of the Federal balls ever come lower than this mark," said he, showing me a spot on the tree about three inches above my head. About a day or two afterwards Captain Clyburn showed me where a Federal ball had struck the tree fully six inches below, just where my head had been.

Four years after this battle I revisited this field. When I went into the army for good my wife had made me a pretty woolen shirt, and put in it my set of amethist and pearl studs, so that if I was killed, as she said, whoever found my body would see I was a gentleman and give me decent burial. A few days after I had been among the tadpoles, as above related, I went to the rear, towards the Appomattox, to bathe and wash my clothing. I found, I thought, a safe place, and deposited my studs on a stump, taking my shirt with me into the water. While busy in my laundry the Federals made an attack, and their balls fell so thick around me that I retreated, taking my clothing, regardless of my studs. My remembrance is that Captain Martin, of General Hagood's staff, was wounded in the same vicinity that day. So when I went North for my health in 1868, and passed through Petersburg, I stopped over to see the old battlefield and find my studs. I found the stump, but the studs were gone.

The old forts were reversed. Instead of facing North they faced South. Some negro women and a man were hoeing corn on the site of the left fort. I asked them "if that was a Yankee or Rebel fort?" "He Yankee fort," was the answer. I was miffed, I said: "I was here in the fight, and just where the women are hoeing three men were killed by one shell, and we buried them right there." Down went the hoes, and away went the women, just as the Federals had done years before.

[From the Pulaski, Tenn., *Citizen*, January 6, 1898.]

SAM DAVIS—A SOUTHERN HERO.

A Tribute to this Martyr by ELLA WHEELER WILCOX, with a Simple Account of the Sacrifice.

A Touching Parallel to the Fate of NATHAN HALE.

Nothing sweeter, it may be felt, might the poet have done, than in her lines given. It may be trusted, that, permanently re-united, our most promising refuge and Nation, will not fail in recognition, in time, of every instance of honorable devotion.

At a recent meeting of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, at Baltimore, a poem by Ella Wheeler Wilcox was read. The poem is eulogistic of a young Tennessee Confederate soldier who preferred death to dishonor.

Mrs. Wilcox wrote the poem for the *Confederate Veteran*, and in a note to the editor, she said:

"I have never worked harder to produce what I desired. I began fully twenty poems before I wrote this one."

Here it is:

SAM DAVIS.

When the Lord calls up earth's heroes
  To stand before his face,
Oh, many a name unknown to fame
  Shall ring from that high place!
And out of a grave in the Southland
  At the just God's call and beck,
Shall one man rise with fearless eyes
  And a rope around his neck.

For men have swung from gallows
  Whose souls were white as snow,
Not how they die nor where, but why
  Is what God's records show.
And on that mighty ledger
  Is writ Sam Davis' name—
For honor's sake he would not make
  A compromise with shame.

The great world lay before him,
For he was in his youth,
With love of life young hearts are rife,
But better he loved truth.
He fought for his convictions,
And when he stood at bay
He would not flinch nor stir one inch
From honor's narrow way.

They offered life and freedom
If he would speak the word;
In silent pride he gazed aside
As one who had not heard.
They argued, pleaded, threatened—
It was but wasted breath,
"Let come what must, I keep my trust,"
He said and laughed at death.

He would not sell his manhood
To purchase priceless hope;
Where kings cast down a name and crown
He dignified a rope.
Ah, grave! where was your triumph?
And death! where was your sting?
He showed you how a man could bow
To doom and stay a king.

And God, who loves the loyal
Because they are like him,
I doubt not yet that soul shall set
Among his cherubim.
Oh, Southland! fling your laurels:
And add your wreath, Oh, North!
Let glory claim the hero's name,
And tell the world his worth.

The bronze head of Sam Davis was one of the most admired works of art in the Parthenon of the Tennessee Centennial.

This bust, executed by Julian Zolling, represents a nobly formed head; the boyish face conveys an impression of courage, strength and sweetness. Many visitors were attracted to this bit of bronze; singularly enough, many of them had never before heard of Sam Davis and his tragic death. Here is the story:

In 1863 General Bragg sent a number of picked men, as scouts, among them Sam Davis, into Middle Tennessee in order to gain information concerning the Federal army; he wished to know if the Union army was re-enforcing Chattanooga. The men were to go

South and send their reports by courier line to General Bragg at Missionary Ridge. The expedition was attended with much danger.

The scouts had seen the 16th Army Corps, commanded by General Dodge, move from Corinth to Pulaski, and on Friday, November 19, they started to return to their own camp, each man for himself, and bearing his own information.

Late that afternoon they were captured by the 7th Kansas Cavalry, known as the "Kansas Jayhawkers," taken to Pulaski and put in prison.

Important papers were found upon the person of Sam Davis. In his saddle-bags the plans and fortifications as well as an exact report of the Federal Army in Tennessee were found.

A letter intended for General Bragg was also found.

General Dodge sent for Davis and told him that he had a serious charge to make; that he was a spy and did not seem to realize the danger he was in. The General also remarked kindly that Davis was a young man, and that it would be well for him to tell from what source his accurate information concerning the Federal army was obtained. Davis had made no reply until this time. Then he said:

"General Dodge, I know the danger of my situation, and am willing to take the consequences."

He was ready to die rather than betray his friends.

General Dodge remonstrated with the young prisoner, and insisted that he tell the name of his informer. Davis answered steadfastly:

"I will not tell. You are doing your duty as a soldier, and I am doing mine. If I have to die, I do so feeling that I am doing my duty to God and to my country."

Pleading was useless. He thanked General Dodge for his kind interest, but remained firm. Davis was condemned to death. The night before his execution he wrote a pathetically brave letter to his mother and father.

The morning of the execution arrived. Davis was put into a wagon and taken to the Courthouse Square. The condemned man, seeing some of his friends at a window, bowed a last farewell.

Arriving at the gallows Davis asked Captain Armstrong how long he had to live. The reply was: "Fifteen minutes." Davis then asked for the news. Captain Armstrong told him of the Confederate defeat at Missionary Ridge. He expressed much regret, and said:

"The boys will have to fight without me."

General Dodge still had hope that Davis would reveal the name of the traitor in the Federal camp, and thus save his own life. One of the officers of General Dodge rapidly approached the scaffold, and asked the youth if it would not be better for him to speak the name of the person from whom he had received the document found upon him, adding:

"It is not too late yet!"

Davis replied: "If I had a thousand lives, I would lose them all before I would betray my friends, or the confidence of my informer."

He then requested the officer to thank General Dodge for his efforts to save him, but to repeat that he could not accept the terms. Turning to the chaplain he asked that a few keepsakes be kept for his mother. He then said that he was ready, ascended the scaffold, and stepped upon the trap.

Another noble young life was sacrificed for love of the South.

[From the *Sunday News*, Charleston, S. C., July 25, 1897.]

BOY HEROES OF COLD HARBOR.

HOW TAYLOR, HAYNE, PINCKNEY AND GADSDEN HOLMES DIED.

Colonel Edward McCrady, after Consultation with Captains Armstrong, Kelly, Hasell, Hutson and Dr. Frost, tells the Story of the Heroism of the Four Young South Carolinians who Fell at Cold Harbor Supporting the Colors of the 1st Regiment, S. C. V.—The Gallant Dominick Spellman, of the Irish Volunteers.

The following interesting letter of Colonel Edward McCrady to Mrs. Thomas Taylor, of Columbia, explains itself:

CHARLESTON, *April 6, 1897.*

My Dear Mrs. Taylor:

It will make rather a long letter to answer your inquiries of the 25th ultimo. I will, however, endeavor to do so as briefly as I can.

I should premise that, though present at the battle of Cold Harbor on the June 27, 1862, I was not on duty with the regiment, the 1st South Carolina Volunteers, of which I was then major. I had been ill in Richmond for some weeks when the seven days' battle around the city began, and though I managed to get out in a carriage just as that battle opened, being too weak to walk I was directed by General Gregg to serve upon his staff, as doing so allowed me to remain on horseback, when the field officers of regiments were ordered to dismount upon going into action. It thus happened that I was separated from the regiment at the time though within a few yards of it, and did not actually see what took place in the now famous incident of the destruction of our color guard, and the repeated upraising and upholding of our colors. I am, however, I believe, fully informed of the occurrences, and the following account is confirmed by my comrades here—Captains James Armstrong, William Aiken Kelly, N. Ingraham Hasell, C. J. C. Hutson and Dr. Francis L. Frost.

In regard to the formation of the color guard about which you inquire, I must tell you that our color guard was composed of a color sergeant, who bore the regimental colors, a corporal who bore the battle flag, and one corporal from each of the remaining eight companies. The color guard thus consisting in all of ten men. As the color guard forms the color line on which the regimental line is formed, and as it is the most dangerous because the most conspicuous part of a regiment, and indeed that upon which the whole formation is made, none but the best soldiers are detailed for this duty. Upon the organization of our regiment, Colonel Maxcy Gregg appointed young James Taylor, from Columbia, your kinsman, a noble and gallant youth, color sergeant, and Corporal William Gregg, of Marion, bearer of the battle flag. I will mention here at once that Corporal Gregg was sick in Richmond at the time, but endeavoring notwithstanding to join his regiment, missed his way, and failing to find it, joined another regiment, and was killed, thus sharing the fate and glory of his comrades though upon another part of the field.

As I have said, a regiment is formed upon the color guard, the companies by rule (not always, however, followed), ranging from right to left and centre, by seniority of the captains; the senior captain on the right, the next on the left, and the third, whose company is known as the color company, in the centre.

The alignment which, however, obtained in our regiment, and which was never changed during the war, was from right to left, as follows:

(1) The Richland Volunteers, Company C, Captain Cordero; (2) the Barnwell Company, Company A, Captain C. W. McCreary; (3)

the Carolina Light Infantry, of Charleston, Company L, Captain C. D. Barksdale; (4) the Edgefield Company, Company G, Captain A. P. Butler; (5) the Irish Volunteers, Company K—my old company, then commanded by Captain M. P. Parker—the color company; (6) the Horry Rebels, Company F, Captain T. Pinckney Alston; (7) the Marion Company, Company E, Captain William P. Shooter; (8) the Newbury Company, Company B, Captain J. C. McLemore; (9) the Richardson Guards, Charleston, Company I, Captain C. L. Boag; (10) Captain William T. Haskell's Company, partly from Abbeville and partly from Beauford, Company H, Company D, from Darlington, Captain D. G. McIntosh, was converted into artillery, and became the Pee-Dee or McIntosh battery, and so was separated from the regiment.

The 1st and 12th regiments had been generally in the advance during the morning of the 27th of June, and when at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, arrangements had been made by General Lee for a general attack on the Federal position at Cold Harbor, General Gregg directed the 1st and 12th to advance upon a hillside, the ground of which—especially in front of the 1st—was covered by a dense thicket of young pines. The advance was met by a continuous fire of small arms, and General Gregg finding that great damage was done by an enfilading fire from a battery established a good way to our right, directed Colonel Marshall with the regiment of rifles Orr's rifles, as it was known, to charge and take it.

Upon the attempted advance of the 1st and 12th, their lines were much broken by the dense growth of pines and brambles, through which they had to move, the 12th getting in rear of the 1st, and the first three companies on the right of the 1st, doubling up in rear of the rest of the regimental line. This put the Carolina Light Infantry, Company L, directly in rear of the Irish Volunteers, the color company, and so just behind the colors.

It was at this moment of confusion, when the alignment of the two regiments, 1st and 12th, were thus broken, that the Rifles debouched from the cover under which they had been lying and advancing in column of companies attempted to form forward into line to make the charge ordered by General Gregg. The appearance of the Rifles upon the field brought upon the three advancing regiments of General Gregg's Brigade a fire which is said to have been the greatest delivered at any time during the war. It was the fire of Sykes' Division of Regulars, of the United States Army, to which was attached the New York Zouaves. I have seen it stated somewhere that the fire was that technically known as the "fire by file of companies," which, supposing the division to have consisted of ten companies in two ranks, and allowing for reserves, would have given more than 100 guns at every second of time. This fire of musketry was deafening. The great guns of the artillery, and all the confused noises of battle were completely drowned in the one continuous roar of the deadly fire of small arms. Before it, the Rifles, caught in the moment of executing a most difficult manœuvre, melted away; more than half of the regiment falling in a few moments in this its baptismal fire.

The fire was scarcely less fatal to the 1st and 12th. Of the 1st Lieutenant-Colonel A. M. Smith, Captain C. L. Boag, Lieutenants Grimke Rhett, Robert W. Rhett and A. J. Ashley were killed or mortally wounded. Lieutenants B. M. Blease, Josiah Cox, John G. Barnwell and E. D. Brailsford were also wounded, and under the fire the whole color guard went down. The loss of the 1st in this battle was 145, almost all of whom fell at this time.

As in all such incidents of intense excitement and violent and tragic scenes, the accounts of those who took part in this differ, and these differences increase as our memories fail as the years go by. But all agree that Color Sergeant Taylor—"Jimmy Taylor," as we all affectionately called him—fell at once under the fire, which was no doubt in a great measure directed to our great blue flag with the palmetto upon it, as it emerged from the woods. His blood was still to be seen upon its folds when, in 1889, my brother surviving officers and myself presented it to the State, with the request that it should always be kept at the capitol.

There are two accounts as to who took up the colors from under Taylor's body. One statement is that Colonel D. H. Hamilton, commanding the regiment, did so, and that he handed them to Corporal Shubrick Hayne, the color corporal for Company L. The other account asserts that Hayne himself took them up. However this may be, certain it is that Hayne bore them aloft until he fell, mortally wounded, when it seems equally certain that Alfred Pinckney, of Company L, seized them and was immediately killed with them in his hands. Then comes another point of difference. On the one hand it is said that Philip Gadsden Holmes, also of Company L, took them up and immediately fell under three mortal wounds. I am inclined, however, to believe that this is a mistake; that the fact was that Gadsden Holmes was, at the moment he was shot, just behind the colors, endeavoring himself to get a deliberate aim at the advancing enemy. Then Dominick Spellman, one of the heroes of our war, a member of the Irish company, raised the colors and gloriously bore them for the rest of the day, for which he was made color sergeant of the regiment, and bore them until himself was shot with the battle flag at Manassas. This, I believe, is as nearly accurate an account of this memorable incident as ca nnow be given.

I have been thus particular to give the position of each company of the regiment at the time, as it explains how it was, that after the fall of Color-Sergeant Taylor, the great loss fell upon the Charleston companies, and how it was that to them the glorious opportunity was given, of showing how heroically Carolina boys would give their lives for the State. But it was only the accident of the doubling up of our regimental line, which put Captain Barksdale's company (Company L), behind the colors, and thus giving them the opportunity of furnishing the heroes, which every other company of the regiment would have done as well had the accidents of battle so decreed. Let me remind you also, that this is an account of an incident only of the battle, and hence it is that but three regiments of the brigade have been mentioned. Our comrades of the 13th and 14th regiments bore equally conspicuous and gallant parts upon that memorable day, but were not actively engaged at this time, the 13th being held in reserve, and the 14th hurrying into action after a long and tedious march from a distant position which they had been left temporarily to guard, and both coming to the assistance of the 1st, 12th and Rifles, in their great emergency.

Permit me, dear Mrs. Taylor, to express to you the gratification the survivors of the old 1st regiment experience in knowing that the ladies are taking an interest in our historic colors. I say historic, for the blue flag with the palmetto upon it, now in our State House, was carried from Fort Sumter and planted in the town of Gettysburg. It was, we believe, the first regimental flag unfurled in Virginia, for Governor Pickens, you know, sent Colonel Maxcy Gregg with his regiment to Richmond before the Virginia troops could be organized, and thus it was that it may truly be said the whole Army of Northern Virginia was gathered and organized around its folds.

I mentioned that Color Sergeant Spellman was shot at Second Manassas, carrying the battle flag. I will explain that, commanding the regiment in that battle, I considered the regimental colors as too conspicuous and costing too many lives, and, therefore, carried into that field only the Confederate battle flag—a course which I believed also to be more in accordance with military rule, and which course after Gettysburg, in which battle Color Sergeant Larkin was shot through the body as he was crossing the stone wall with them, was permanently adopted, and our loved colors not again carried into action.

I am, dear madam, very respectfully and truly yours,

EDWARD MCCRADY.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Times*, March 14, 1897.]

A HORROR OF THE WAR.

HOW GENERAL CUSTER HUNG SOME OF MOSBY'S MEN.

Their Comrades wished to Raise a Monument to the Memory of Anderson, Love, Carter, Jones, Overby and Rhodes.

When Mosby's men met here at the last Confederate Reunion, and feasted and talked of the thrilling events of their lives on the frontier, they did not fail to recall the names of those who had fallen in the fight, but especially the six soldiers, who, after being taken prisoners, had been made the victims of the implacable ferocity of General George A. Custer, of Sheridan's cavalry. A committee was appointed to raise funds for the erection of a monument to these soldiers, and their appeal is published below.

The story of this tragedy is thus told in the Warrenton *True Index*, by an eye-witness:

After the defeat of General Early at the battle of Opequon, on September 19, 1864, his command fell back up the Valley. The brigade of cavalry, under General Wickham, occupied a strong position at Milford, twelve miles south of Front Royal, and Custer made repeated efforts to force him from the position, without effect. About this time it was reported to Captain Chapman, of Mosby's command, that a large wagon train was en route from Milford to Winchester, under the escort of a small body of men. He immediately made disposition for its capture at Front Royal. For this purpose he divided his men into parties. One party was to attack the train at the point where a cross road from Chester's Gap intersects the Front Royal and Luray grade. The other, under the immediate command of Chapman, was to fall upon the front of the train about 600 yards from the town, where there is a hill on one side and a ravine on the other. It seems that Custer had divined in some way the Confederate plans, and. instead of a small train guard, he had his whole division behind the wagons. He waited till the attack was made upon the front, when he threw a large force up on the Manor Grade, a road running parallel with the Luray road, and took possession of Chester's Gap, Chapman's line of retreat. The latter promptly attacked the train, when he in turn was attacked in his rear. He immediately turned upon the force behind him, determined to cut his way out. The Federals, who had preceded him to the gap, had thrown a strong line across a narrow defile, under the command of a captain or major, who stood upon foot in the middle of the road. Chapman formed his men in column and boldly charged through the line. In the melee, the Federal officer saw he would be captured or ridden down, and offered to surrender himself; but the pressure behind the Confederates was too great for them to stop to parley with one man, and some of those in the rear, not understanding the situation, emptied their revolvers into the captain, killing him instantly. The most of Mosby's men succeeded in getting away, but some had their horses shot, and others were cut off. Among these were Anderson, Love, Overby, Carter, and Henry Rhodes, of the 23rd Virginia regiment. Custer determined to wreak summary vengeance upon these men. Rhodes was lashed with ropes between two horses, and dragged in plain sight of his agonized relatives, to the open field north of our town, where one man volunteered to do the killing, and ordered the helpless, dazed prisoner to stand up in front of him while he emptied his pistol upon him. Anderson and Love were shot in a lot behind the courthouse. Overby and Carter were carried to a large walnut tree upon the hill between Front Royal and Riverton, and were hung. The writer saw the latter under guard in a wagon lot. They bore themselves like heroes, and endured the taunts of their captors with proud and undaunted mien. One of them was a splendid specimen of manhood—tall, well-knit frame, and a head of black, wavy hair floating in the wind, he looked like a knight of old. While I was looking at them, General Custer, at the head of his division, rode by. He was dressed in a splendid suit of silk velvet, his saddle bow bound in silver or gold. In his hand he had a large branch of damsons, which he picked and ate as he rode along, his yellow locks resting upon his shoulders. Rhodes was my friend and playmate, and I saw him shot from a distance, but did not at the time know who it was.

Early in November Captain A. E. Richards, with ten men, was sent to the rear of Sheridan's army, then lying between Middletown and Strasburg. From a position near the turnpike, in the course of the day he captured fifteen prisoners, among whom were Captain Brewster, of Custer's staff, and his brother, a lawyer, bound on a canvassing expedition to the army in the interest of General McClellan. There were also among the prisoners a news-boy and a drummer-boy. The news-boy had often before been captured by Richards, but had always been released, and on this occasion received the same clemency. The drummer-boy claimed his liberty likewise, and pleaded hard for it; but Richards said: "No; the drum excites men to battle, but the newspaper is often the source of demoralization and defeat." As the prisoners, in charge of Dr. Sowers, were passing through Ashby's Gap, they were met by Mosby, who, when informed that they belonged to General Custer's division, determined to retaliate upon them for the death of the Rangers who had been executed at Front Royal. He, therefore, ordered them to be kept under close guard until his return to Fauquier.

In a few days Mosby left Mountjoy with twenty-three men in the Valley, and proceeded to Rectortown to execute his purpose. Meanwhile, another party of Custer's men had been captured by Mountjoy and left in charge of Jimmy Chilton, at the residence of a citizen on the Blue Ridge. These prisoners were confined in a school-house, and appeared to be comfortable and cheerful, expressing their surprise at receiving such kind treatment at the hands of Mosby's men. One of them, especially, was inclined to talk. He was young, handsome, intelligent and gentlemanly in appearance. The conversation was so pleasant and friendly that Jimmy quite forgot the belligerent relation in which they stood to each other. But soon the tranquility of the scene was rudely and painfully disturbed by the entrance of two Rangers, who, without preliminary, demanded of the prisoners to whose command they belonged. Several promptly responded:

"We belong to Custer's Division."

"Then," said the men, "you are to be hung. Come along."

The announcement produced a terrible shock; and the prisoner to whom reference has been made, rose up and with great calmness, said:

"I understand the reason for this. It is in retaliation for the hanging at Front Royal, and I do not condemn you for it. But I desire to make this statement: Though I now belong to General Custer's command, yet I did not belong to it when that deed was perpetrated. I do not think, in justice, that I ought to be punished for the action of that officer before I had any connection with him."

The case was a hard one, but he was, nevertheless, marched off with his comrades.

On the day appointed for the execution, the battalion assembled at Rectortown. About 11 o'clock A. M., Mosby arrived, prepared to enter upon his painful task. There were twenty-seven men left after Brewster, the lawyer, was excluded from the lottery, and on the list were the names of two officers—Captain Brewster and a lieutenant of artillery. An officer was detailed to superintend the sad affair, and Mosby withdrew from the painful scene, saying:

"This duty must be performed for the protection of my men from the ruthless Custer and Powell."

The prisoners were drawn up in single rank, and for each a bit of paper was prepared, but seven only of them were numbered. They were then all put into a hat, and each prisoner was required to draw forth one of them. Those who drew blanks were to be sent to Richmond as prisoners of war, but those who drew numbers were to be hung. Various were the emotions depicted on the countenances as each man put his hand in the hat: Firmness, with his closed lips and unquailing eye; stolid Indifference; and Fear, with his ashen cheek and trembling hand, were all there. Brewster, the lawyer, was there too, and with agonized looks, was watching the fate of his brother, while tears coursed down his cheeks. As each hand was taken from the hat an expression of joy and relief would brighten the countenance, or a groan of anguish or a cry of despair would burst from the line.

The condemned men were at once set apart and closely guarded. The two officers had drawn blanks, but not so the drummer boy. His appeals to Captain Richards were now louder and more eloquent than ever, who, touched with compassion, interceded with Mosby for his release. The application was granted, for the boy, in truth, ought never to have been subjected to the lottery. But another had to be substituted in his place, for Mosby remembered the blackened corpses of Overby and Carter, as they hung in the parching wind.

The prisoners, in cruel suspense, again stood in line, but now only one death warrant was in the hat. Captain Brewster again escaped, but the artillery officer was not so fortunate.

A detail was made to execute the sentence of retaliation, for the condemned soldiers were to be carried to the Valley, and were to be executed in the neighborhood of Winchester. As the party was passing through Ashby's Gap, they were met by Captain Mountjoy, who was returning from the Valley with an additional supply of prisoners taken from General Custer's command. Among the men condemned to death he recognized the artillery officer and one of his companions to be Freemasons, and on his own responsibility substituted in their places two of his own prisoners. The melancholy procession again set forward. Owing to the darkness, the road was lost, and at daylight S——, who was in command of the party, found himself at Rosemont, on the edge of Berryville, and he there determined to execute the sentence, for one prisoner had already escaped and had not been missed until then.

The man who was first called up begged for delay, and said he was not ready to die. His request was granted, and he was postponed till the last. Three were hung and the others shot. But the last prisoner, when his turn came, was not then prepared to die, and striking the guard who held him by the collar a blow which felled him to the ground, rushed passed him, and, screened by the misty dawn, was soon lost to view.

When the substitution made by Captain Mountjoy was reported to Mosby, he was much offended, and with severity told him he must remember in future that his command was not a Masonic lodge.

A few days after this execution, Colonel Mosby transmitted to General Sheridan the following communication:

NOVEMBER 11, 1864.

"MAJOR-GENERAL P. H. SHERIDAN,
Commanding U. S. Forces in the Valley:

"*General,*—Sometime in the month of September, during my absence from my command, six of my men, who had been captured by your forces, were hung and shot in the street of Front Royal, by the order and in the immediate presence of Brigadier-General Custer. Since then, another (captured by a Colonel Powell, on a plundering expedition into Rappahannock), shared a similar fate. A label affixed to the coat of one of the murdered men declared that this would be the fate of Mosby and all his men. Since the murder of my men, not less than 700 prisoners, including many officers of high rank, captured from your army by this command, have been forwarded to Richmond; but the execution of my purpose of retaliation was deferred, in order, as far as possible, to confine its operation to the men of Custer and Powell. Accordingly, on the 6th instant, seven of your men were, by my order, executed on the Valley turnpike—your highway of travel. Hereafter, any prisoners falling into my hands will be treated with the kindness due to their condition, unless some new act of barbarity shall compel me reluctantly to adopt a line of policy repugnant to humanity.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"JOHN S. MOSBY,
"*Lieutenant-Colonel.*"

We, the committee appointed by Mosby Camp to solicit subscriptions to erect a monument at Front Royal, Va., to the memory of our six comrades—Anderson, Carter, Jones, Overby, Love and Rhodes—who, while prisoners of war, were hung or shot to death, by the order of General Custer, in the year 1864.

The memory of these brave boys, who met an untimely death in defence of their country, deserves to be perpetuated, and we earnestly appeal to all survivors of the 43rd Battalion, Virginia Cavalry, to aid in rendering long-delayed justice to our fallen comrades.

All subscriptions should be sent to the Treasurer, W. Ben. Palmer, No. 1321 Cary street, Richmond, Va., or to any member of the committee.

W. BEN. PALMER,
Richmond, Va.,
J. W. HAMMOND,
Alexandria, Va.,
ROBERT M. HARROVER,
Washington, D. C.,
Committee.

[From the Charlotte (N. C.) *Observer*, March 31, 1895.]

THE THIRTY-EIGHTH N. C. REGIMENT.

ITS HISTORY IN THE CIVIL WAR.

Lieutenant-Colonel George W. Flowers, of this Regiment, writes its Splendid Record in the Army of Northern Virginia—Its Officers—A Carefully Written and Valuable Addition to the State's War History.

The 38th regiment of North Carolina troops, was formed of volunteers who enlisted for twelve months, and was organized at Camp Mangum, near Raleigh, North Carolina, January 17, 1862, under the command of Major J. J. Iredell, commander of the post. The regiment was composed of the following companies:

Company A, "Spartan Band," Duplin county—A. G. Mosely, captain. First Lieutenant, D. G. Morrisey; second lieutenant, Alsa J. Brown; junior second lieutenant, D. M. Pearsall.

Company B, "Men of Yadkin," Yadkin county—C. L. Cook, captain. First lieutenant, R. F. Armfield; second lieutenant, A. W. Blackburn; junior second lieutenant, L. F. Haynes.

Company C, "Sampson Farmers," Sampson county—Peter B. Troublefield, captain. First lieutenant, R. F. Allen; second lieutenant, John F. Wilson; junior second lieutenant, Hinton J. Hudson.

Company B, "Sampson Plowboys," Sampson county—John Ashford, captain. First lieutenant, R. Bell; second lieutenant, A. D. King; junior second lieutenant, H. C. Darden.

Company E, "Richmond Boys," Richmond county—Oliver H. Dockery, captain. First lieutenant, S. M. Ingraham; second lieutenant, D. G. McRae; junior second lieutenant, M. W. Covington.

Company F, "Catawba Wildcats," Catawba county—Joshua B. Little, captain. First lieutenant, D. McD. Yount; second lieutenant, H. L. Roberts; junior second lieutenant, F. D. Roseman.

Company G, "Rocky Face Rangers," Alexander county—G. W. Sharpe, captain. First lieutenant, John E. Rheim; second lieutenant, George W. Flowers; junior second lieutenant, James W. Stephenson.

Company H, "Uwharrie Boys," Randolph county—Noah Rush, captain. First lieutenant, L. D. Andrews; second lieutenant, J. N. Kearns; second junior lieutenant, N. H. Hopkins.

Company I, "Cleveland Marksmen," Cleveland county—O. P. Gardiner, captain. First lieutenant, G. Blanton; second lieutenant, D. Magness; junior second lieutenant, O. Beam.

Company K, "Carolina Boys," Cumberland county—M. McR. McLaughlin, captain. First lieutenant, Angus Shaw; second lieutenant, A. M. Smith; junior second lieutenant, D. A. Moore.

The regiment was organized (Company K being absent) by electing William J. Hoke, Lincoln county (Captain of Company K, Bethel Regiment), colonel. Captain Oliver H. Dockery, Richmond county, lieutenant-colonel; Captain George W. Sharpe, Alexander county, major.

The following officers were then appointed: Horace L. Robards, Lincoln county, quartermaster; Benjamin H. Sumner, Lincoln county, commissary; Miles M. Cowles, Yadkin county, adjutant; Peter W. Young, Granville county, surgeon; J. Stuart Devane, Duplin county, assistant surgeon; D. M. McIntyre, Duplin county, sergeant-major; Marion Roseman, Catawba county, quartermaster sergeant; William C. Webb, Cleveland county, commissary sergeant; John O. Waters, Cleveland county, color sergeant; J. J. Johnson, Co. H, S. B. Herring, Co. C, F. A. Clifton, Co. C, J. H. Irving, Co. G, D. A. Black, Co. K, color guard; Rev. Julian P. Faison, Co. A, chaplain; Lieutenant R. W. Copell was elected captain of Co. E, to succeed Captain Dockery; Lieutenant John E. Rheim, Co. G, was elected to succeed Captain Sharpe; George M. Yoder, Co. F, was elected second lieutenant to succeed H. L. Robards; George W. Flowers, Co. G, was elected first lieutenant to succeed Lieutenant Rheim; Oliver H. Patterson, second lieutenant to succeed G. W. Flowers; D. G. McRae, Co. E, was elected second lieutenant to succeed Lieutenant Copell.

On the 10th of February, 1823, the regiment was ordered to proceed to Washington, N. C., but on reaching Goldsboro the order was changed and the regiment ordered to Halifax, thence to Hamilton. On February 12, under orders from General Gatlin, the troops returned to Halifax, and then proceeded to Weldon to defend the bridge at that point, reaching Camp Leavenworth, on the east side of the river near Garysburg, on the 14th. The regiment remained here until the 18th, when it was ordered to Camp Floyd, on the west side of the river, near Weldon. While in camp at this place there was much sickness and many deaths. On the 21st the regiment was ordered to Camp Vance, two miles east of Goldsboro, on the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad, and on the 22nd was attached to the 3rd Brigade, Army of North Carolina, commanded by General Joseph R. Anderson. This brigade was composed of the 1st South Carolina Regiment, Colonel Hamilton; 34th North Carolina, Colonel Leaventhorpe; 38th North Carolina, Colonel Hoke; 2nd Georgia Battalion, Captain Doyle; 3rd Louisiana Battalion, Lieutenant-Colonel Bridford. On April 8th, the 45th Georgia, Colonel Hardiman, and on April 10th, 49th Georgia, Colonel Lane, were attached to the brigade.

While here the troops received news of the passage of the conscript law, which gave some dissatisfaction, because they thought it unfair to hold twelve-month troops for a longer time, but after careful consideration they cheerfully acquiesced. On the 18th of April, 1862, General Holmes, in command at Goldsboro, ordered the regiment at Camp Mason to re-organize for the war. The result was as follows: Thos. S. Kenan, colonel (did not accept); Wm. J. Hoke, elected on 24th; R. F. Armfield, lieutenant-colonel; L. D. Andrews, major.

Company A—A. G. Mosely, captain; D. D. Morrisey, first lieutenant; N. E. Armstrong, second lieutenant; A. J. Brown, junior second lieutenant.

Company B—C. L. Cook, captain; A. W. Blackburn, first lieutenant; L. F. Haynes, second lieutenant; J. B. Hare, junior second lieutenant.

Company C—J. T. Wilson, captain; R. F. Allen, first lieutenant; Hudson, second lieutenant: J. W. Darden, junior second lieutenant.

Company D—John Ashford, captain' R. R. Bell, first lieutenant; H. C. Darden, second lieutenant; J. W. Darden, junior second lieutenant.

Company E—D. C. McRae, captain; S. M. Ingram, first lieutenant; Alfred Dockery, second lieutenant; M. T. Covington, junior second lieutenant.

Company F—D. McD. Yount, captain; F. D. Roseman, first lieutenant; J. A. Yount, second lieutenant; Alonzo Deal, junior second lieutenant.

Company G—G. W. Flowers, captain; O. H. Patterson, first lieutenant; W. A. Stephenson, second lieutenant; Abner Harrington, junior second lieutenant.

Company H—W. L. Thornburg, captain; J. N. Kearns, first lieutenant; Marley Cranford, second lieutenant; Alexander Murdock, junior second lieutenant.

Company I—O. P. Gardiner, captain; B. F. Hunt, first lieutenant; O. P. Beane, second lieutenant; W. C. Webb, junior second lieutenant.

Company K—M. M. McLaughlin, captain; Angus Shaw, first lieutenant; A. M. Smith, second lieutenant; D. A. Monroe, junior second lieutenant.

Miles M. Cowles, adjutant; W. R. Edwards, quartermaster (June 17, 1862); B. H. Sumner, commissary; J. L. Andrews, ordnance sergeant.

During the war, in addition to those mentioned, the regiment had the following field officers:

Colonel—John Ashford.

Lieutenant-Colonel—John Ashford, George W. Flowers.

Major—John Ashford, M. McR. McLaughlin, George W. Flowers, J. T. Wilson.

Adjutant—David M. McIntyre.

Ensign—Wesley F. Matheson.

Sergeant-Major—Agrippa S. Hardister.

Chaplain—Whitfield S. McDiarmid.

At the time of the election Colonel Kenan was in command of the 43rd Regiment as lieutenant-colonel, and April 24th received his commission as colonel of that regiment, and therefore did not accept the command of the 38th. As soon as the reorganization was completed, April 24th, the regiment was ordered to proceed by rail to Richmond, and on the 27th it was ordered to Guinea Station, where on the 29th it was transferred to the 2nd Brigade, General Maxcy Gregg commanding, and ordered to Milford Station. The regiment was engaged in guarding the bridges on the Mattaponi, Wild Cat, North and South Anna Runs until the 9th of May, when it was relieved by Colonel Tansil, 3rd Virginia Artillery, and ordered to report to General Gregg at the Summit. The regiment was called May 12, to meet the enemy, who had crossed the Rappahannock at Hamilton's crossing, below Fredericksburg, but the enemy withdrew and no engagement ensued. This was the first time the regiment was in line of battle preparatory to fighting. The following day the troops for the first time fired on the enemy, a number of whom were in a boat below the city; all were killed except two or three who swam ashore.

About this time the soldiers were deprived of their tents and much suffering was caused by the extreme cold rains. The command remained near Fredericksburg until May 25th, when it set out on a march, at sunset, in the direction of Hanover Junction, marching all night and all next day through mud, so that many of the soldiers lost their shoes and almost gave out from fatigue. The regiment camped ten miles north of Richmond, May 27th, and afterwards did picket duty along the Chickahominy.

On the 14th of June the 38th was transferred to General Wm. D. Pender's Brigade, composed of the 38th North Carolina, Colonel W. J. Hoke; 34th North Carolina, Colonel R. H. Riddick; 22nd North Carolina, Colonel James Conner; 16th North Carolina, Colonel McElroy. The 13th North Carolina, Colonel A. M. Scales, was attached in the winter. Pender's Brigade formed the 6th of the "Light Division" commanded by General A. P. Hill.

The division crossed Meadow bridge June 26th, and it was seen from scattered portfolios and other luxuries, to which the Southern soldier was a stranger, that the Yankee picket at that place had fled with great precipitation. As soon as the Thirty-eighth had got a little beyond Mechanicsville it was saluted with heavy shelling. A line of battle was formed and the march continued until the order was given to charge the battery that was throwing the deadly missiles. The heat was intense and the double quick march exhausting, but the charge was kept up over the open field until the regiment reached the summit of the last elevation when a farm house, yard and garden broke the line somewhat. The Yankee batteries were upon the summit of the opposite hill with their supporting infantry in their intrenchments, and the old field pines in front cut down and piled across the stumps which were left about three feet high, forming an almost impassible barrier. The Thirty-eighth, alone and unsupported, charged down the hill, the long line of infantry playing upon it with a cross fire. On the soldiers charged, in the face of the fatal volleys, until the obstacles were reached, when the whole line stopped and began returning the fire under every disadvantage. The men were falling rapidly and it was soon seen that to take the works was impossible. Captain Thornburg and Adjutant Cowles were in front, urging the men forward. The retreat was ordered but the noise was so deafening nothing could be heard. Major Andrews reached Captain Thornburg and Adjutant Cowles and gave them the orders to retreat, after which the word was passed along the line and the retreat up the hill was begun, the enemy continuing their deadly firing. It was about sunset when the regiment reached safely the rear. General Pender in his report says:

"I at once changed the direction of two of my regiments so as to bring them to the right of the artillery, and succeeded in getting in 150 or 200 yards of it before we were opened upon, but when they did open upon us, it was destructive, and the obstacles so great in front, the creek and the mill dam, that after the 38th North Carolina had reached these obstacles, and in less than 100 yards of the enemy's rifle pits, they had to fall back. This regiment here advanced boldly and maintained its ground well. * * *

"I should state, while relating the incidents of this day's battle, that Colonel Hoke, 38th North Carolina, was wounded, and had to leave the field. The Adjutant of the 38th was also wounded, but nobly maintained his post until after dark."

Lieutenant-Colonel Armfield took command as soon as Colonel Hoke was wounded, which was soon after getting under fire. Adjutant Miles M. Cowles received a wound from which he soon died, the regiment losing one of its bravest officers. Lieutenant Covington, Company E, and Lieutenant Darden, Company D, were killed, and Lieutenants Dan. F. Roseman, Company F, and Angus Shaw, Company H, were severely wounded.

In Company G, Captain Flowers and Lieutenant Harrington were severely wounded, and out of thirty-two men in the company at the opening of the engagement, twenty-seven were either killed or wounded. About 420 men belonging to the regiment were engaged in the fight, the others being on picket. The loss was 152 in killed and wounded.

Colonel Hoke in his report speaks in highest terms of the conduct of Captain B. H. Sumner, A. C. S., Sergeant-Major D. M. McIntyre, John Young, an attache to the regiment, and Edward Goldsmith, a drill master. The color-bearer, John O. Waters, was severely wounded, but remained bravely at the head of the regiment, and bore his colors through the fight, returning them safely. During the night the troops were collected as well as possible, and it was late before the 38th was gotten together, when the wornout soldiers slept on their arms. At early dawn the march was begun, the regiment passing over the spot where so many men were lost the evening before. The enemy fled and the Confederates marched through the deserted camp. General Hill in his report, says:

"It was a costly and useless sacrifice, for early the next morning our troops crossed the mill pond and the Federal forces, seeing their position turned, betook themselves to hasty flight.''

The Federals made a stand at Gaines' Mill, when the 38th was engaged, and the soldiers, though weary and worn, behaved nobly. About sundown, the shouting along the line announced the fact that the enemy was running and a victory was gained. After camping on the battlefield over night, the march was continued. Lieutenant-Colonel Armfield being sick, Major L. D. Andrews was now in command. The regiment was engaged at Cold Harbor and Frazier's Farm. At the latter place the Confederate troops fought with unusual bravery, not seeming to realize the presence of danger, and victory was again gained by the Confederates. The Southern soldiers were now all jubilant. McClellan's ''On to Richmond,'' was now changed to ''On to Harrison's Landing,'' where the gun-boats lay. The pursuit of the enemy was continued, and the next engagement was at Malvern Hill. The battle at this place was a very hard fought one, but the 38th was not in the thickest of it, and did not lose very heavily. The enemy continued to flee, and were pursued to their gun-boats at Harrison's Landing.

After remaining there a few days, the division was ordered to Richmond, and it remained below that city until July 27, when General A. P. Hill's division was attached to Jackson's corps, and marched to Gordonsville, Virginia. On August 7th, Jackson moved from Gordonsville, to confront General Pope in the Valley, and on the 9th he fell upon General Banks' right flank at Cedar Mountain. At one time the day seemed doubtful. When the foe had well nigh crushed General Garnett, Branch went gallantly to his rescue, and with Pender's and other brigades of Hill's division, drove the enemy headlong from the field. Major Andrews having taken sick at Gordonsville, Captain John Ashford was in command of 38th, and received commendation from General Pender for his coolness and skilfulness in handling his men. D. M. McIntyre was now adjutant, having been promoted on July 9th, for gallantry and efficiency. On account of ill-health, Major Andrews resigned his commission, and on the 21st of August, Captain John Ashford was promoted to major.

Jackson made a wide circuit behind the mountains to cut the Federal communications at Manassas. On the 26th Pender's Brigade gained a splendid victory over a brigade of the enemy at Manassas Junction. Jackson's single corps, numbering less than 16,000 men was resisting General Pope's entire army. On the 28th the command formed line of battle for the memorable second battle of

Manassas, which was a series of battles for three days. Pender's Brigade took possession of the bridge across Bull Run and engaged the enemy across the river. His brigade finally crossed over to the east side, but the enemy withdrew. The loss was very slight. On Friday, the 29th, the enemy changed position and was attempting to interpose his arms between General Jackson and Alexandria. Jackson's troops were arranged along the Manassas Gap railroad, Jackson's Division under Brigadier General Stark being on the right, Ewell's, under Lawton, in the centre, and A. P. Hill's on the left. The brigades of Thomas, Pender, Archer, and Gregg, were on the extreme left. After Longstreet arrived the enemy changed position and began to concentrate all its force opposite Hill's division. The attack was received with great steadiness, and the battle raged with great fury; the enemy was frequently repulsed, but on account of having so many fresh troops the attack was renewed. They succeeded in penetrating an interval between Gregg's and Thomas' divisions. Pender's brigade was placed in the rear of Thomas' with orders to support it. General Pender in his report says:

"Finally, it seemed to me to be the time to go to his (Thomas') assistance. I ordered my brigade forward, moving just to the right of Colonel Thomas. My men moved forward very gallantly, driving the enemy back across the railroad cut, through the woods on the opposite side and beyond their batteries in the adjoining field. A battery of the enemy which was on the right of the woods as we advanced was flanked by my command, and the cannoneers deserted their pieces. My line was halted on the edge of the field in front of the enemy, where I remained some time, when, being promised support from one of the staff in some of Jackson's brigades, I crossed the field to attack the batteries. My men advanced well, receiving grape from the batteries; but support being waited for in vain and seeing columns on my left and right manoeuvering to flank me, I withdrew and marched back to the railroad cut, a little to the right of the position previously held by General Gregg. General Archer very kindly came forward and relieved me until I could march to the rear and rest my men. I was ordered to the right to support some one of General Jackson's brigades. I marched across the railroad embankment, moving obliquely to the left until I had reached the large field again in which the enemy were found. Finding nothing to do, unless it was to attack an overwhelming force of the enemy, supported very strongly by artillery, I withdrew, after receiving heavy fire of grape and shell. Getting back to the railroad cut about the point I had reached the evening before, I received orders to march in conjunction with other troops, particularly those of General Archer, Colonels Thomas and Taliaferro. We all advanced together, taking the enemy, as it were, *in e'chelon.* We advanced steadily, driving the enemy from the field through the woods. While advancing through the woods we were exposed to a very heavy enfilade fire from the right. We continued our advance until after dark, when we came in contact with a body of the enemy. Each fired a volley. They ran and we rested for the night. Thus ended the Manassas fight with me. The brigade, with the exception of a few skulkers, behaved with great gallantry on both these days. They could not have behaved better. I cannot particularize at this distant day, but I well remember that Captain John Ashford, commanding the 38th, behaved with great coolness and bravery. I had the misfortune to lose him on account of a wound in the leg."

Six separate and distinct attacks were made against Hill's division and each time repulsed. General Jackson said:

"The three brigades of Archer, Pender and Thomas held together and drove everything before them, capturing the batteries and many prisoners, resting that night on Bull Run, and the ground thus won was occupied that night. These brigades had penetrated so far within the enemy's lines that Captain Ashe, assistant adjutant-general to General Pender, was taken prisoner that night returning from my headquarters to his own brigade."

The regiment received considerable loss. Lieutenant Wes. A. Stephenson, Company C, 38th North Carolina, a brave soldier, was killed, and Lieutenant Duncan Black was wounded. For distinguished gallantry displayed in the celebrated charge, Sergeant R. M. Sharpe, Company G, was promoted to second junior lieutenant. After the wounding of Captain Ashford, Captain M. McR. McLaughlin was in command of the regiment.

Early next morning, September 1st, the army marched forward and came in contact with the enemy late in the evening at Ox Hill. The regiment was engaged in this fight, which raged with great fury, but the enemy retired from the field. On the 4th of September the army bivouacked near the Big Spring, between Leesburg and the Potomac, and on the next day the division crossed into Maryland, near Leesburg, but on the 11th re-crossed into Virginia at Williamsport. On the next day General White, with 3,000 men, retreated from the town and fell back upon Harper's Ferry. The enemy occupied a ridge of hills, known as Bolivar Heights, extending from the Potomac to the Shenandoah. General Hill's division was ordered to move along the left bank of the Shenandoah to turn the left flank of the enemy and enter .Harper's Ferry. The 38th was in the left of the division. Pender, Archer and Brockenbrough were directed to gain the crest of the hill, General Pender being entrusted with the execution of this command. Colonel Brewster was in charge of the brigade, which advanced to within about sixty yards of the breastworks on the west point of Bolivar Heights, but the troops were withdrawn. Next morning the brigades of Pender and Thomas marched to within 150 yards of the works, while the artillery played upon the enemy. When the artillery ceased, Pender began to advance, but the artillery opened again, and the enemy showed the white flag, and surrendered about 11,000 prisoners, 12,000 stand of arms, seventy pieces of artillery and many stores. Captain Nicholas E. Armstrong, Company A, and Lieutenant Smith, Company K, were severely wounded.

Hill's Division remained to parole the prisoners and send off the captured goods, and on September 17, moved to Sharpsburg, leaving Thomas at Harper's Ferry. At Sharpsburg occured one of the greatest battles of the civil war. General Hill arrived in time to save the day, but Pender's Brigade on the right of the division was not actively engaged, being under fire at long range of musketry.

The division crossed the Potomac into Virginia, and on the 20th, at Shepherdstown, were ordered to drive some brigades of the enemy across the river. The enemy massed in front of Pender's Brigade and endeavored to turn his left. General Pender became hotly engaged and informing Archer of his danger he (Archer) marched by the left flank, and forming on Pender's left, a simultaneous, daring charge was made, and the enemy driven pell mell into the river. Then commenced the most terrible slaughter the war witnessed. The broad surface of the Potomac was blue with the floating bodies of the slain. But few escaped to tell the tale. By their own account they lost 3,000 men killed and drowned from one brigade alone. General Pender in his report says:

"Captain Ashford, commanding the Thirty-eighth North Carolina at Manassas Junction and at Manassas, when he was wounded, has entitled himself to notice as well as promotion by his uniform bravery and good conduct. Lieutenants A. J. Brown and J. M. Robinson, also of the same regiment, have attracted my attention more than once, as also Adjutant D. M. McIntyre. Lieutenant-Colonel Armfield, having returned to the regiment the day before the battle, was in command and was severely wounded."

On December 13th, the army met three divisions of Burnside's army at Fredericksburg, Virginia. At this time, General Hill occupied the front line formed of two regiments of Fields' brigade, and the brigades of Archer, Lane and Pender, the latter being on the extreme left. The enemy made several attempts to advance, but were repulsed. (General A. P. Hill's report). From the nature of the ground and the entire absence of all protection against artillery, Pender's Brigade received the greatest part of the terrible fire. General Pender was himself wounded. During the temporary absence of General Pender, the command of the brigade devolved upon Colonel Scales, of the 13th. General Pender, though wounded, resumed the command of his brigade as soon as his wound was dressed.

After the withdrawal of the enemy, the regiment, with Pender's brigade, went into winter quarters at Camp Gregg, below Fredericksburg, and did picket duty near Moss Creek church. On December 27th, Colonel William J. Hoke rejoined the regiment. Lieutenant-Colonel Armfield, while at home on furlough on account of a wound received at Shepherdstown, was elected solicitor, and resigned his position in the army. Captain John Ashford was elected to fill the vacancy. The following is a copy of General Hill's order:

HEADQUARTERS LIGHT DIVISION,
CAMP BRANCH, *September 24, 1862.*

Soldiers of the Light Division:

You have done well and I am pleased with you. You have fought in every battle from Mechanicsville to Shepherdstown, and no man can say that the Light Division was ever broken. You held the left at Manassas against overwhelming numbers, and saved the army. You saved the day at Sharpsburg, and at Shepherdstown you were selected to face a storm of round shot, shell and grape, such as I never before saw. I am proud to say to you that your services are appreciated by our general, and that you have a reputation in this army which it should be the object of every officer and private to sustain.

[Signed] A. P. HILL,
Major-General.

The regiment remained in camp until the 28th of April, 1863, when the command marched in the direction of Fredericksburg, and remained in camp below the city until the evening of May 1.

On the morning of May 2 Jackson began to march upon Chancellorsville, and after a long and fatiguing journey the division was placed at right angles to the old turnpike road, Hill's Division being third in line, Rhodes' and Colston's being ahead of him. Hooker, having thrown up heavy works west, south and east, with the Chancellor house behind the center and with the dense thicket in front, was in a position almost impregnable. The flank movement was ordered about 6 o'clock in the afternoon. The Confederates rushed forward, cheering wildly, and in a few moments the enemy were completely demoralized and fled. On account of the thickets the lines had been mingled in confusion, and it was necessary to reform the lines. The third line (Hill's Division) was ordered to the front. Pender's Brigade entered the road and pushed on by the flank until they reached the most advanced position of the troops. Here in the road the whole brigade received a most destructive shelling from the batteries near Chancellorsville. Hill's Division was now in front, and was engaged in relieving those who had been in the front line during the evening. On all sides the scattered troops were gathered around their colors. Jackson, accompanied by his staff and escort, rode down the road towards Chancellorsville. In the obscurity of the night they were mistaken for the enemy and fired upon, and Jackson was mortally wounded. As soon as the musketry fired the enemy's batteries again swept the turnpike with shell and canister. Pender massed his brigade to the left of the wood, threw out skirmishers, and remained in this position until Sunday morning, May 3. When daylight came next morning a private soldier in Company I, of the 38th North Carolina Regiment, found Jackson's gloves in the road where he had dropped them when shot. They were buckskin gloves, with the name of T. J. Jackson inside the cuffs.

Hill had intended an attack on the enemy as soon as he had formed his line in front, but soon after Jackson was wounded he himself was wounded, and the attack was not made. Major General Stuart was now in command of the corps. About dawn Sunday morning, May 3, General Stuart renewed the attack, General Heth in command of Hill's division taking the advance. The enemy were again charged in the face of their deadly fire, and twice were their works taken and twice relinquished. About ten o'clock the Federal army was driven by a mighty charge from all the fortified positions, back towards the Rappahannock, with heavy loss in killed, wounded and prisoners.

On account of the nature of the country, this region being known as the wilderness, rapid pursuit was almost impossible. In the charge the troops were scattered, and after being gotten together, the command maintained its position Sunday and Monday, and on Tuesday evening the enemy re-crossed the river. General Pender in his report says:

"I can truly say that my brigade fought, May 3, with unsurpassed courage and determination. I never knew them to act universally so well. I noticed no skulking, and they never showed any hesitation in following their colors. My list of killed and wounded will show how manfully they fought on that glorious day. After having witnessed the fighting of nearly all the troops that fought on the left of the road I am satisfied with my own but by no means claiming any superiority. All that I saw behaved as heroes. * * *

"Lieutenant-Colonel John Ashford, Lieutenants Alsa J. Brown, John Robinson, 38th North Carolina, the former part of the time and the latter part of the time in charge of my sharpshooters, distinguished themselves very much. Colonel Ashford was remarked for his gallantry by all, and Lieutenant Brown continued with or in charge of the sharpshooters for several days. He is a young man who deserves promotion. He kept his skirmishers so close to the enemy's breastworks on Monday and Tuesday as to pick off the artillery horses, men working on their trenches, and any one seen mounted. He drove in other skirmishers on all occasions. I should mention that Major M. McR. McLaughlin, 38th North Carolina, was badly wounded while behaving most gallantly. Adjutant D. N. McIntyre is also spoken of for his distinguished conduct."

The loss of the brigade was 700, the 38th North Carolina losing two officers, Captain McRae and Lieutenant Hare, killed. Officers: eighty-one wounded; sixteen privates killed; twelve missing. The Confederate Congress passed an act by which badges might be given to enlisted men, whom the companies might select as being entitled to them. After the battle of Chancellorsville the following were given badges:

Company A—Private Jesse A. Nethercutt, Duplin county; Company B—Private Thomas Dinkins, Yadkin county; Company C—Private Benjamin Sutton, Sampson county; Company D—First Sergeant David A. Thompson, Sampson county; Company E—Private William J. Hutcheson (killed), Richmond county; Company F—Private William S. Huffman, Catawba county; Company G—Private

W. F. Matheson, Alexander county; Company H—Corporal D. P. Woodburn, Randolph county (killed at Gettysburg); Company I—Private Thomas J. Ramsey, Cleveland county; Company K—Private W. H. McPhail, Cumberland county.

Medals were also recommended to be given to Adjutant McIntyre and Lieutenant A. J. Brown.

When A. P. Hill took command of Jackson's Corps, after recovering from his wound, Pender, also wounded at Chancellorsville, was promoted to major-general, and Colonel A. M. Scales, the senior colonel of the brigade, to brigadier-general. Scales being absent on account of a wound received at Chancellorsville, Colonel W. J. Hoke was placed in command of the brigade and continued in command until Scales rejoined the brigade near the Maryland line. The wound received by Major McLaughlin prevented him from returning to his command, and Captain G. W. Flowers was elected major.

HEADQUARTERS PENDER'S BRIGADE,
May 13, 1863.

General Order No. 38.

Upon resuming command of the brigade, it affords me great pleasure to express to you my high appreciation of your conduct and services in the late battle of Chancellorsville. Troops could not have fought better or more gallantly, opposing successfully such fearful odds, strongly posted and offering stubborn resistance, as evidenced by your loss, greater than that of any brigade in the army in proportion to numbers engaged. I may be exacting, but in this instance you may rest assured that I am perfectly satisfied. I am proud to say that your services are known and appreciated by those higher in command than myself. * * *

[Signed] W. D. PENDER,
Brigadier-General.

On the morning of June 6, 1863, the brigade went into line below Fredericksburg, in front of the Bernard house, the enemy being in the Port Royal road and in the valley behind the house. Colonel William J. Hoke was ordered to advance his skirmishers and fire if the enemy occupied the Port Royal road. Lieutenant Alsa J. Brown, afterwards captain of Company C, took command, assisted by Lieutenant Robinson, afterwards captain of Company B, and the other officers of the skirmish corps, about 200 men. Instead of feeling, he charged the enemy and attacked and drove from the road the 6th

Vermont, killing and wounding about thirty-five, and holding the road until the enemy recrossed the Rappahannock.

After being encamped for about ten days, Hill Corps moved towards Gettysburg, Pender's Division arriving within eight miles of Gettysburg on the morning of the 30th. At 3 A. M., July 1st, the command took up line of march, Pender's Division with McIntosh's Battalion of Artillery following Heth and Pegram's Battalion of Artillery. The field arrangement put Scales' brigade on the extreme left of the division, and the 38th North Carolina on the left of the brigade, its left resting on the Chambersburg pike. The advance of the enemy was driven back to the hills where their forces were to oppose the advance of the Confederates. At the first charge Pender's Division was in the rear, Scales' and Thomas' brigades being on the right. The enemy offering determined resistance, Pender's Division, except Thomas' brigade, was ordered to the front. The ammunition of the advance line having given out, they halted and lay down. Scales' brigade soon passed over them with the other brigades, rushed upon the ascent, crossed the bridge and commenced the descent just opposite the Theological Seminary. The regiment being on the flank, encountered a most terrific fire of grape and musketry in front. Every discharge made sad loss in the line, but the troops pressed on double quick until the bottom was reached, a distance of about seventy-five yards from the ridge just crossed and about the same distance from the college in front. By this time the line was badly broken. Every officer in Scales' brigade except one, Lieutenant Gardman, upon whom the command devolved, was disabled, 400 men killed, wounded and missing. The loss of the 38th was 100 in killed and wounded or captured. General Scales and Adjutant-General Riddick were wounded and Major Clark killed. Colonel Hoke, Colonel Ashford, Colonel Lawrence, Captain Thornburg, acting major, were among the wounded. Though wounded, Colonel Lawrence took command of the brigade and Captain Thornburg of the regiment. Some of the companies were without a single officer.

The regiment now was moved to the right of the line, and throwing out skirmishers to the right and front, it remained in this position until morning, it being then about 10 o'clock. Early next morning the brigade was placed on the right of the artillery. A line of skirmishers under command of Lieutenant A. J. Brown was thrown out, and was held against several strong attacks. The Scales brigade joined the division on the left again, and was joined on to Lane's brigade. On the morning of July 3d, Scales' brigade was ordered to the right and placed in command of General Trimble, and while here suffered greatly from the artillery fire. The regiment was then ordered forward over a crimson plain. The Federal lines, as the regiment emerged from the woods, were about a mile in front. The troops were compelled to cross a fence, and were by this time losing heavily from grape and canister. The line was somewhat deranged. Captain Thornburg was disabled. About 150 yards from the enemy's line another fence retarded the advance, but the troops rushed on and reached a third fence on the side of the road. There was by this time only a skirmish line. The 38th was then only a few feet in front of the enemy's infantry. The enemy rushed out to meet the advancing line, and a flanking party, concealed in ditches, captured about thirty men, besides killing a large number inside the Federal lines. Some tried to escape, but were shot down. Every man in Company A, except Adjutant H. C. Moore and Lieutenant A. J. Brown were shot down, and these were captured. Adjutant D. M. McIntyre, acting brigade adjutant-general of Scales' brigade, escaped. After the third day's fight the regiment had only about forty men, commanded by a first lieutenant.

The two brigades, Lane's and Scales,' were reduced to mere squads, and after the retreat, a line was formed again where the first line was formed, and the brigade remained here until the 4th, when the retreat to Hagerstown began, which place was reached on July 7th.

On July 11th, line of battle was formed, and the regiment remained here until the night of the 13th, but no fight ensued except skirmishing. After this, the retreat to Falling Water began, Pender's division being rear guard. The Potomac was crossed and Culpeper Court House reached August 1st. The division went into winter quarters at Orange Court House, and the regiment did picket duty on the Rapidan. On the 7th of February, during General Scales' absence, Colonel Hoke commanded the brigade against an advance of the enemy on the brigade picket line at Barnett's Ford on the Rapidan, and it maintained its position until the enemy retired. After the death of Pender at Gettysburg, Wilcox became division commander.

On the morning of May 4th, the enemy under General Grant, crossed the Rapidan at Ely's and Germanna Fords. Two corps of Lee's army moved to oppose him, Ewell's by the turnpike and Hill's by the plank road. As soon as the Confederate forces reached the enemy, a strong attack was made on Ewell, who repulsed them, but soon they returned, massing a heavy force against Hill. Heth's and Wilcox's divisions met every assault and successfully resisted them, but the enemy continued to make attacks until nightfall. Next morning, as Longstreet was relieving Hill, the enemy made an attack which at first created some confusion, but as soon as the troops recovered themselves, the enemy was driven back with spirit rarely surpassed. At night an attack was made against the enemy, and they being panic stricken by the cheering of the Confederate army, a stampede was begun, which led to a general rout.

The third army corps under General Early (Hill being unwell), left the position at the Wilderness, May 8, 1864, and engaged in the great battles of Spotsylvania Court House when the 38th lost several brave men. The regiment was in the attack made by General Hill on General Warren, at Noel's station, May 23d, and the skirmishing at Riddle's shop, June 13th, and on down to Petersburg which was reached June 18th.

The following is a resolution of the Confederate Congress, May 17, 1864:

> "The Congress of the Confederate States of America do resolve, That the thanks of Congress are eminently due, and are hereby tendered to the 34th and 38 Regiments of North Carolina Troops, for the promptness and unanimity with which they have re-enlisted for the war."

Colonel Hoke, from wounds received in battle, was disabled for field service, and was appointed for the post at Charlotte. Lieutenant-Colonel John Ashford was promoted to the command of the regiment; Major George W. Flowers to be lieutenant-colonel, and Captain J. T. Wilson to be major.

The regiment was engaged in a very hard-fought battle at Ream's Station, when the divisions under Wilcox, Mahone and Johnson attacked the enemy and captured about 2,000 prisoners. Hill attacked General Warren at the Davis house, on the Weldon road, three miles from the city, August 21, 1864, defeating him and capturing 2,700 prisoners. The regiment suffered severely in this engagement. The command remained around Petersburg until April 2, 1865, when the Confederate lines were pierced in three places. The 38th was ordered out of the works, and was soon thereafter on the retreat from Petersburg. The enemy were pursuing the retreating troops very hard, and first one regiment and then another were thrown out as skirmishers to retard the enemy. A line of battle was formed and breastworks were thrown up at Southerland's farm, and when the enemy made an attack they were repulsed with heavy loss and several prisoners were captured. The enemy turned the flank at about 4 P. M., and the Southern troops were again compelled to retreat. Cook's, Scales' and McRae's North Carolina Brigades and McGowan's South Carolina Brigade, the troops on the right of the break in the line, formed the corps. The North Carolina Regiments, 13th, 22d, 27th and 40th, were thrown out to check the enemy while the other troops endeavored to cross, hoping to rejoin the main army from which the brigades had been separated. It was found impossible to cross, and the regiments thrown out were recalled, when the troops pursued their way up the river until about 2 o'clock at night when they rested.

The march was begun at sunrise the next morning, April 3d, and Deep Creek was reached about 9 A. M. A halt was made to let the wagon-train get ahead for safety, and an attempt was made to throw a temporary bridge across the creek in order to cross. The cavalry had been in the rear guard, and about 2 o'clock they came rushing up and reported that the enemy were pursuing. McGowan's brigade was enabled to cross the bridge, which was not yet completed, but the other troops followed the wagons and crossed at a ford about three miles above the bridges. By this time the enemy were in sight, but no attack was made. The intention was to cross the Appomattox at Goode's bridge, but the waters were very high and it was impossible to get to the bridge on account of the overflows, therefore the troops were marched up the river, and as night came on went into camp at the cross roads above the bridge. Couriers were sent to find a place to cross, in order to join General Lee's army, and about 1 o'clock the command was ordered to march. After crossing the river and marching through open fields and by-roads, Anderson's Georgia brigade was reached. This brigade was the leading brigade in Lee's army, and had crossed on a pontoon bridge when the whole army was then crossing. There was great rejoicing on the part of the soldiers at again meeting their comrades, from whom they had been separated three days. The regiment was halted about sunrise and breakfast was prepared, after which the march was continued to Amelia Courthouse, Va., where the night was spent. The enemy next morning attacked and began burning the wagon-train, but were driven off. The retreat was continued, the rear guard having frequent fights with the enemy.

On Friday, April 7, 1865, Farmville, Va., was reached, and Scales' brigade relieved Cook's brigade as rear guard of the infantry. The enemy having crossed the river, pressed the lines very hard and consequently the rear guard was engaged in several attacks and suffered severely. The enemy was driven off, and this was the last fighting in which the regiment was engaged before the surrender.

Saturday, April 8th, the regiment camped about three miles from Appomattox Courthouse, Va. As Appomattox Courthouse was approached the next morning the Federal line was seen on the hill at the courthouse. Line of battle was drawn up and it was expected that an advance would be made. It began to be rumored that a surrender was made, but nothing definite could be learned until 12 o'clock, when it was known that Lee had indeed surrendered. It was soon learned that the soldiers would be paroled and given permission to return home.

Monday morning, April 10, 1865, the farewell address of General Lee was read to the regiment. All the soldiers of the regiment had the opportunity of shaking hands with General Lee and hearing him say, "God bless you, boys; I hope we shall meet again!" After remaining in this position until Wednesday, April 12th, the regiment was marched over near the courthouse, where the arms were stacked in front of the enemy. On the same evening the soldiers were furnished with the following:

APPOMATTOX C. H., VA., *April 10, 1865.*

The bearer ———————— of Co. ——, 38th Regiment of North Carolina Troops, a paroled prisoner of the Army of Northern Virginia, has permission to go to his home, and there remain undisturbed.

JOS. H. HYMAN,
Colonel 13th N. C. Troops, Commanding Scales' Brigade.

The 38th Regiment of North Carolina Troops was disbanded and passed out of existence.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, September 18, 1897.]

THE CUMBERLAND GRAYS, COMPANY D,

Twenty-First Virginia Infantry.

Its Roster, with Brief Record of its Service.

CUMBERLAND C. H., VA., *September 11, 1897.*

There was a reunion of the Cumberland Grays' Association at Cumberland Courthouse recently. This company was commanded first by Captain F. D. Irving, who was in command of it from the 1st of July, 1861, to the 21st of April, 1862, when he refused re-election and retired from service.

Captain A. C. Page was elected its second captain, and was wounded at the battle of Sharpsburg. His leg was amputated, and he was retired from the service. At the earnest solicitation of Charles H. Anderson, the first lieutenant of the company, second lieutenant John A. Booker, who was on detached duty as A. A. A. General to General J. R. Jones, was appointed captain, and remained as such until the end of the war.

In the second fight at Manassas the ammunition of the regiment gave out, but our second lieutenant was a brick-layer, and seeing the railroad was levelled with brickbats and stones, he threw the first stone and ordered the men to beat back the first line of Yankees, which they did so effectually that the entire brigade in an instant took up the same weapons. With what effect, history has told.

At the roll-call of the company at the reunion it was seen that of the 103 officers and men who were enlisted only forty-eight were living.

The following is a list of those who were killed or died since and during the war:

Captain F. D. Irving, died since the war.
Captain A. C. Page, died since the war.
Lieutenant C. H. Anderson, killed at Fisher's Hill.
Lieutenant E. E. England, killed at Petersburg.
Sergeant-Major William Denny, died since the war.

Sergeant M. J. Dunkum, died since the war; lost a leg at Brandy Station.

Sergeant W. S. Anderson, died at Valley Mountain.

Sergeant Bolden Brown, died in 1862.

Sergeant D. M. Coleman, killed at Fisher's Hill.

Corporal W. M. Cooke, wounded; died since the war.

PRIVATES.

Ayres, T. J., wounded; died since the war.

Anderson, Meredith, killed at Kernstown.

Austin, M. G., wounded at Gettysburg, and died.

Booker, Charles W., died since the war.

Baughan, W. L., died since the war.

Baughan, William, died in 1862.

Baughan, David, killed at Gettysburg.

Baughan, Robert, mortally wounded at Petersburg.

Cooke, S. W., wounded at Mine Run and died since the war.

Coleman, W. D., killed at Monocacy, Md.

Coleman, W. A., died at Staunton in 1862.

Creasy, Edward, killed at the Wilderness in 1864.

Cunningham, W. H., died in prison.

Dowdy, John M., died in 1861.

Dowdy, E. E., died in 1862.

Dowdy, John D., died in prison.

Dowdy, James, killed at Cedar Mountain.

Dowdy, Wilson M., while in the hospital at Winchester, in 1862, hearing that his company was in a heavy engagement, seized a musket, and running at a double-quick, fainted, fell, and in two days a little mound was raised to mark the spot where this gallant soldier sleeps.

Dunford, John F., killed at Gettysburg.

Edwards, Thomas, died in hospital.

Flippen, Charles, killed at Kernstown.

Flippen, J. T., wounded at Chancellorsville, and died since the war.

Flippen, Allen, died in 1862.

Flippen, William, died in 1861.

Godsey, Daniel L., died since the war.

Garnett, Robert K., killed at Gettysburg.

Garnett, James S., lost a leg; since died.
Hendrick, Merritt S., died in 1861.
Hatcher, Joseph, died in 1862.
Harris, Joseph N., died since the war.
Jones, Levi, died since the war.
King, George H., was the last man killed at Gettysburg in his company, a few yards from the enemy's line.
Merryman, James, died soon after the war.
Mahr, J. C. L., killed at Kernstown.
Meador, Robert J., wounded at Gettysburg and died since.
Meador, Mike, died since the war.
Meador, John L., died in 1861.
Parker, Thomas, died in 1861.
Parker, Jerry, died since the war.
Parker, I. A., died since the war.
Price, John B., killed at Cedar Mountain.
Snoddy, John S., died since the war.
Shores, Thomas, died since the war.
Wootton, John and A. W., died since the war.

Number killed during the war	16
Number died during the war	18
Number died since the war	21
Number still living	48
Total	103

There were twenty-eight wounded and five who lost limbs during the war, and one had his leg, which was wounded, amputated since the war.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, July 4, 1897.]

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

THE EVACUATION OF THE CITY AND THE DAYS PRECEDING IT.

How the News was Received in Danville—Some of the Closing Scenes of the Confederacy Vividly Recalled.

(Colonel J. H. AVERILL in Nashville *Banner.*)

The coming of the remnants of that army in gray, whose deeds so astonished the world a third of a century ago, and the presence among us here of the last survivor of the cabinet of President Davis, brings vividly back some of the closing scenes of the Southern Confederacy, in which the writer participated, and which were several years since written out, and are here retold at the request of the *Banner.*

The scene I will describe pertains to the evacuation of Richmond and the fifteen days immediately following.

The writer was at the time trainmaster of the Richmond and Danville Railroad, and stationed at Danville, Va., the road then running only from Richmond to Danville, there connecting with the Piedmont road to Greensboro, N. C. How this railroad line, then the mainstay of the Southern Confederacy, the only line of communication between its capital and the Southern States, has grown and extended its lines; how the old Richmond and Danville went down, as the Confederation of States it supported, and how, from that wreck, has arisen the now well-known Southern Railway, permeating every Southern State! Can the growth of that system in any way be attributed to the rapid growth and improvement of the South, and can we paint the picture of the two eras as having any connection?

But to our story: It is well remembered by all who lived in the closing days of the Confederacy that the first official news of the intended evacuation of Richmond on that Sunday in April was communicated to its citizens in church, and through the hurried calling of the President from church.

Our first intimation of it was not in being called from church, but at noon on that quiet Sabbath day in Danville, for it was quiet there, 140 miles away from the city, which was so soon to witness the saddest scene in its history. On being awakened from a sound sleep, the first I had enjoyed for twenty-four hours (for in those days a railroad-man slept when he could, and that was not often), by the telegraph operator with the information that "Richmond says come to the key at once." Reporting there as soon as possible, I soon received the following: "Hold all trains in Danville; send nothing out."

Having heard nothing of impending danger to Lee's army, or of the probability of the evacuation, I asked the reason for the order. None was given, and our construction of it then was that Richmond had news of a raid out from the Federal army, and that it was feared that our lines would be cut between Burkeville and the Staunton river. We took our local wire and interrogated the operators on the line for news of the raiders, but they knew nothing.

It was time for the regular passenger train to leave for Richmond. Many passengers were gathering, and the question was frequently asked, "Where is the train? Why is it not at the platform? What is the matter?" Leaving time had come and passed. Then those of the passengers who lived in Richmond grew anxious and suspicious. I was questioned on all sides, but could tell nothing. Soon, however, another message came as follows: "Come to Richmond with all engines and empty passenger and box-cars you can pick up. Bring no freight or passengers."

We got the four engines we had in the yard ready to run with what cars we had, and reported for running orders, and were told to await further instructions. They came. I have them yet. The message was short, and read as follows:

"Too late. Richmond is being evacuated. We will all leave this P. M. Arrange for all track room possible in Danville."

Now we must tell the waiting, expecting passengers. It was a scene never to be forgotten. One man shed tears as he came and offered any amount I would name for an engine to take him to Richmond, where his wife and children were. Others seemed to be completely crushed and unable to express themselves. Some walked off looking as though they had lost their all.

Soon Danville knew the story, and the noble people of that Virginia city began their preparation to receive and take care of as many of the refugees as possible. Daylight brought the first train—the President of the Confederacy, his Cabinet, their families and many members of Congress. Other trains soon followed. There were women and children in box-cars, many without baggage, few with anything to eat. It was a sad scene, but the doors of the Danville houses were wide open, an old Virginia welcome met the refugees, and they were soon housed as comfortably as possible.

We then knew all in regard to the evacuation of Petersburg, and that Lee and his generals, with that gallant remnant of our Army of Northern Virginia were (we could not realize it then), in retreat, as we supposed, moving to join Johnston's army, and we were ordered to prepare to take trains of supplies to them at Mattoax Station, where they would cross the railroad. There were large government storehouses in Danville, all filled to the ceiling, as well as many loaded cars, awaiting shipment. Trains of supplies were made up, but it was slow work. The yard was crowded with cars. Cabinet Ministers and their families and other prominent people, living in box cars, were in our way, and we could not get rid of them, but did the best we could. Our first train was ready when the order came to hold it. Lee had not been heard from. The next we heard it was too late; he had crossed the road, going in the direction of Appomattox, and no provisions in sight to feed the starving soldiers, while there were thousands of rations in the storehouses and cars in Danville, soon to be raided and plundered by a mob. Some one blundered Time passed rapidly. There was no opportunity for sleep or rest. I was in the yard busily engaged in getting a train off for Greensboro'. The assistant superintendent came up and said: "John, come here." I joined him. "Lee has surrendered." I felt as though the ground had opened up under me. He was an operator, and had caught the news off the wire as it was flashed to President Davis. It was then 3 P. M., and at 5 P. M. an aide of the President came down and ordered an engine, a flat-car, a stock-car a box-car, and a passenger coach, to carry President Davis and party to Greensboro', then held by General Johnston.

The train was made ready, but one after another of the President's Cabinet and men of prominence arranged with the President's staff officer for their box-car to be taken on. All this took time, but, with as much haste as possible, car after car was added, until ten cars composed the train. We told them we could take no more. They, however, insisted, and two more were added. The engine was in bad order, and blew out a cylinder-head five miles from Danville. More time was lost in getting another engine to take its place. When the morning dawned the operator said the wire to Greensboro' was gone, and it was impossible to obtain information of the President's train. We did not, however, wait long. Soon the tick,

tick of the instrument was heard. I asked the operator who it was. He said "Beneja," a station eleven miles from Greensboro'. "What?" said he. "Ah, this is the reply: 'Watchman at Big Troublesome Trestle is here. Says just at dawn as train passed going to Greensboro', Yankees came out and burned trestle, missing train by only two minutes.'" The President had a narrow escape; the road was broken, and we were cut off from the South. Soon, however, we had the wires in working order, but the dawn of day brought other trouble to us in Danville, and we gave very little thought to the Greensboro' end.

Shifting the scene, I come down to the picturesque old town of Washington, Ga., where recently I had pointed out the house in which President Davis and his party stopped on their retreat. Here was held the last official meeting of the Confederate government; here the President and his Cabinet gave up the cause as lost, and each member undertook to provide as best he could for his own safety. Had I the notes of the memorable journey from Danville to Washington, Ga., the meeting with Johnston at Greensboro', pages could be written of this meeting. The journey from Greensboro' to Charlotte, the flight from that point through South Carolina, and last, that final meeting at Washington, are all events of greatest interest, and columns could be written; but these notes cannot be obtained in time for this article.

AN EXPLOSION.

But to resume our story at Danville. As stated before, there were warehouses filled with provisions, stores, etc., for the army. The neighboring hills of Virginia and North Carolina and the valley of the River Dan were well populated. The news of the fall of Richmond, the surrender of Lee, and the flight of the Confederate Government had been carried to them. Many stragglers from the army had already reached Danville; in fact, they had been coming daily since the retreat of Lee from Petersburg. With the dawn of day women and children, old and young, began to pour in from the surrounding country and congregated in crowds around the warehouses. There was a rear guard of two companies left to protect the property; they tried to stop the rising storm. The crowd only waited for a leader. Soon one was found in a tall woman, who, with the cry, "Our children and we'uns are starving; the Confederacy is gone up; let us help ourselves," started in, followed by hundreds. Aided by the stragglers, the unresisting guards were soon swept out of the way and the work of plundering began. A major from Lynchburg attempted to stop it, but he was soon glad to be able to retreat. Soon wagons, carts, wheelbarrows and every other conceivable means of removing the coveted supplies were pressed into service; women and children staggered under loads impossible under other circumstances for them to carry. But this scene was speedily put to an end in an unexpected and fatal manner. Near two of the largest warehouses the Confederate Ordnance Department had stored a large amount of loaded shells and a large amount of powder.

As I stated before, a large number of stragglers were in town, and we had been asked to send them as far as possible in the direction of Greensboro'. The train was partially loaded, and nearly ready to start. They had broken into the powder house, and many of them were carrying off quantities of it—others still lingered around. Many of the town boys, both white and black, were securing their share of the ammunition. Suddenly a deafening sound was heard, shells flew through the air, and bodies of men and boys, and fragments of limbs were scattered in all directions. I was standing about 300 yards from the wreck of the building, when a piece of shell weighing six pounds, passed between the superintendent and myself. Had it deviated twelve inches either way, one of us would have been killed. The wreck took fire. This heated the shells, and for six hours the bombardment, as it were, continued. The stragglers and women did not grasp the situation, and the cry was raised: "The Yankees are firing into us," and within thirty minutes not a straggler could be found in Danville. Many had dropped their plunder in the hurried flight, thinking only to get out of the way of the supposed Yankees. Soon we went to the scene of slaughter to assist any needy survivor. The first we met was a well known citizen of Danville. In his arms he bore the mangled remains of his only son, a bright lad of fourteen, whom I had talked to not an hour before. We had two colored boys, twins, about fourteen years old, both bright youngsters, and liked by all. We found Tom fatally injured. We raised him tenderly to take him to the hospital near by. He said: "Jim is there." We found his remains, but he was spared the agony Tom had to endure before death relieved him. The explosion was caused by a soldier dropping a match, and fifty lives were sacrificed through that carelessness.

Most of our trainmen and engineers had lived in Richmond, their families were there, they had not been able to move them the day of the evacuation; the men had been gradually leaving us, and all belonging in Richmond were soon *en route*, walking the long, dreary 140 miles to try and find their loved ones.

A couple of days after the evacuation of Richmond the bridge over the Staunton river had been burned. We maintained train service between Danville and this point for several days after the surrender of Lee's army, bringing in the men as fast as they came there, wending their way to their, in many cases, desolate homes in the far South.

Soon we were advised that a corps of the Yankee army was approaching on the north bank of the river; that they were arranging to rebuild the bridge, and were crossing the river on a pontoon, *en route* for Danville, and to operate against Johnston's army. The superintendent ordered the trains withdrawn, and I was instructed to take all of the rolling stock of the 4-feet 8½-inch gauge, go to Greensboro, report to General Johnston, and follow the fortunes of that army.

PEACE NEGOTIATIONS.

Peace negotiations were in progress between Johnston and Sherman. I was advised the evening previous that the surrender would be officially announced in the morning. Calling all of our men together, the information was given them, and I was unanimously asked to take them all back to Danville at once. Engines were gotten ready, and sitting on the pilot of the leading one, soon after night, I had my first sight of the camp-fires of the Fifth Army Corps, encamped around Danville. Soon we stopped at the picket lines, and an officer was interviewed. He was told all that we knew, and that our desire was to get into the Danville yard, and go to our homes. Permission was given to proceed, and we were soon back in our old quarters.

The flag we loved was furled, the cause we had served had failed, and two years' hard work was at an end. We knew not where we would turn on the morrow, or what would be our future. We all sought rest, to be aroused at the break of day by an aide of General Wright, the Federal commander, with a request from the general to report to his quartermaster. Well do I remember our first meeting with Major Wright, the quartermaster of the 5th Army Corps. Numerous questions were put and answered in regard to the Richmond and Danville and Piedmont roads and its rolling stock, and we were astonished to be asked to gather our men and open up communications between Burkeville and Danville and Greensboro', for the purpose of handling supplies for the Federal army at Greensboro' and Danville, and other purposes. We were told to take our own men to man the trains and engines, and none of the men who worked for Major Wright in the operations of those roads for the succeeding ninety days will ever forget the uniform kindness of himself and his assistants. When the corps was ordered to the frontiers of Texas, in anticipation of trouble with the French in Mexico, the writer and many of his assistants were urged to go with them. We wanted rest, many of us had families in the South that we had not seen for months, and in the latter part of July we disbanded, as it were, and to-day we are like the survivors in gray—scattered.

Two of the engineers who did faithful service to the Confederacy, and one or more of the conductors who served with me in those trying days, are now trusted employees of the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis Railway. We are two small a body to think of reunions. We sometimes meet, not as "ships that pass in the night," but on the car or around the engine of to-day, and discuss those old days of the past—the days that the average railroad man of to-day knows so little about or can comprehend how armies were moved and provisioned by the Southern roads, and how trains were run.

We are, like the survivors, fast passing away, and will soon be known no more.

COLONEL J. H. AVERILL.

[From the Richmond (Va.) *Dispatch*, Sept. 18, 1897.]

SUSSEX LIGHT DRAGOONS.

A ROLL OF THIS GALLANT ORGANIZATION.

Something of Its History.

The following is the original roll of the Sussex Light Dragoons: Captain, Benjamin W. Belshes; First Lieutenant, George H. Dillard; Second Lieutenant, William W. Blow; Junior Second Lieutenant, P. S. Parker; First Sergeant, H. Q. Moyler; Second Sergeant, Thomas A. Dillard; Third Sergeant, E. T. Thornton; Fourth Sergeant, William L. Adkins; Corporals, T. L. Johnson, F. L. Vellines, James E. Barker, Joseph H. Chappel; Privates, A. P. Adkins, J. D. Adkins, B. R. Birdsong, A. S. Birdsong, Henry Birdsong, Jr., J.

A. Bishop, J. L. Chappell, E. T. Chappell, R. A. Cocke, T. E. Dillard, R. L. Dobie, J. J. Dillard, W. H. Dillard, E. M. Ellis, A. H. Ellis, W. H. Gwaltney, B. F. Harrison, R. K. Harrison, T. J. Harrison, James H. Harrison, J. W. Harrison, B. L. Hargrave, L. D. Holt, James R. Jones, L. E. Jordan, William E. Lamb, J. W. T. Lee, Samuel Little, Jesse Little, William H. Marable, J. R. Moore, John R. Morris, J. R. Parham, Nathaniel Rains, Jr., B. F. Rains, George S. Rives, George E. Rives, W. B. Scott, J. L. White, R. W. White, John R. West, A. C. Winston, W. W. Woodson.

These marched into Suffolk on twenty-four hours' notice, and were there mustered into the State service, April 22, 1861. The following recruits joined the company before its reorganization for the war:

Samuel J. Birdsong, P. H. Thorp, A. T. Dobie, R. H. Holloman, Joseph H. Dobie, R. P. Bendall, A. F. Harrison, A. M. Adkins, R. R. Bain, O. H. Baird, George H. Bailey, A. Briggs, J. W. Cocks, R. M. Dobie, S. T. Drewry, F. J. Ellis, N. B. Ellis, Theodore A. Field, Waverly Fitzhugh, George W. Gilliam, R. J. Gwaltney, S. G. Harrison, Triz. Harrison, R. T. Harrison, James B. Harvel, R. A. Horn, William F. Hansberger, —— —— Hathway, J. H. Jones, H. B. Kelly, J. M. H. Marable, J. T. R. Moore, John T. Morris, J. E. Moyler, Thomas S. Morgan, William E. Norris, William E. Newsome, F. D. Neblett, A. B. Parker, Joseph S. Parker, Joseph W. Parker, Richard Parker, John Pressom, —— —— Thoroughgood, A. D. White, R. G. West, —— —— Woodward, H. B. Walker, George B. Walker, P. F. Weaver.

The roll of this company, with a brief history appended, has recently been sent in to the Adjutant-General's office for preservation as State records. From this record the following is copied:

"The above Company 'H,' 13th Virginia Cavalry, was originally organized in January, 1861, as 'The Sussex Light Dragoons,' Captain Belshes commanding, at Waverly, Sussex county, Va. The services of this company were tendered by one of its officers to Major-General Taliaferro, of the Virginia militia, April 19, 1861, he having just taken charge at Norfolk. On April 21st the company marched to Suffolk, and was there (April 22d) mustered into the State service for twelve months by Brigadier-General Shands, of the Virginia militia, and reported for duty the same day at Norfolk. At the expiration of its term of enlistment (twelve months) the company was reorganized for the war with largely increased numbers—

W. N. Blow, Captain—at Currituck Courthouse, N. C., where it was then stationed.

"At the evacuation of Norfolk this company brought up the rear of General Huger's command, and was the last company to march out of Norfolk, as it had been the first to march in.

"At the organization of the Confederate States Cavalry under Major-General Stuart, June, 1862, this company was assigned as Company 'M' to the First Virginia Cavalry, Colonel Fitz Lee commanding, and was soon after transferred to the Fifth Regiment, Colonel Rosser commanding. After the battle of Malvern Hill this company was ordered to Petersburg, and there became Company 'H,' Thirteenth Virginia Cavalry, as part of this newly organized regiment under Colonel Chambliss. The regiment was made up of two companies from Petersburg and two from each of the neighboring counties—Prince George, Sussex, Nansemond and Southampton.

"Under the head of 'Remarks,' the history of the company is outlined. The names of 178 men appear on the roll. Fifty-one were killed and wounded. Of these, twenty-one were killed on the battle-field, or died in hospital; sixteen were discharged, being disabled by wounds, and fourteen returned to duty. Thirteen men were captured and released from prison at the surrender; twenty-one were discharged, or did not re-enlist at the reorganization of the company; nine were transferred to Company 'K,' of the Thirteenth, at the reorganization of the regiment; twelve men were promoted and commissioned in the regiment and other branches of the service; twelve others had permanent details. Fifty-seven men laid down their arms at Appomattox Courthouse.

"The company always having more than the legal number on its roll, could only enlist non-conscripts—viz: boys under 18 years of age; hence the average age was under twenty years in 1863–'64. No substitutes were accepted.

"WILLIAM N. BLOW,
"*Captain Company H, Thirteenth Virginia Cavalry.*"

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, July 16, 1897.]

MARYLAND CAMPAIGN.

THE CAVALRY FIGHT AT BOONSBORO' GRAPHICALLY DESCRIBED.

The Ninth Virginia and Eighth Illinois Regiments Cross Sabres—The Former Suffer Severely, but Capture Some Prisoners.

During the campaign in Maryland in 1862, the 9th Virginia Cavalry was attached to the brigade commanded by General Fitz Lee. After nine days spent among the fine hay and rich yellow cornfields of Montgomery and Frederick counties, the regiment crossed the Catoctin mountain at Hamburg, at dawn on the morning of September 14th. Hamburg was a rude and scattering village on the crest of the mountain, where the manufacture of brandy seemed to be the chief employment of the villagers, and at the early hour of our passage through the place, both the men and women gave proof that they were free imbibers of the product of their stills, and it was not easy to find a sober inhabitant of either sex.

To our troopers, descending the western slope of the mountain, the peaceful valley below, dotted over with well-tilled farms, with a bold stream winding down among them, presented a scene of unusual beauty and loveliness. Near a large grist-mill the command was halted, after a march of several hours, and here rested beneath the shade of a large apple orchard until 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The distant boom of artillery assured us of the bloody conflict going on at South Mountain, the issue of which we were in suspense to know. The march in the afternoon brought the command to the vicinity of Boonesboro, where a brief halt was made after nightfall to rest and feed the horses. Near midnight the march was resumed in the direction of the mountain pass above Boonesboro. The disaster to our arms in the fight of the previous day was now made manifest, as artillery, ambulances and infantry were met retreating down the mountain. The brigade, having ascended a mile and a half, perhaps, above the town, was held in readiness to charge in column of fours. The nature of the ground was ill-suited to the operation of cavalry, and much relief was felt when, at dawn, we began to fall back towards Boonesboro. Our retreat was none too early, for already the columns of the enemy, with their bright muskets gleaming in the morning light, could be seen as we entered Boonesboro. More than once we were faced about as we retreated, as if to repel a threatened charge by cavalry.

Having been halted in streets of Boonsboro, the men, after being so long in the saddle, were allowed to dismount, and for some time remained in this way, the men standing by their horses or sitting down on the curbstones and holding their bridle reins. Suddenly the order "Mount!" "Mount!" resounded down the street, and simultaneously a rapid fire of pistols and carbines was heard near at hand. Before the men could mount and form ranks, the rear guard, retreating at full speed, dashed into our already confused column, and in an incredibly short time the street became packed with a mass of horses and horsemen, so jammed together as to make motion impossible for most of them. At the same time the upper windows in some of the houses were hoisted and a volley of pistol shots poured down on our heads. The Federal cavalry, quickly discovering our situation, dashed up boldly and discharged their carbines into our struggling and helpless ranks. When the way was opened, and retreat became possible, a general stampede followed, our whole force rushing from the town down the 'pike at a full gallop. This disorderly movement was increased by the discovery that some of the enemy's infantry had almost succeeded in cutting off our retreat, and were firing from a corn field into our flank.

We had scarcely gotten out of the town before our colonel's (W. H. F. Lee) horse was killed, and he, falling heavily on the 'pike, had to take flight, dust-covered and bruised, through the field on the left. Captain Hughlett's horse fell in like manner on the edge of the town, and he, leaping the railing, found concealment in a dense patch of growing corn. In the middle of the turnpike were piles of broken stone, placed there for repairing the roadway. On these, amidst the impenetrable dust, many horses blindly rushed, and falling, piled with their riders one on another. Here and there in the pell-mell race, blinded by the dust, horses and horsemen dashed against telegraph posts and fell to the ground, to be trampled by others behind.

When the open fields were reached and we were beyond the range of the infantry, a considerable force was rallied and the Federal horsemen were charged in turn. In this charge our lieutenant-colonel's horse was killed, and a second charge was led by Captain Thomas Haynes, of Company H, in which a number of prisoners belonging to the 8th Illinois Cavalry were captured and brought out. With this charge, pursuit by the enemy was checked, and two battle-flags, about which some brave men fell into ranks, with Fitz Lee in the centre, served as a rallying point where our regiments were quickly reformed. We then withdrew leisurely in the direction of Sharpsburg, and were not further pressed.

THE KILLED AND WOUNDED.

In this brief and ill-starred encounter the 9th regiment lost two officers and sixteen men killed and mortally wounded, and ten men captured. Among the killed were Lieutenant Fowlkes, of Lunenburg, and Frank Oliver, of Essex—two very gallant men.

Captain Hughlett, who was dismounted early in the action by the falling of his horse, remained in concealment in the corn throughout the day, and was a sad and silent witness of the burial of his dead comrades by the enemy. Under cover of darkness, he sought food at the hands of a woman who was strongly Union in sentiment and had two sons in the Federal army. She relieved his hunger, and being strengthened at her hands, he made his way into our lines and reached the regiment next day, having had during the night several narrow escapes from the enemy's sentries.

On the morning of the 16th of September the regiment was again in motion, after spending a quiet and restful night in a fine grove of oaks, and soon became satisfied that the movements of our army did not mean an immediate retreat across the Potomac, but a preparation for battle in the beautiful, winding valley of the Antietam. Our line of march led us past the position of Hood's Division, the troops of which had already thrown up a slight breastwork of rails, logs, stones, &c., and lay on their arms, in readiness for the enemy's advance. These gallant men, who were destined to meet the first furious onslaught of McClellan's troops, occupied rising ground, partly in the woods, and partly in the open fields, with an open valley winding in front of them. A few hundred yards in advance of Hood's line the cavalry was drawn up in line on a wooded eminence in rear of several pieces of artillery. The position commanded an extended view of open fields and a straight roadway leading towards Antietam river, and in the distance could be seen the heavy column of the advancing Federals. Their march was regular and steady towards our position. Only once, where a road diverged from that on which they moved, was there a halt. After pausing at this point for a few minutes the column was set in motion again up the road on which we were posted. As yet no Federal skirmish line had been deployed, and only a few mounted men were visible. Infantry and artillery composed the heavy blue column. The foremost file of these troops had approached near enough almost to count the buttons on their coats, when our guns opened from the covert a rapid fire, and thus began the bloody battle of Sharpsburg. The Federal batteries were hurried forward rapidly, and our guns were soon withdrawn. In retiring we passed after dark through the valley on the farther side of which Hood's division rested on their arms. The Federals were now discharging a deafening fire of artillery, and a few guns on our side were answering them. As we moved through the valley the shells from two directions were passing over our heads, their burning fuses gleaming like meteors, and the whole making a comparatively harmless but brilliant spectacular performance.

If I learned at the time to what battery the guns belonged that fired these first shots at Sharpsburg, I have quite forgotten now. I hope some reader of the *Dispatch*, whose eye may fall on this article, may know. The information is earnestly sought by the Antietam Battlefield Board, of the War Department. General E. A. Carman, of that board, writes from Sharpsburg on June 5th:

"For some time I have been endeavoring to ascertain what force opposed Hooker's when he crossed the Antietam, on the afternoon of September 16th, and before he came in contact with Hood's division, but have been unable to get anything satisfactory. He was opposed by artillery, yet I can get no trace of any artillery within a mile of where he was first fired at. I have come to the conclusion that the gun, or guns, opposing him, must have been one or more of Pelham's, but I cannot verify my conclusion, nor can I communicate with any survivors of that battery."

THE NIGHT CANNONADING.

The cannonading at nightfall was of short continuance, and it soon became almost as quiet on the field of Sharpsburg, as though no armies were there confronting each other. The movement of the troops was made as noiselessly as possible. Our brigade was on the march for several hours, and through the mistake of a blundering guide, was led to a position very close to a line of Federal batteries. Here we slept unconscious of danger until nearly dawn. Before daylight, General Fitz Lee ascertained the situation of the command, and endeavored to extricate us as quietly as possible, going around himself arousing and cautioning many of the men. We had got a quarter of a mile away, perhaps, and had nearly reached a position of safety beyond the crest of a hill, when we were discovered, and the enemy's guns opened on us. This discharge began the fray on the memorable and sanguinary 17th of September, 1862. One of the first shells fired, striking the earth near us, exploded, covering some of us with dust, and inflicting on brave Colonel Thornton, of the 3rd Virginia Cavalry, a mortal wound. The writer was near him at the moment, and witnessed the shrugging of his shoulders and quiver of the muscles of his face, as he felt the shock of the piece of shell shattering his arm close to the shoulder.

We had been, thus far, on the extreme left of our line of battle, and early in the day were ordered to report to General T. J. Jackson, who commanded on the right. Our men, without a round of ammunition left, were seen leisurely retiring towards the rear, singly and in groups. Some of our batteries, having shot their last round, were leaving the field at a gallop. General Jackson's order was that we should take position in rear of his troops, intercept the stragglers, and direct them to stated points, where they were refurnished with ammunition and marched back to the line of battle. Motioning to our captain to give him his ear, he directed him, in a whisper, not to halt any men of Hood's Division, saying they had liberty to retire. General Jackson's position was in the open field, near a large barn, that was burned during the day by the enemy's shells. He commanded a full view of the contending lines in the valley below, and of the Federal batteries ranged one above another on the hills beyond. The shells of the latter were passing thickly, and bursting near him, while he sat on his steed giving his orders, as serene and undisturbed as his statue in the Capitol Square at Richmond.

G. W. B.

[From the Rockbridge County *News*, February 5, 1897.]

THE SECOND ROCKBRIDGE BATTERY.

Its Roster and Career.

Compiled by W. F. Johnston. Valuable services were rendered in getting up the lists by Captains John A. M. Lusk and W. K. Donald, and Orderly-Sergeant S. W. Wilson.

The Second Rockbridge Battery was called such on account of being the second battery as to date of organization in the county. The list of officers and men who served in the company is given below. Being made up chiefly from memory, after a lapse of thirty-two years, it is probable that some omissions and inaccuracies may occur. This company was organized as an infantry company, owing to the want of artillery equipments at the time, and served as Company B of the 52nd Virginia Regiment, then under Colonel Baldwin, and was a part of General Ed. Johnson's Brigade, doing service on Alleghany and Shenandoah mountains until the fall of 1861, when it was made an artillery company, and was attached to the same brigade till the artillery was made a separate command. After this it was a part of McIntosh's battalion, in General A. P. Hill's corps, until the close of the war.

It was mustered into service as the "McDowell Guard" in honor of Miss Lillie McDowell, then of Lexington, Va., a daughter of Governor James McDowell, now Mrs. E. P. McD. Wolff, of Georgia, who made the company a present of a pair of horses, harness and ambulance, besides furnishing a considerable amount of means for clothing equipment of the company. She also paid a bounty to a young man who was under military age, to go as her personal representative in the war. Her substitute, Alfred Sly, proved himself faithful to the trust until a few days before the fight at Gettysburg, when having been sent out with others on detached service, he was captured and held in prison until after the surrender of the army.

This company was made up largely of farmers and farmers' sons and laborers. Practical knowledge of caring for and driving horses gave the battery an advantage over many others; being able to move with promptness under the most unfavorable circumstances. Quite a number of the men were from the Blue Ridge and vicinity, without the advantage of education, and nothing but principle to fight for; yet none bared their bosoms more willingly to the foe nor stuck to it more faithful to the last than they.

The company was organized at Fairfield July 10, 1861, with Rev. John Miller captain, and Lieutenants Samuel Wallace, J. A. M. Lusk, and J. C. Dickinson, in the order named. In the reorganization May 1, 1862, J. A. M. Lusk was made captain, and W. K. Donald, Samuel Wallace, and A. J. Hayslett lieutenants in order named. Captain Lusk resigned June, 1863, on account of ill health. W. K. Donald was made captain, and served as such until the end. A. J. Hayslett, previous to May 1, 1862, served as company surgeon, and in 1863 was made surgeon of the battalion, and William T. Wilson, then a member of the Danville Blues, of Eighteenth Virginia Regiment, was elected lieutenant, and served as such until the close. After the promotions in consequence of Captain Lusk's resignation, Daniel Paxton was elected lieutenant, and remained such to the last. The battery did a great deal of hard service, and certainly deserves to rank below none in the faithful discharge of duty with alacrity to the last. Owing to the capture of a large number of the members on the morning of April 2, 1865, where the Confederate line was first broken, near the P. and W. railroad, there were only about forty of the company in the surrender.

LIST OF MEMBERS.

W. P. Alexander, James G. Allen, William Allen, B. F. Barnett, Hugh S. Beard, William Bartley, John Bowman, M. B. Campbell, James A. Campbell, W. A. Campbell, Sr., W. A. Campbell, Jr., N. M. Campbell, W. H. Cash, William Cash, J. W. Cash, John Cash, B. D. Cash, Joseph Cash, James P. Cash, Valentine Carver, John Cave, William Chandler, W. L. Clemmer, DeWitt Cline, A. A. Cochran, P. J. Coffey, Robert Coffey, Marvel Coffey, William M. Coffey, William M. Crist, Z. J. Culton, James B. Culton, J. W. Cupp, H. W. Decker, John F. Doyle, J. E. Drayton, J. L. Drawbond, L. C. Drain, Eugene Durham, J. M. Eakin, John T. Ford, William A. Ford, James P. Ford, —— Gaylor, William C. Goolsby, James Goolsby, Thomas Gordon, A. J. Griffin, W. L. Hamilton, Harvey Hamilton, John F. Hamilton, J. J. Hamilton, Henry Hamilton, George J. Hamilton, Joseph Heslep, Ed. N. Heiger, John M. Hite, Samuel Hite, W. N. Hite, W. P. Hite, W. H. Hinty, George Hoyleman, John B. Hoyleman, Jacob B. Holler, —— Houchen, James A. Humphries, E. M. Hughes, J. P. Hughes, Calvin Hughes, James E. Jarvis, Churchville Jenkins, R. W. Johnston, Henry Keffer,

L. D. Kerr, W. D. Kerr, L. T. Leech, J. G. Leech, Preston Lawhorne, William Lawhorne, William M. Long, William Lovegrove, J. Ludwick, J. C. Lynn, —— Moore, J. A. Mann, Nat. Moran, Dudley Morris, S. S. Miller, D. L. Miller, John Miller, R. S. Miller, J. P. Meeks, Thomas N. McCormick, William T. McCrory, Ed. H. McCrory, James H. McCown, Thomas P. McDowell, William W. McGuffin, S. R. McGuffin, Thomas P. McManama, Robert McNutt, David A. Ott, L. O'Brian, William Orenbaun, James H. Painter, A. J. Paul, Wm. D. Patterson, Wm. A. Patterson, John Patterson, S. D. Paxton, Jas. T. Paxton, Jas. P. Paxton, John Paxton, Wm. H. Paxton, James H. Paxton, Thomas Paxton, Sam. Patter, John Pearl, William Pugh, James H. Pugh, John W. Risk, James P. Risk, Dabney Ramsey, William H. Selvey, Franklin Shewey, William C. Shields, Franklin Shaver, Cooke Sloan, Alfred F. Sly, Adolphus Sly, William A. Smiley, John B. Smiley, Joseph Sorrels, Geo. Sorrels, James E. Steele, Arch. W. Strickler, J. Ed. Taylor, Joseph Taylor, George W. Taylor, William P. Templeton, Benjamin Templeton, Job Thorn, R. R. Tribbett, F. M. Tribbett, Matthew Vess, C. D. Vess, Albright Wallace, Ed. Wallace, J. W. Wallace, George White, Robert White, I. M. White, John White, J. W. Whitesel, E. M. Wiseman, James A. Wine, John A. Wilson, S. W. Wilson, Joseph M. Wilson, J. Womeldorf, George Wood and Cyrus Withers.

LIST OF CASUALTIES.

Killed—J. H. McCown, Alleghany Mountain, December 12, 1861; W. P. Templeton and J. Ludwick, Cross Keys, June 8, 1862; Adolphus Sly, Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863; Preston Lawhorn and Robert Coffey, Bristoe Station, October 14, 1863; George Hoyleman, William J. Bartlett, and George White, Gettysburg, July 3, 1863; Cyrus Goolsby, Thomas N. McCormick, and John T. Ford, Petersburg, July 30, 1864; John L. Drayboud, James T. Paxton, Franklin Shaver, and Lieutenant Samuel Wallace, Petersburg, April 2, 1865.

Died from Wounds—W. H. Paxton, wounded at Strasburg, June 1, 1862; —— Houcher, wounded at Cross Keys, June 8, 1862; James P. Risk, wounded at Bristoe Station, October 14, 1863; James B. Culton, wounded at Bristoe Station, October 14, 1865; A. J. Griffin, wounded at Alleghany Mountain, December 12, 1861; —— Gaylor, Cross Keys, June 8. 1862.

Died from Sickness—William Allen, Joseph Cash, John Cash, William Cash, and Marvel Coffey, at Staunton in 1861; Eugene Durham, 1864; James Goolsby, 1861; Thomas Gordon, 1861; W. L. Hamilton, Petersburg, in 1865; John F. Hamilton, in prison, 1864; Ed. N. Heizer, at Charlottesville, June 1865; Samuel Hite and W. N. Hite, at Staunton, 1861; William Lawhorn, at Staunton, 1862; S. S. Miller and Thomas P. McDowell, at Gordonsville, 1862; William Orenbaun, 1861; James P. Paxton, in prison, 1863; John Paxton, at Richmond, 1862; Cooke Sloan, at Staunton, 1861; James Steele, at Point Lookout, April, 1865; Benjamin Templeton, at Staunton, 1861; John White and Cyrus Withers, at Richmond, 1862; J. Womeldorf, 1861.

Wounded and Recovered—Hugh S. Beard, Charlottesville, May 3, 1862; James P. Cash and William H. Cash, Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862; William M. Crist, Petersburg, April 2, 1865, lost leg; H. W. Decker, 1862; James P. Ford, Petersburg, July 30, 1864; George J. Hamilton, Petersburg, April 2, 1865; Robert W. Johnston, Petersburg, 1864; Robert McNutt, Spotsylvania, May 1864; D. A. Ott, Strasburg, June 1, 1862, lost arm; Thomas Paxton, Strasburg, June 1, 1862; Franklin Shewey, Bristoe Station, October 14, 1863; C. D. Vess, Cross Keys, June 8, 1862, lost leg; Albright Wallace, Alleghany Mountain, December 12, 1861; Robert White, E. M. Wiseman (lost foot), W. P. Alexander, Valentine Carver, J. F. Doyle, J. J. Hamilton, John M. Hite, J. B. Holler, L. D. Kerr, L. T. Luck, S. S. Miller, Arch Strickler, and Lieutenant W. T. Wilson, at Bristoe Station, October 14, 1863; Lieutenant W. K. Donald, Charlottesville, May 3, 1863.

RECAPITULATION.

Number of men in all, 171.
Number of men killed, 22.
Number of men died from sickness, 25.
Number of men wounded, 27.
Number of men captured, 28.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, June. 3, 1897–Jan. 18, 1898.]

RETREAT FROM RICHMOND.

THE ARTILLERY BRIGADE.

Its Heroic Conduct at Sailor's Creek—Additional Details.

(See *Ante*, pp. 38, 134, 139.)

RICHMOND, VA., *May 31, 1897.*

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

Since writing my reminiscences of the retreat from Richmond, Sailor's Creek, etc., which appeared in your Confederate column on 2d of May, I have visited my old comrade, Captain Shirley Harrison, at "Brandon." While there, he spoke in the highest terms of the gallantry of his first lieutenant, J. M. Green (Company D, 10th Virginia Battalion of Artillery), and especially of the nerve and coolness displayed by him in a memorable night attack, while we were on the retreat. He explained how Lieutenant Green had been separated from his command, which accounted for his absence at Sailor's Creek, I noticed in your issue of yesterday a note from Lieutenant Green (now of New York), calling attention to the omission of his name and explaining his absence. I am glad of this opportunity of doing justice to a gallant comrade, who did not shirk his duty at the critical moment.

I did not undertake to give a complete roster of the officers of my battalion, in fact, could not do so; but merely published the list of officers captured at Sailor's Creek, as it appeared in the New York *Herald.*

There are, doubtless, others whose absence can be satisfactorily accounted for, and I am glad, in justice to his memory, to be able to explain the absence of my first lieutenant, Robert Elias Binford, as I am now reminded that this accomplished young officer was sick at Chimborazo Hospital, in Richmond. He was convalescing at the time of the evacuation, and left the city with the ambulance train; was captured on the retreat, but made his escape on a captured horse, and being unable to join his own command, was assigned to Dance's battery, and surrendered with the army at Appomattox.

After the war he devoted his life to teaching the youth of the South, and died in Amherst county, Va., in June, 1896.

Yours very truly,

THOMAS BALLARD BLAKE,

late Captain, etc.

ST. LOUIS, *December 29, 1897.*

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

While on a visit to Richmond last spring I gave some reminiscences of the evacuation, retreat, Sailor's creek, &c., which appeared in your issue of May 22d.

I had to rely entirely on memory, and was, therefore, very careful in my statements. I have recently been looking over the "Records of the Union and Confederate Armies," published by the government, and in Series 1, Volume xlvi, Part 1, found the official reports of commanding officers of both armies, which confirm, in a striking degree, my recollections. These reports make special mention of the conspicuous part borne by the "Artillery Brigade" at Sailor's creek. I quote as follows: Major-General G. W. C. Lee, commanding the divisions, composed of Barton's and of Crutchfield's Artillery Brigade, says:

"Before my troops got into position across the creek the enemy opened a heavy fire of artillery upon our line, which was continued up to the time of our capture. After shelling our lines and skirmishing for some time—an hour or more—the enemy's infantry advanced and were repulsed, and that portion which attacked the Artillery Brigade was charged by it and driven back across Sailor's creek.

"This brigade was then brought back to its orginal position, under a heavy fire of artillery. Finding that Kershaw's, which was on my right, had been obliged to retire, in consequence of the enemy having turned his right flank, and that my command was entirely surrounded, to prevent useless sacrifice of life, the firing was stopped by some of my officers, aided by some of the enemy's, and the officers and men taken as prisoners of war. I cannot too highly praise the conduct of my command, and hope to have the opportunity of doing it full justice when reports are received from the brigade commanders. Among a number of brave men killed or wounded, I regret to have to announce the name of Colonel Crutchfield, who commanded the Artillery Brigade. He was killed after gallantly leading a successful charge against the enemy."

Lieutenant-General Ewell, commanding the corps (Kershaw's and G. W. C. Lee's divisions), says that the Artillery Brigade of Lee's Division "displayed a coolness and gallantry that earned the praise of the veterans who fought alongside of it, and even of the enemy."

Our dashing cavalry leader, General Fitzhugh Lee, says: "Though portions of the force, particularly the command of General G. W. C. Lee, fought with gallantry never surpassed, their defeat and surrender were inevitable."

I will now quote from the report of the Federal commander, Major-General H. G. Wright, commanding the Sixth Corps, Army of the Potomac. After describing the disposition of his troops and our position on the opposite side of Sailor's creek, General Wright says:

"The 1st and 3rd divisions charged the enemy's position, carrying it handsomely, except at a point on our right of the road crossing the creek, where a column, said to be composed exclusively of the Marine (artillery) brigade and other troops, which had held the lines of Richmond previous to the evacuation, made a counter charge upon that part of our line in their front. I was never more astonished.

"These troops were surrounded. The 1st and 3rd divisions of this corps were on either flank; my artillery and a fresh division in their front, and some three divisions of Major-General Sheridan's cavalry in their rear. Looking upon them as already our prisoners, I ordered the artillery to cease firing, as a dictate of humanity.

"My surprise was, therefore, extreme when this force charged upon our front; but the fire of our infantry, which had already gained their flanks, the capture of their superior officers, already in our hands, the concentrated and murderous fire of six batteries of our artillery within effective range, brought them promptly to a surrender."

It is needless for me to add a word to the proud record of the "Artillery Brigade" at Sailor's creek. That record is now a part of the history of this great country, but by giving this a place in your Confederate column, it will doubtless reach the eyes of many to whom the voluminous government records may not be accessible."

THOMAS BALLARD BLAKE,
Late Captain Co. E, 10th Virginia Battalion, Artillery Brigade.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, March 28, 1897.]

FAYETTE ARTILLERY.

The Movement on New Berne Thirty-three Years Ago.

A RICHMOND BATTERY'S PART.

Both Land and Naval Forces—A Singular Charge and a Singular Chase—A Quick Surrender.

RICHMOND, VA., *March 23, 1897.*

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

Enclosed find an article on the movement to New Berne, N. C., by Pickett, in 1864. Much has been said about this movement, but very little credit given some of the Richmond men engaged.

Yours, etc.,

E. W. GAINES.

THE MOVEMENT.

Thirty-three years ago the Confederate government conceived the idea of capturing New Berne, N. C., the movement being proposed by General George E. Pickett, who was at that time in command of the Department of North Carolina. As to why the movement was entertained, and what was to be gained, many opinions have been expressed by soldiers who were on the outside, rather than the inside, of councils held by their superior officers.

It was known that the government was preparing to build boats on the Neuse river at Kinston; in fact, one was under way. The movement was finally made, the forces engaged on the south of the Neuse river, consisting of Generals Hoke's and Clingman's North Carolina brigades and a portion of Corse's brigade, with the 38th battalion of artillery, consisting of the Richmond Fayette artillery, Caskie's battery, Stribling's battery and Latham's battery; General Dearing, with his cavalry and three regiments of infantry, was to threaten the north of the Neuse, while Benton's and Terry's Virginia brigades and Matt. Ransom's North Carolina brigade, with some cavalry and artillery, were to move on the Trent road.

At the time of issuing of orders for the above movement, the

Fayette Artillery, of Richmond, was in winter-quarters at Petersburg. The men had erected good quarters, and were greatly enjoying the rest so much needed by them. In fact, they were so nicely fixed that they entertained strong hopes it would be a long time ere they should have to take another long march, or participate in some bloody struggle.

It was near the close of December, 1863, when this company was ordered into line, and orders were given to prepare rations for a march of several days. Here the hopes entertained by the men, as expressed in the preceding paragraph, were dashed to the ground, and all kind of conjectures were expressed as to what this movement meant—where were they to go; what was to be undertaken; what was to be gained, and lastly, but not the least, would all hands come back again?

The members of the company needed rest; they desired a relaxation from the long marches and severe struggles so recently undergone; but orders issued during war are inexorable; so to the work the men went. Camp-fires were kindled, and rations, composed of the best of the land that could be furnished by the powers that then existed, were prepared and packed away in haversacks In a few hours all was in readiness for the march. The drivers here received orders to harness and hitch horses to the guns, the ammunition in the gun-chests and caissons was examined as to condition, etc., and a report made to the commanding officer, Lieutenant William I. Clopton. As soon as this report was received, the drivers were ordered to mount, and to the command, "Forward, march!" the battery moved off, the men still wondering, where!

The battery had not been on the road but a very few hours before it was discovered that the company had crossed the line and were in North Carolina. The march was continued on to Goldsboro, when the cars were taken to the town of Kinston, on the Neuse river. On reaching Kinston we encamped for several days, in order to give the men and horses rest.

On the 1st of January, 1864, the weather being as warm as an August day, the company was again ordered on the march. The sand in the road just below Kinston was several inches deep, and the pulling of the guns and heavy caissons was exceedingly hard. After we had proceeded about ten or twelve miles the horses, covered with a lather of foam and the men considerably fatigued, on account of the heat and the tramp through the heavy sand, a countermarch was ordered. Back to Kinston we went, where we encamped until February.

During this encampment the men learned through some source on what point this portion of the army was expected to move. It was whispered through the camp that the march was to be on to New Berne, and it was further said that the land forces were to be supported, or assisted, in the attack on the town by men in long boats on the Neuse river, under command of Colonel R. Taylor Wood. These boats, it was stated, were to be equipped with all necessary appliances and the men were to be armed with cutlasses, etc., for boarding vessels, and on arriving in sight of the town, and if gunboats should be seen in the river, the men were to lay to their oars and secrete themselves as best they could under the over-hanging boughs of the trees on the banks of the stream, when they were to remain until nightfall, when a concerted move on the part of the crews of the several boats was to be made on the Federal gunboats and the latter taken, if possible, by boarding; or, finding that this would be an impossibility, they were to make the attempt to blow them up if they could do so. A boat was captured by this expedition, but not without severe resistance.

The month of February at last arrived, camp was broken, and the forward march again resumed. As the battery, with the infantry and other artillery took the road toward the little seaport town of the Old North State, the boats above spoken of, with their crews, the latter being in high spirits and proposing to give a good account of themselves, moved off quietly down stream.

UNKNOWN ROAD.

None of the men of the land forces knew anything of the road upon which they were traveling. They did not know what was in front of them or how many of the enemy they might encounter before they reached the goal the government at Richmond seemed to be so desirous of possessing. The forces had traveled three days and had not obtained sight of a single man decked out in blue. On the night of the third day there was a halt, orders were quietly issued that there were to be no camp-fires, and all talking must be done in a very low tone.

The guns stood in line in the middle of the road with the horses still hitched to them, and the men lay on the ground to get, if possible, a few minutes' rest; for they fully realized that they were in the enemy's country, and knew not what was in store for them on the next day, or how severe a struggle they might have to go through.

The morning broke with a thick fog or mist hanging low, and the men could not see a great distance ahead of them. A forward movement was ordered, the men again being reminded to be as quiet as was possible. Probably not more than half a mile had been traversed before another halt was ordered, the command given to unlimber the guns, and for the third time was the company reminded to be very quiet in executing orders.

After the guns had been unlimbered, to the surprise of the cannoneers and the non-commissioned officers, the command was given to move the guns forward by hand. All orders were executed to the letter, but in carrying out the last command (to move the guns by hand) the distance proved very short, for the men found themselves on the crest of an incline which led down to a small stream of water, which was afterwards learned to be Bachelor's creek. After the guns had been planted, orders were given to prepare for action; the guns were loaded and their fire directed on a block-house or fort on the opposite side of the creek, the outlines of which could barely be distinguished, owing to the fog or mist. The firing was very rapid, solid shot and canister being used, which made it very hot for the Federal soldiers who held the fort.

Finding that the enemy still held on in spite of the heavy fire, and would neither vacate nor surrender, a movement was made by the Fayette artillery which had never been attempted before during the war, nor was it done by this company afterward, or by any other, so far as has been ever known. A charge was made on this block-house or fort by the artillerists, they moving the guns down the incline and across the creek by hand, stopping occasionally to fire a shot at the fort and loading as they advanced.

As the company crossed the creek and secured a position within about seventy-five feet of the fort, and before they could fire a shot, a section of artillery was driven out and started rapidly down the road toward New Berne. The horses of the Fayette Artillery were brought up, hitched to the guns as quickly as possible, and the battery started in pursuit of the enemy, which was kept up for six miles ahead of the infantry. During this pursuit neither party fired a shot.

The horses of the Fayette Artillery having to be brought from the hill where the battery first went into position, and the guns having to be limbered up, this and the good condition of the enemy's horses gave the Federals great advantage over the Confederates. The flying section reached the junction of the railroad and country road running to the town several minutes ahead of the pursuers, went into position, fired upon us, limbered up, and fairly flew to New Berne, the Fayette Artillery not having a chance to reply to their shot. In running and chasing between the block fort and the railroad Sergeant-Major Robert I. Fleming, of the Fayette Battery, succeeded in capturing Colonel Fellows and his adjutant and orderly.

On the right of the county road and several hundred feet from the railroad the trees had been cut down, leaving stumps about knee high. In this place, with hardly room to move a gun, the commanding officer of the artillery ordered the guns into battery, it having been learned through some source that a train was approaching loaded with troops destined for the town to reinforce the garrison.

A few minutes after the guns had been placed in position the Confederate infantry came up, and, moving to the right and to the left, formed a line of battle near the railroad.

The infantry had not been in battle array more than half an hour when the noise from the approaching train was heard. All hands were on the *qui vive*. The artillerists quickly came to their post to the guns, and patiently waited the turn of events. The train soon came into sight, and, as it got in range of the guns firing was opened upon it, but, being protected by an embankment, no damage, so far as could be seen, was done to the cars, nor were any of the soldiers killed or wounded.

As the train thundered by, going at a rapid rate of speed, the infantry on board opened fire on the Southerners, and although the bullets flew thick and fast, not an artillerist or horse received a wound.

Just at this point it may not be out of place to say that, had the officer in command (as he was requested to do) permitted one or two of the guns to have taken up position in the road, where a fair sweep could have been had at the moving train, it is believed by survivors of that engagement that the train would never have reached New Berne, but would have been brought to a standstill, and the train, with its load of infantry, particularly the latter, brought back as prisoners.

The section of artillery from the block-fort and the train having got safely into the town, the next move of the Confederates was to make a forward movement on that place. The guns were limbered up and the infantry brought into column, and the forward movement begun. The column moved down the county road, crossed the railroad, marched up a slight incline, reaching a level plateau. On the left of the road was seen a small house, from which floated the yellow flag, a symbol of small-pox. It is needless to say a wide berth was given this place by a quick movement to the right.

Just before reaching the top of the incline a member of the Fayette artillery fell in with "a ward of the nation," and wishing to learn something, if possible, as to the status of things at or around the town, plied him with a few questions.

"Good morning, old man!"

"Good morning, boss!"

"Do you live in these parts?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ever been to New Berne?"

"Yes, sir. Boss, you'ns going to that town?"

"Don't know; may try it. Why do you want to know?"

With a smile, he replied: "You'ns can't get there."

"Why not?" was asked. "Is it heavily fortified?"

"Yes, sir," he answered.

Being asked to describe it, from his description the questioner much preferred turning his face toward old Virginia, and his back upon the town, than to be one of the number in making the attempt to capture it.

This description was as follows: "That around the town was a ditch fifteen feet deep, and as many, if not more, wide; that on the approach of an enemy, this could be quickly filled with water. The breastworks, which were of the most improved kind, and running up on a line with the inside of the ditch, were mounted with heavy pieces of ordnance. Not being supplied with necessary appliances for crossing such a ditch, or scaling such a wall of sand, it was well known that, even though the breastworks might be reached, and the soldiery get into the ditch, there was not a scintilla of hope for their escape. Therefore, was it wonderful that the men, on learning such a state of affairs, much preferred turning back than advancing?"

It was not known whether the old darkey told the truth or not; but, however that may be, before the Confederates could get in full view of the town, a puff of smoke was seen to rise, and ere the sound of the gun reached the ears of the soldiers a heavy shot whizzed over their heads, the same seeming to warn the boys in gray not to approach any nearer.

And they didn't either. There was a sudden halt, and not many minutes elapsed when the command to countermarch was given, the Southern soldiers retraced their steps, recrossed the railroad, and went into camp among the stumps which they had left but a short while ago. Remarkable as it may seem, yet nevertheless it is true, that while they remained in that section they were not molested or harassed by the enemy.

As night approached there was a heavy guard mounted around the camp, and the men, feeling perfectly secure, wrapped themselves in their blankets, stretched themselves out on old Mother Earth, and soon fell asleep and enjoyed that which was so much needed to the body, a night of refreshing slumber. The camp was aroused early the next morning, and the men being greatly refreshed from the labor and fatigue of the day before; started in to prepare their breakfast from such stores as were provided by the commissary department.

During the morning the general commanding had learned from some source that at a block-house at the junction of the Washing and New Berne roads, a place called Beech Grove, there was a section of artillery, and the Confederates being between them and New Berne, there was no chance for them to get to that town. Here an opportunity presented itself to get something as a trophy, beyond the capture of Colonel Fellows, his Adjutant, and his orderly, for the trip to that section. And it will be noted further on, that it was something beyond the ordinary, the extraordinary, that took place, and which was not down on the programme.

The general commanding was determined to have that section of the artillery, and to that end orders were hastily given to the Fayette Artillery, Stribling's Battery, and the 30th Virginia regiment of infantry, to prepare to march. In a short time all was in readiness, and the commands moved. The march was in a different direction, and on a different road from that which they had moved in on the day before. Having covered but a short distance from the camp, the infantry was directed to take the woods on the right and left of the road, while the artillery was compelled to traverse that thoroughfare. After marching several miles, the artillery reached an open country on the right, which proved to be a very large farm. There was a large farm house, and to reach this they had to march down a wide lawn. Before the turn into this lawn was made, ahead of them was seen a fort; soldiers were observed walking about in it, and, as the Fayette Artillery turned to the right, driving down the lawn just mentioned, with their broadside to the fort, men were seen to rush to the guns in the fort, and it was then realized that an enemy was in sight. As the Fayette Artillery drove through the lawn, not a shot was fired from the fort, and we continued on, finally reaching the field, and obtaining a strategic position.

A SURRENDER.

Before a gun could be fired, however, a man was seen to emerge from the fort, bearing aloft a flag of truce. Lieutenant Clopton and Sergeant-Major Fleming went out to meet the bearer of the flag, quickly followed by several non-commissioned officers and privates. On our men's reaching the fort, the officer in command made a formal surrender. The main stipulation (verbal, and being agreed to verbally) was that the officers should retain their side-arms.

In a conversation with one of the Federal artillerists he was asked:

"Why did you not fire on that artillery company as it drove through the lawn?"

"We were preparing to fire," he answered; "but really did not know what to do."

"Why was that?" he was asked.

"Well, we thought it might be men coming to relieve us."

"But don't you think they took a peculiar route to reach the fort?" he was asked.

"True; but we did not realize that fact until it was too late."

"But did you not note the red caps worn by the men?" was the rejoinder. (Some of the Fayette Company wore red caps.)

To which he replied: "Yes; we noticed the red caps, but some of our men had got to wear them, and other caps, as well."

After the articles of surrender had been agreed to, Lieutenant Clopton commanded members of his company who were present to mount the horses and drive the captured guns to camp, and there were no members of that company prouder than these. The guns—3 inch steel rifles—a few days afterward were presented to the company by General George E. Pickett, and they were held on to until after the surrender of General Robert E. Lee, at Appomattox, when they were spiked and cut down just across the river at Lynchburg, on the Staunton road.

Not long after the fort surrendered, about half a dozen of the infantry performed a daring and hazardous feat, which probably was not excelled during the war. They were out in the woods and ran out to a company of the boys in blue. It was no time to show the white feather, and our boys became as brave and fearless as Caesars. One of them ordered the company to ground arms and surrender, at the same time giving orders to some one unseen, to tell Captain

——— to order up Company A at once. The blue-coats quickly grounded their arms, and surrendered to these six men. The orderly sergeant also gave up his book, and on examining it, it was found out that some of these men were deserters from the Confederate army, the roll-book showing the name of the company and regiment to which they belonged, the date of their desertion, and of their enlistment in the Federal service.

Now the Confederates had pillaged the block fort and secured blue coats and tall hats worn by the Federals, and they had the appearace of being Yankees, for there was no difference in the uniform they had on and that worn by their prisoners. They were tramping down the road toward the camp, while General Corse and staff were riding toward the fort. The two parties soon came into full view of each other, and the General remarked: "We are in for it now." He believed that he had ridden right into the hands of the enemy, and there was nothing to do but surrender.

The Confederate guard seemed to note the disturbed condition of the General, for they assured him they were friends.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"We are Southerners, General, with prisoners."

"What are you doing with that blue uniform on?" he asked.

"We captured it at the fort," they answered.

"Get to the camp," said the General, "and as soon as you reach there take it off."

The General and staff turned and went back with the guard and their prisoners, which reassured the Confederates, for they trembled lest the prisoners should suddenly turn on them, wrest their guns from their hands, make the guards prisoners, and then make their way to New Berne through the woods.

The next day found the infantry and artillery on their return march, arriving safely at Kinston, where a stop was made for some time, as a serious business demanded the attention of the general officer, General Pickett having assumed command.

HEAVY EXECUTION.

A week or two after the army's arrival at Kinston, a court-martial was convened to try the deserters, and the verdict was they should be hung. The jail was near the Neuse river, and back of it lay a flat country. On this plateau was erected a large scaffold of rude material, and around it was built a platform with triggers, with ropes attached. The fatal day arrived, the military was marched to the scaffold, and men detailed to pull the ropes and thus spring the triggers. Twenty-five men were placed on the platform at one time, the noose adjusted around their necks, their heads covered with corn sacks in lieu of the black caps, which could not be obtained, the command given, the ropes were pulled, the triggers sprung, and twenty-five men launched into eternity. This was followed later by five other executions, and then two, the latter being brothers, of the same build and stature, about six feet tall and well-built. They were baptized in the Neuse river, taken to the jail to change their clothing, and from thence to the scaffold, where they paid the penalty of cruel war's demand.

After all this was over, back to old Virginia was the command, and the arrival was made in time.

JUDAH P. BENJAMIN.

Sketch of the Life of this Remarkable Man.

HIS CAREER AS A CONFEDERATE.

An Anecdote of Him Told by Dr. Hoge—His Capacity for Hard Work. His Flight from Richmond at the Close of the War.

(H. T. Ezekiel in the *Jewish South*, December, 1897.)

One of if not the most unique personage connected with the government of the Southern Confederacy was Judah P. Benjamin, a Jew, as signified by his name.

Although this gentleman was one of the foremost lawyers of his day, a prominent United States Senator, at various times Attorney-General, Secretary of War, and Secretary of State of the Confederacy, and more latterly a Queen's Counsel in England, no history of his life has as yet been written. Such a work is now in course of preparation in England, and it was a request for data in connection therewith that led in part to the writing of this sketch.

Judah Phillips Benjamin was the son of English parents, and was born in 1811. His mother and father were on their way from England. to New Orleans. Arriving off the mouth of the Mississippi river, it was found to be blockaded by British men-of-war, so their vessel turned back and put in at St. Croix. Here it was, on English soil, that young Benjamin first saw the light of day.

In 1815 the Benjamins moved to Wilmington, N. C., and ten years later, when only a lad of fourteen, Judah was sent to Yale. He remained there only three years, and left before taking his degree. Upon attaining his majority he was admitted to practice at the bar in New Orleans, and soon forged his way to the front. In 1847 he was engaged as counsel in the famous Spanish land cases, which involved the ownership of immense properties in California. For his legal services in this controversy he received the largest fee on record at that time, $25,000.

Mr. Benjamin in 1852 was sent to the United States Senate from Louisiana, and five years later he was re-elected. His colleague was Mr. Slidell, who afterward figured so prominently in the Trent affair. It was during this time that he was tendered a position on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States, by President Franklin Pierce, an offer which was declined, he preferring to devote his time to private practice—for be it understood that "Mr. Benjamin, of Louisiana," stood second to no lawyer in the land.

In the Senate he was among the foremost, and Charles Sumner, whom he often opposed in debate, declared that Mr. Benjamin was the most eloquent speaker to whom he ever listened. The stormy days of '61 came on, and he, with the other Southern Senators, withdrew from that body. His farewell address occupied two days in its delivery, and was admitted by all to be the most eloquent and forcible effort on either side. It was in the main a demonstration of the legality of States' rights.

A GENIUS.

When the provisional government was formed at Montgomery, President Davis selected Mr. Benjamin as his Attorney-General. Upon the consummation of the Confederacy he was made Secretary of War, and later on, Secretary of State. An idea of the versatility and erudition of this genius, may be formed from the fact that he filled these three Cabinet positions to the satisfaction of the President and with credit to himself. Mr. Benjamin was commonly referred to as "the brains of the Confederacy," and it was a universal custom of President Davis's to turn over to him every matter that belonged to no particular department. So numerous were his duties; and so great his capacity for work, that it was not unusual for him to remain steadily at his desk from 8 A. M. one day, until 1 or 2 o'clock the next morning. In August, 1862, owing to overwork and some friction with others, he resigned, but not long afterwards President Davis insisted on his returning to the Cabinet. As much of the business of the Confederate Congress was transacted in secret, no great deal is known of its workings, but it is claimed by those acquainted with its inner affairs, that the greater portion of its important legislation was framed by Mr. Benjamin.

SELF-SACRIFICE.

An act performed in 1862 shows the true patriotism of the man. General Huger was in command of Roanoke Island and Mr. Benjamin was filling the post of Secretary of War. A requisition for powder was made and was not filled. This was twice repeated without avail, and Roanoke Island fell. An investigation was ordered by Congress, and it took but a few seconds for the Secretary to inform the committee that the powder had not been forthcoming for the best of reasons—there was none to send. The question then arose as to what might be the probable effect upon Congress and the people in general of this disclosure of the Confederacy's limited resources. It was decided that this would never do, and the committee was in a quandary. At Mr. Benjamin's own suggestion the committee recommended that he be censured by Congress for neglect of duty. History contains no parallel of such patriotism.

IN DANVILLE.

Mr. Benjamin evidently did not accompany the presidential party from Richmond to Danville on the fateful April 2, 1865, for on the following day he was met in the streets of the latter city by Rev. Dr. Hoge, of Richmond, who, after questioning him closely, learned that he, unlike the remainder of President Davis' Cabinet, was not the guest of Major Sutherlin. Being hard pressed by the reverend gentleman, Mr. Benjamin reluctantly admitted that he had, owing to the crowded condition of the city, been unable to secure board. (Dr. Hoge, in answer to a query, assures me that this was simply an accident and was in nowise attributable to race prejudice.) The clergyman, who was a great friend of Mr. Benjamin's, insisted that the latter should accompany him to his abode and share his apartments with him. This the Secretary refused to do, saying that Dr. Hoge's hostess was a stranger to him, and that it would be an unwarranted impertinence for him to intrude upon the family uninvited. Dr. Hoge allayed his fears after some argument, assuring Mr. Benjamin that any friend of his would be more than welcome to the household.

The following Sunday Mr. Benjamin gave an exhibition of his admirable tact, which can best be described in the words of Dr. Hoge:

"At the breakfast table the conversation turned to the subject of church services, and Mr. Benjamin inquired casually of our hostess where she was going to worship that day. Now, I happened to know that as a member of Mr. Davis' Cabinet, official etiquette demanded that he should accompany his chief to his (the Episcopal) church, and when our hostess replied, in a tone that almost implied an invitation, 'We are going to the Presbyterian Church to hear Dr. Hoge preach,' I wondered what Mr. Benjamin would do. He never hesitated a moment, but in his most affable manner asked: "May I have the pleasure of accompaning you?'"

LEE'S SURRENDER.

After church the party was sitting in the parlor chatting when Mr. Benjamin, who had been called away, entered the room, and, after conversing nonchalantly for a short time, beckoned Dr. Hoge to follow him to their chamber. When they were there Mr. Benjamin said: "Dr. Hoge, I didn't have the heart to tell you before these ladies, something I want to communicate to you." He then went on to say that General Lee had surrendered. Mr. Benjamin's face never revealed what he suffered, "but," said Dr. Hoge in relating the incident, "I could not refrain from sitting down on the bed and weeping, a habit to which I am not addicted."

When Mr. Benjamin set out on his trip southward from Danville shortly after this, he was asked by Dr. Hoge if he was not afraid of being captured. With a significant smile, he replied: "I shall never be taken alive." Mr. Benjamin remained with the presidential cavalcade until it reached Georgia, when he separated from his companions. Up to that time he had passed as a French military officer, having a passport in that language, which he spoke like a native. He rode a very tall horse, purchased in South Carolina, and said to be one of the finest in that State. When he left President Davis' party he purchased a cart and horse, and, disguised as a pedler, wearing immense green goggles, he worked his way toward the coast. On one occasion he stopped over night with a gentleman who was acquainted with and who recognized him despite his disguise. Being the soul of politeness, the host made no sign to show that he had penetrated the incognito of his guest, and that it was not until the morning, when in bidding him farewell, he unwittingly remarked, "Good-by, Mr. Benjamin," that the true state of affairs was exposed.

ESCAPE TO THE WEST INDIES.

Eventually he made his way to the Florida coast, embarked in an open boat for the West Indies, and after a series of adventures, which would, in themselves, make a readable book, he landed in England. In a short time he applied for admission to the bar, and on his setting up the claim that he was an Englishman, having been born fifty-five years before on British soil, the three years' study required of aliens by law was dispensed with, and he was at once admitted to practice.

Before long his attainments won recognition on every side, and he was made a queen's counsellor. It was while serving in this capacity that Mr. Benjamin did what no other man ever did before, and, probably never will do again—he rebuked the House of Lords. He was arguing a case before that august body, when a member—supposed to be Lord Cairns—ejaculated the single word, "Nonsense!" Mr. Benjamin never moved a muscle, but ceased reading, folded up his brief, and left the hall. The Lords at once sent him an apology, upon which he allowed his junior assistant to return and complete the reading of the argument.

While practicing in the English courts, Mr. Benjamin gave further proof of his manliness and independence. He had occasion to appear before a judge who was notorious for the discourteous manner in which he treated those lawyers who were so unfortunate as to have dealings with him, and who really stood in dread of him. Mr. Benjamin had only begun his argument, when the judge informed him quite abruptly that it was useless for him to proceed, as his mind was already made up. "Your Honor," hotly replied the ex-Confederate, "you, of course, can refuse to hear me argue this case, but I wish to tell you this—that never again will I condescend to appear in your court." The judge was so surprised that any barrister was bold enough to defy him, that he was at first unable to reply; but, in a moment, he realized that Mr. Benjamin was right, came down from the bench, took him by the hand, apologized, and begged him to proceed, which he did, winning the case. The next week, Mr. Benjamin was tendered a banquet for his temerity, by the leading members of the English bar.

HIS ENGLISH PRACTICE.

It was estimated that Mr. Benjamin enjoyed an income of $75,000 a year from his English practice, and at his death he left a fortune of $300,000 to two relatives in New Orleans. He died in Paris in 1884.

In person Mr. Benjamin was rather short, heavy set, with square shoulders, and was inclined toward corpulency. His face was typically Jewish, the short black beard he wore helping to intensify it. His ability to sway an audience by his eloquence was nothing short of marvellous. When in Richmond he resided on Main street, between Fourth and Fifth. He invariably wore the most immaculate of linen, was always cheerful and affable, and never traveled without a copy of Tennyson, and, strange to say, was also an ardent admirer of Horace.

Mr. Benjamin was the author of a number of works, mostly of a legal character, and his "Benjamin on Sales" is to-day a leading standard authority.

Judah P. Benjamin was a man among men.

The Private Soldier of the C. S. Army, and as Exemplified by the Representation from North Carolina.

An Address by Hon. R. T. BENNETT, Late Colonel 14th North Carolina Infantry, C. S. A.

BEFORE THE

Ladies' Memorial Association at Raleigh, N. C., May 10, 1897.

Madam President, Ladies of the Memorial Association, My Countrymen:

Every people has its heroes—of these heroes some are enshrined as champions of human liberty.

There are many elevations between the level of the plain and the height of Parnassus.

From the outbreak of the war between the Government and the Confederate States until Palm Sunday, in 1865, when the unpowerful regiments of the Army of Northern Virginia lowered their banners and dispersed to find ruined homes and a country girded with sackcloth and sprinkled with ashes, the United States employed

1,700 regiments of infantry, 270 regiments of cavalry and 900 batteries of artillery, an estimated total in excess of 2,600,000 men. Against this force the Confederacy opposed a total of all arms of the service computed at 600,000 men.

Of these, North Carolina organized and furnished the Confederacy more than sixty regiments of infantry, six regiments of cavalry, three regiments of artillery, besides half a score of battalions and other commands.

The force so furnished is placed by thoughtful, accurate and painstaking men at 115,000. It is impossible in the present ill-assorted state of our information to give the exact number of these soldiers.

Amidst the inspiring surroundings of this place, this time and occasion, we reverently assume the task of doing some measure of justice to the private soldiers whom North Carolina, under a sense of the appalling conflict at hand, and a deeper sense of duty to her neighbors, herself, and the right, summoned to her standards, forwarded with her blessing, and now, after the fierce pang of battle is over, in spite of humiliation. poverty and anguish, honors and loves from the deep bottom of her great motherly heart.

It is fitting that we should call the roll of these men. That we should inquire why so many of them have not come back from the direction in which their faces were so resolutely set, why they linger on the homeward march. In what ditch they perished. In what tempestuous onset of battle they went down to death.

The sons and grandsons, the daughters and granddaughters, of these citizen soldiers should come together at stated periods—now or in the autumn after the vintage is over, and the declining year is hastening to its close, and rehearse their services, their sacrifices, their valorous actions, their sense of duty, their patient obedience, and their humble faith in God.

Human courage has wrought trophies on every considerable theatre of its actions.

The four years of war were punctuated by 2,265 conflicts, counting great and small of every sort, including 625 considerable fights, and 330 battles.

Into these trials of strength, the soldiers of North Carolina clove their way with sword and bayonet, with gun and cannon, and came off with good report.

The people of those Southern States which were completely identified with the Confederacy during the late war, possessed many characteristics in common—descended as they were from ancestors who sprang from the Anglo-Saxon nurseries, they inherited the same laws, the same literature, the same traditions of civil and political liberty and a like inborn sense of religion. Their pursuits bore a striking similitude the South over—agriculture was their chiefest vocation. It sustained a most unusually large proportion to all other engagements of the population.

They were a pure bred people. Local influences gave a variety and coloring here and there. North Carolina, from earliest days of its tutelage, had been conservative.

In the period immediately preceding the war of the Colonies against Great Britain, North Carolina behaved with much reserve. She positively refused for a time to adopt the Articles of Confederation, and Botta, who has written the most instructive history of the war of Independence, says: "She was often excepted from the orders in council which the government of Great Britain denounced against the other colonies." In this particular North Carolina in sentiment shared the attitude of New York more nearly than any other colony.

Unaffectedly modest, the State has lost beyond reparation in divers ways. She has but recently awakened under the importunities of her patriotic women to her combined duty and advantage of monuments to her uncounted dead.

The French are perhaps the most civilized people in Europe. In France no unselfish and meritorious act of public service, whether done by artisan or caste, fails to command expressive recognition in brass or stone or canvass.

There is an unpretending shaft in one of the northwestern States erected to the memory of a school-boy, who at the early age of twelve, died under the lash rather than tell an untruth.

The people of North Carolina, while liable, like others, to bursts of vehement impatience, in their normal mood delight to see justice clothed "in orderly forms, unstained by precipitation or suspicion of perversion, advancing to its ends with the majesty of law without unseemly haste, proving things honest in the sight of all men."

Some men have rendered such transcendent and brilliant service that the genius of history in compassion upon the multitude has shadowed their performance.

The philosopher, in dealing with causes, would be greatly amiss if he omitted to reckon with impulses which drive our race to explore now its origin, then the advances of our people from one stage of development to another, culminating in the most careful scrutiny into individual character and genealogy.

The youth, manhood and age, who, in 1861, in a steady column of march, presented themselves representatives of every house, household and altar in our State, were born in these surroundings, amidst these traditions.

They were brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. They had a well grounded faith in our precious Creator and in His Word. "Their good limbs were grown in North Carolina."

Cromwell, writing after one of the reverses which befell the arms of the Parliament early in the struggle with the King, said: "We need men of religion to fight with men of honor."

Receiving at the hands of the proper officials their company and regimental assignments, these men selected by their free votes their captains, lieutenants and ensigns; these were their neighbors and equals at home. Capable men, worthy of the trust and confidence of the companies, and these company officers in turn chose by their votes the colonels, lieutenant-colonels and majors of the regiments.

The field officers of the ten regiments known as State troops, were appointed and were commissioned by the Governor at the beginning of their service.

And now these companies and regiments began the exercises and duties in camp, on guard and on the march, which at length hardened them into veterans, and rendered them among the toughest soldiers who ever did battle in any cause. The men proved obedient to discipline and orders. Company and regimental government was more due to the personal influence and example of the officers and non-commissioned officers, to the reciprocal esteem of private soldiers and their immediate superiors in rank for each other than to "The Article of War" and to the army regulations.

The greater the fool the better the soldier has been ascribed to the Duke of Wellington. It is a perverse saying contradicted by the experience of our war.

I heard a venerable man caution a youth, who was given to indiscretions, against the first wrong steps in life. The after weight of such false start.

Never were soldiers more helped by fortune in their first hostile meeting with the enemy, than was the 1st regiment of North Carolina in its baptism of blood at Bethel. You have commemorated in deep letters cut away down into the stone body of the monument, which stands sentinel by day and by night at the west gate of your beautiful Capitol Square, the courage and daring of this command on that day. In a public building overlooking the same square, is a presentment of the youth who perished there. His name I am forbidden to utter to-day in these exercises, as thousands of others equally brave, equally deserving to be named here, might challenge the record as incomplete, since it spoke less than the whole truth. Bethel was the private soldiers' fight and victory. In the years of war which followed this splendid exhibition of bravery, the soldiers of North Carolina acquitted themselves in noble fashion and achieved imperishable renown.

Good tempered and calm, they were self-restrained—obedient to those in authority, not given to complaining, not exacting of those who were set over them. They fought well, meanwhile they were perfected in all the requirements of the service.

They attained precision of movement, rapidity in covering ground, capacity to endure fatigue and an excellence in sustaining long marches which was the admiration of the army.

The greatest accomplishment in soldiers next to courage, is a high power of locomotion.

When Alexander the Great complained of his illustrious master for having exposed philosophy to the knowledge of the vulgar, he uttered a sentiment common to antiquity, and in complete unison with the spirit of his age.

The murmuring multitude have during a hundred years invaded the domain of exclusive rights. Exclusion is doomed. The people have conquered. Education which in its complete analysis is the knowledge of the world's past, its storied past, the achievements and resources of its civilization, its advances and recessions, its toilsome climb is now as completely the birth-right of the citizen as is personal security, personal liberty and private property.

To the full and equal participation of the people of our State in all the rights and privileges which constitutions and statutes assure to the citizen is due in a measure the unanimous decision in 1861 to make common cause with the South, and the heroic determination with which that decision was upheld.

When the true and faithful account of the war is written, there will be accorded to the private soldier of North Carolina a full share of every enduring virtue, great quality, persistent courage which has distinguished soldiers since history emerged from fable.

The limitations imposed upon us by the proprieties of this occasion will not be overstepped if we say these soldiers rose to their highest and most honorable estate perhaps in the campaign which began in the tangled forest near the Rapidan in the early days of May, 1864. The sweet breath of the wind came up from the deserted chambers of the South. The soldiers by their experience and sound sense penetrated through all disguise, all strategy—they knew the supreme moment had come—that supreme moment with all its agony and strain, and blood was drawn out full three months. Never was the peril of an army more constant, never marched nor fought nor slept nor hungered nor prayed men in arms to whom disaster might prove more irreparable. The private soldiers were conscious of all this while it was passing.

Never did the rank and file of an army hold a heavier share in the anxieties, the "fearful looking for" of their commanders.

There are occasions in the experience of regiments, brigades and armies, when they rise superior to themselves, when the enemy, astounded by their audacity, stand at attention and applaud the oncoming host.

In that epic campaign, Gideon, Sampson, Barak and David were outdone.

Once in the supreme crisis of a great battle, when the earth trembled like a heated oven, and the battalion hesitated, a private soldier of well earned renown, appealed to them to go forward and strike home for their cause. Persisting in his appeal, he said: "They that love God go forward."

Every human virtue was repeated during that struggle.

The glimpse mercifully given us of the Chevalier Bayard constituting the rear guard of his army, done to death by a great stone—urging his squire to take care of his life for the morrow, receiving the last rites of our Holy Religion at the hands of his courier, was equalled and equalled again by ragged North Carolina privates.

The zeal which impelled the men of the Crusades in their mission to redeem the Holy Sepulchre, was not more fiery than the Divine intoxication which moved the spirits of our soldiery.

If in the midst of war these men wrought well, how shall we portray them since peace, troubled peace, came back to our distracted State.

"In every peril, in every tumultuous assembly
They have demanded the regular order,
And striven to repair the ravages
Inflicted by the cruel surgery of war."

The Band of Patriots who made the first resistance to that construction of the Constitution of the United States, and the laws thereunder, which would exalt the powers of the general government and restrain the powers of the State, understood well what was involved in the issue. Upon this issue and upon the unseen foundation beneath it, the war was fought.

We lost. Philosophers do not repine over the inevitable. They are content after acting well their parts, to submit to the will of God.

When the Governor of Mississippi was arrested in the executive office, on a warrant issued by a United States Commissioner, who held his appointment at the hands of a Federal Judge—the Revolution was complete.

Charles Dickens in one of those pathetic creations in the domain of romance, the delight of his contemporaries and the admiration of this age, represents the early Christians as escaping from their persecutors into the Catacombs of Rome. Their hiding place having been discovered, the cruel soldiery murder the fathers and mothers in the presence of their children, who in the transports of feeling, rush towards the murderers, crying aloud:

"We are Christians."

Those of us who in our very hearts believed in the justice of the cause for which our comrades less fortunate but more happy than ourselves perished, though abandoned by hope, are Confederates still.

The memory of those days grows more tender year upon year.

My countrymen preserve the scraps. Gather up the fragments that nothing be lost.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Times*, January 23, 1898.]

GENERAL T. J. ("STONEWALL") JACKSON.

Incidents in the Remarkable Career of the Great Soldier.

BY GENERAL DABNEY H. MAURY.

He Made a Poor Impression When he First Arrived at West Point A Second in a Duel—He Obeyed Orders at Great Cost.

Men will never cease to wonder at the character and history of General Thomas Jonathan Jackson. No other man in history can be likened to him. He has oftener been compared with Oliver Cromwell than with any other great soldier. But Cromwell was a great statesman, who ruled his people with far-reaching wisdom. We have no evidence that Jackson can be likened to Cromwell in this, but would be inclined to pronounce Jackson a warrior, pure and simple, devoid of any great strategic capacity, as he seemed to be of good fellowship, humorous inclinations or any degree of tenderness.

Four years of incarceration together at West Point and subsequent service together in the armies of the United States and Confederate States gave me as good opportunities of estimating the mind and the nature of Stonewall Jackson as any man has ever enjoyed. I believe Jackson was as fond of me as he ever was of any man of our times. It was for his wife to waken and nurture, and since his death to disclose to the world the deep tenderness of that wonderful character, a tenderness never before suspected by any human being to exist.

In the life and letters of Stonewall Jackson, published by her, are revelations of affectionate gentleness unknown to any but to her. The world owes her untold gratitude for this work, so beautifully accomplished that it will be a classic as long as the English language shall be known.

JACKSON AT WEST POINT.

I entered the Military Academy at West Point in June, 1842. A week afterwards a cadet sergeant passed, escorting a newly-arrived cadet to his quarters. The personal appearance of the stranger was so remarkable as to attract the attention of several of us, who were standing near and chatting together. Burkett Fry, A. P. Hill, and George Pickett, all Virginians, and destined to be distinguished generals, made our group. The new cadet was clad in gray homespun, a waggoner's hat, and large, heavy brogans; weather-stained saddlebags were over his shoulders. His sturdy step, cold, bright gray eye, thin, firm lips, caused me say, "That fellow looks as if he had come to stay," and on the return of the sergeant I asked him who that cadet was. He replied: "Cadet Jackson, of Virginia." Whereupon I at once ascended to his room to show him my interest in him, a fellow-countryman in a strange land. He received my courteous advances in a manner so chilling that it caused me to regret having made them, and I rejoined my companions with criticisms brief and emphatic as to his intellectual endowments. Days and weeks went by, with no change in the "snap-shot" estimate then imparted.

One evening, Fry and Hill and I were lolling upon our camp bedding, the evening police were going on, and "Cadet Jackson, from Virginia," was upon duty about our tent, when I, desirous again to be affable and playful with our countryman, lifted the tent wall, and addressed him with an air of authority, and mock sternness, ordering him to be more attentive to his duty, to remove those cigar stumps, and otherwise mind his business. His reply was a look so stern and angry as to let me know that he was doing that job. Whereupon, I let that tent wall drop and became intensely interested in my yellow-back novel. So soon as police was over I arose and girded my loins, saying I had made Cadet Jackson, of Virginia, angry, and must at once humble myself and explain that I was not really in command of that police detail. I found him at the guard tent, called him out, and said:

"Mr. Jackson, I find that I made a mistake just now in speaking to you in a playful manner—not justified by our slight acquaintance. I regret that I did so."

He replied, with his stony look, "That is perfectly satisfactory, sir." Whereupon I returned to my comrades, and informed them that, in my opinion, "Cadet Jackson, from Virginia, is a jackass," which verdict was unanimously concurred in; and we all with one accord began to array ourselves for the next duty in order, and thenceforward nobody in that tent "projected" with that cadet until our four-years' course was ended, and we were emancipated from the military prison of West Point, for we all liked and respected him.

After our encampment of two months was over we went into barracks and were arranged in sections alphabetically, and thus it was McClellan and I sat side by side; for a very brief space, though. Next week he went up till he became head, while I remained tutisimus in medio for four blessed years. I was very sorry to lose Mac. from my side, especially during recitations, for he used to tell me things, and was a great help; besides he was such a little bred and born gentleman, only fifteen years and seven months, while I—God save the mark—was twenty.

"OLD JACK" AS A STUDENT.

"Old Jack," as we called him, hung about the bottom, at the first January examination all below him were cut off, he was foot and probably would have been cut off also, but his teachers observed in him such a determined intention to succeed that they felt sure he would certainly improve—and he did.

Our rooms were small, each with two single bedsteads (iron), a bare, cold floor, and an anthracite grate. "Old Jack," a few minutes before taps, would pile his grate with coal, so as to have a bright, glowing fire when taps sounded and all other lights were out.

Then he would lie prone upon the floor, when the light enabled him to study the lesson for the day, and very soon he began to rise in his class, and we all were glad of his success; for cold and undemonstrative as he was, he was absolutely honest and kindly, intensely attending to his own business, and as it was, he came to be near the head of our class, the largest that had ever graduated there. We had altogether 164 members—counting those turned back into it; we graduated sixty after four weary, profitless years (to me).

Then Cadmus Wilcox, Archie Botts, "Dominie" Wilson and "Old Jack," as we now called Jackson of Virginia, traveled on together to their Virginia homes, and arriving in Washington, took a room in Brown's Hotel. All four were in one room, and it was blazing hot, for they were right under the roof. Cadmus, on reaching the capital of the nation, was invited to spend the evening with the Secretary of War, and did not return to his room until about 1 o'clock A. M. He paused; the door was locked, and the sounds of boisterous revelry were roaring within.

For some time he demanded entrance in vain, and when at last admitted found "High Jinks" were enacting there. Poor Archie, in his fine new uniform, lay slumbering upon a bed, while Dominie and "Old Jack," with only one garment, were singing with stunning effect "Benny Hahn's Oh," and executing a barefooted back-step in time to the music. Each composed his own poetry, in tones which resounded through the house and over the Avenue, till old Mr. Jesse Brown sent his compliments, with a request that they "would stop that noise." This was "Old Jack's" first and last frolic, to which in years long after his fame had filled the world he dimly alluded, when he said he was too fond of liquor to trust himself to drink it.

As for poor Dominie, his long pent craving was never slaked any more until his enfeebled frame was laid to rest in a soldier's grave, away off in the shadow of the Rockies.

SECOND IN A DUEL.

From the moment that Jackson entered upon his duties in the army, he evinced that terrible earnestness which was the characteristic of his conduct in battle or in work.

My squadron of the Mounted Rifles escorted four siege-pieces, which he was charged to deliver safely in Monterey, and he did it with an unrelenting energy which was necessary to get them through. During the battles in the Valley, he served as a lieutenant of Magruder's battery, and won many distinctions. Having entered the service as a second lieutenant, he was brevetted first lieutenant, captain and major, in one year's field service.

While serving in the Valley of Mexico, he acted as second in a duel between two officers of one of the new infantry regiments—the 10th, I believe. General Birkett Fry told me the incident, as follows:

Lieutenant Lee, of Virginia, was the adjutant of the regiment, who, feeling himself aggrieved by Captain ———, of Philadelphia, sent him a challenge. The Captain was an avowed duelist and an expert rifle shot, and accepted Lee's challenge. They were to fight with rifles at forty paces. Jackson and Fry were seconds to Lee. Jackson won the word, which he delivered, standing in the position of a soldier, in stentorian tones, audible over a forty-acre lot. The rifles cracked together, and Jackson, astounded that his man was still standing, said to Fry: "What shall we do now? They will demand another shot." "We will grant it with pistols at ten paces," said Fry, and as he said, the second of the Captain came forward and demanded another shot. "We agree," said Jackson, "and we will fight with pistols at ten paces." The Captain declined the terms, the men were never reconciled. The Captain died many years after, regretting that he had not killed Lee.

Jackson was a strict constructionist of all orders and of all points of duty.

OBEYED THE ORDER.

When John Brown made his attempt to arouse insurrection in Virginia, Governor Wise called out the troops of the State, and ordered the Corps of Cadets to be held ready for immediate service. General Smith, superintendent of the corps, promptly obeyed the orders. Major Jackson reported at the guard-room ready for the field. General Smith, after giving attention to some matters requiring it, said: "Major Jackson, you will remain as you are till further orders." At that moment Major Jackson was seated upon a camp-stool in the guard-room with his sabre across his knees.

Next morning at reveille General Smith repaired to the guard-room and found Jackson sitting on the camp-stool and said:

"Why, Major, why are you here?"

"Because you ordered me to remain here as I was last night, and I have done so." *

Next year he went off to the great war between the States, and won fame at once. Rumors of a great victory came. His wife and friends were anxious for the news. It came by a courier, who spurred in hot haste to his home, in Lexington. These were the words: "My subscription to the negro Sunday-school is due—it is fifty cents—which I send by the courier." Nothing more.

At the First Manassas his fame was made, when that noble soldier, Bernard Bee, cried out to his wavering men, "See where Jackson, with his Virginians, stands like a stone wall! Let us form behind them."

After the repulse at Malvern Hill, General Lee and other generals were discussing the situation, and what we were to do in the morning. Jackson was lying upon the ground, apparently slumbering, his cap lying over his face. He was aroused and asked his opinion

---

* Jackson was Professor of Mathematics. There was a desire on the part of the cadets that he should command the corps in the impending battle. General Smith meant he should remain as Professor of Mathematics by "remain as you are."

of what was to be done in the morning. Removing the cap from his face, he said: "They won't be there in the morning," nor were they.

One morning, while marching with his staff, he stopped at the door of a farm-house. A gentle-looking woman was in the porch, with a little child at her knee, of whom he requested a drink of water. She promptly handed him a stone jug of cool and fresh water, which he quaffed like a horse. One of his staff asked the good woman to "give me a drink of that water, please." She emptied the pitcher upon the ground, went into the house and brought out a white pitcher, from which she gave the captain a drink. "Why did you not give it from the other pitcher?" asked the officer. "Oh," she said, "No man's lips shall ever again drink from that pitcher."

BLESSED THE CHILD.

Again, while marching on to some new victory, he halted by a farm-house, whence a young mother came out into the road, with her young child in her arms, and said: "General, won't you bless my child?" He took the little infant in his arms, and reverently raising it, with uncovered head, prayed for God's blessing upon it.

In the battle of Kernstown he was worsted by General Shields (one of the noblest of the Federal commanders). Because of the Confederates' ammunition being all exhausted, General Dick Garnett withdrew his troops. Jackson arrested Garnett, one of the truest and highest gentlemen in our army, and held him in arrest until Garnett, by personal influence, procured a trial by court-martial. Jackson was the principal witness for the prosecution. The court acquitted Garnett, after hearing Jackson's testimony, and only permitted the defence to be spread upon the record on Garnett's demand that, after such unusual and conspicuous severity, it was his right.

Poor Garnett fell in front of his brigade in the great charge at Gettysburg. He was mourned throughout our army, for a braver and gentler gentleman never died in battle.

"I FEAR NO MAN."

While a professor of the Virginia Military Institue, Jackson arrested and caused a distinguished cadet to be dismissed for an infraction of the regulations. That cadet was distinguished as a scholar and soldier. He found himself after four years of study and scholarly achievements deprived of the diploma, which was the object of his long endeavor; without it his livelihood was imperilled. He was justly outraged by such harshness, and vowed he would castigate Jackson, and prepared himself to execute that purpose. He was a powerful and daring young man. The friends of both were deeply anxious—Jackson was urged to have him bound over to keep the peace. This would involve his oath that he was in bodily fear of his enemy. He replied: "I will not do it, for it would be false. I do not fear him. I fear no man." Then the superintendent had to take the oath as required by the law, and have the young man bound over to peace. When the war came on Jackson, upon his own promotion to a corps, had this young fellow made brigadier, and he became one of the most distinguished generals of the war, and is known to-day as one of the ablest men of our State. Jackson knew he had done his pupil a grievous wrong, and did his best to repair it.

It is a pity where there is so much to admire and wonder at that Jackson's biographers should claim for him accomplishments he did not possess. Some of them tell of his fine horsemanship. He was singularly awkward and uncomfortable to look at upon a horse. In the riding school at West Point we used to watch him with anxiety when his turn came to cut at the head or leap the bars. He had a rough hand with the bridle, an ungainly seat, and when he would cut at a head upon the ground, he seemed in imminent danger of falling headlong from his horse. One biographer tells us "as proof of his skill that no horse ever threw him." This proof would not satisfy a fox-hunter or a cow-boy, or any other real horseman. He could no more have become a horseman than he could have danced the german.

About 1850 Jackson was a lieutenant of artillery stationed at Governor's Island, when he was invited to accept the chair of Mathematics in the Virginia Military Institute.

In those days the government would grant an officer leave of absence for one year to enable him to try such an office before resigning his commission.

So he came up to West Point to see McClellan and myself and other comrades before retiring from the army. He was more cordial and affectionate than was usual with him, for he was never demonstrative in his manners, and he was in good spirits, because of his promotion and the compliment paid him.

PECULIAR MALADY.

He informed us, however, of a peculiar malady which troubled him, and complained that one arm and one leg were heavier than the other, and would occasionally raise his arm straight up, as he said, to let the blood run back into his body, and so relieve the excessive weight.

I have heard that he often did this, when marching, and having become very religious, his men supposed he was praying. I never saw him any more, except at Manassas after the battle, when General Johnston and other officers were congratulating him upon his fine conduct in the battle. These peculiarities have often been regarded and cited as evidences of the great genius he possessed.

I have always heard it said that he was an advocate for raising the black flag, and showing no mercy to the enemy who were invading our country and destroying our homes. And it has often been said and written, that he urged General Lee to assault the enemy in the town of Fredericksburg by night, after their defeat, and while they were retreating over the river, and that General Lee refused to do so because of the peril to the people of the town. I have never heard of Jackson evincing any sympathy or gentleness, or merciful regard for the wounded enemies he must have seen, nor tender emotions of any sort.

Therefore, the delightful book lately published by his widow is a revelation and surprise. Nothing in all literature can equal the exquisite gentleness and sweetness this book gives us of the stern, stolid, impassive nature, who lavished such tenderness upon the object of his love. To her he unlocks a treasure of rich and pious and loving emotions, none of us, his most intimate friends, had ever before suspected to exist.

We are glad to know a new edition will soon appear, for every library is incomplete without his wife's biography of Stonewall Jackson.

DABNEY H. MAURY.

[From the New Orleans, La., *Picayune*, January 23, 1898.]

HON. THOMAS J. SEMMES.

An Evening with the Venerable Statesman and Jurist.

A Charming Retrospect of a Useful and Eventful Life.

[Perusal of this will justify its preservation in these pages.—Ed.]

To every one at times there comes a moment of retrospection when the mind, leaving the currents of every day life, turns back to the past in loving memory, and thoughts now gay and happy, anon sad and tearful, sweep over the heart chords, and the echoes awakened in some dim twilight hour and heard by only a privileged few, make oft-times an important chapter in history of which the great outside world would gladly catch the lingering refrain.

It was the privilege of the writer to share just such a moment as this a few evenings ago in the historic home of the distinguished advocate and jurist, Judge Thomas J. Semmes.

For over half a century a conspicuous figure in the United States, for over forty years a leader of the Louisiana bar, and during that most important epoch of the nineteenth century a part and parcel of that great historic movement which, seemingly ending in defeat in war, still lives as the cardinal principle upon which this American republic is founded, Mr. Semmes stands to-day one of the most important connecting links between the old South and the new, one of the three surviving members of that great Confederate Congress which stood for all that the South held most dear, a living witness of the dear dead days which are forever wreathed in ivy and immortelle in the hearts of our people.

It was one of those rare evenings on which the pencil of a poet or artist might love to dwell. We were seated at dinner in the beautiful old mansion on South Rampart street, which has been the scene of some of the most notable gatherings in the South. There were only five of us—Mr. Semmes, his amiable and accomplished wife, she who has stood by his side these many years, in clouds and sunshine, in triumph and defeat, fulfilling that beautiful picture of Tennyson's "Isabel"—"a queen of women, a most perfect wife"—Father Alexander J. Semmes, who, as physician and surgeon, followed the fortunes of the 8th Louisiana Regiment from the hour that the bugle called "To arms," till Lee laid down the most spotless sword that was ever surrendered; then turning from the fire and smoke of battle, Dr. Semmes entered another army—that of the Catholic priesthood—there to wage an undying war while life lasted in defense of the gospel of Christ; a young girl who listened with wonderlit eyes to the stories told of a day of which the children of this generation can catch only the lingering light and shadows, and the humble writer of this sketch.

All around were memories of a beautiful past. The old mansion teems with legendary and historic relics, and suggestive pictures of the old, old life now passing away forever. In the library, filled with choicest thoughts of the master minds of every age, hangs the picture of Mrs. Semmes' old "mammy," a privileged character in the household, as she goes about still exerting that familiar maternal sway which, even in the after years of married life, tenderly bound the women of the South to their dear old "negro mammies." From room to room are tokens and souvenirs from the most distinguished men of the century; the cabinets are littered with autograph letters from men who gave the South a history and a name, and here and there are quaint souvenirs of travel in foreign lands—a statue from Rome, a piece of art from Florence, rare old pictures from the ancient masters and a trophy from the Holy Land. And over the whole house is that delightful atmosphere of culture and love of study so grateful to the student and historian. Indeed, the peculiar, old-time charm about all is enough to evoke reminiscences of the past, when the evening shadows fall and the candles are lit, and everything around and about seems to cry out: "A home with such souvenirs is a home of memories, and a home with memories is a home with a history."

One turns from these pictures to the most conspicuous figures in the home itself—Judge and Mrs. Semmes. Despite his three score years and ten, the venerable and distinguished advocate still proudly holds his own as one of the most eminent members of the Louisiana bar, and the fire of his genius burns as brightly to-day as in the days when he first stood in the courts of our State, pleading great causes, or later, when his voice was heard in the congress at Richmond, in those dark days of 1861-'65, faithfully legislating in behalf of his doomed but beloved Southland. As he sat there in the gathering evening talking of the past, and now and again turning with beautiful old-time courtesy to his wife, as he thought that she might relate some anecdote or occurrence better than he, the picture drawn of him by a well-known writer of the day came to mind: " Mr. Semmes is of middle height; he has eyes that glow with Promethean fire; regular features in which assiduous labor and long nights of study have left no trace. He is not demonstrative in manner, yet he is a true and reliable friend. His expression is serious, but when excited in speech it grows articulate with the emotions that thrill his soul. His voice is musical and fits every intonation and cadence, his penetrative intellect is as quick as it is vivid, and does not wait upon labored induction; he darts at once upon the core of his subject, and starts where most reasoners end. He is familiar with the Latin and Greek classics; Tacitus is his favorite author. Disciplined by such an education, his tastes are always correct. In the subtle game of law he is as adroit as a general in the field; when he gets into his subject and is warmed with it, he utters words of fire that carry the listener along captive with him. If his argument is close to the point, it is at the same time full of his adversary's inconsistencies. He is renowned for his ability to sway courts by his logic, almost irresistible, and his juries by his fascinating eloquence. He is called by some of our lawyers the incarnation of logic. At home his manners are amiable and his spirit buoyant and playful; he is a loving and indulgent father and husband, and when he can lay aside the cares of his office he gives himself over to the enjoyment of domestic happiness."

Both Mr. Semmes and his wife are charming, interesting conversationalists, and, listening to the two, one can understand the long and tender friendship and affection that has bound them as one; it is a union not only of heart and hand, but of mind and soul, and, knowing them well, one can better understand the great success that has attended his life when he meets with such congenial companionship and sympathy in the partner of his choice. Father Semmes, too, is a delightful addition to their household, and the tender deference paid to this venerable and beloved priest is a key-note to the character of his brother and sister.

The conversation had drifted in that delightful way characteristic of informal home dinings from one topic to another, when Mr. Semmes began to tell stories of his boyhood at Georgetown and his college days at Harvard. The Semmes family is of French and English descent, and was among the first settlers of Maryland. A member of the family, Middleton Semmes, when a judge of the Court of Appeals in Maryland, discovered among some old colonial papers the record showing that "Joseph Semmes, of Normandy, France,'' was, by order of the council, naturalized, to enable him to hold land.

The date of the paper was 1640, and was the first paper of naturalization ever granted in America. There is in connection with this a singular coincidence. On the Virginia side of the Potomac river, opposite the Semmes property, are some high cliffs, which are called to this day the ''Normandy Cliffs,'' and French Normandy, as every one knows is noted for its cliffs on the seashore. A peculiar fact, too, is that from the beginning of the settlement in Maryland the name of Joseph has gone through every generation of the family.

Many years ago Father Vawhorseigh discovered in an old church in Charles county, Maryland, a strong bound Latin prayer book, with the Mass and Vespers, and all the prayers in Latin. The book had been printed in Belgium. It had in very pale writing the name of Joseph Semmes within, and, pasted in, a steel engraved coat of arms of George Neville, of England, with the motto, ''Ne ville vellis'' on it. Mr. Semmes had married a Miss Neville, and beneath the marriage date was painted in black, ''1640.'' Mr. T. J. Semmes' mother was a woman of remarkable intelligence. She was a member of a prominent and wealthy family of Maryland, who had come over with Lord Baltimore, and settled in St. Mary's county, Maryland. His father was Raphael Semmes, uncle of the world-renowned Confederate Admiral, and commander of the *Alabama*. On the maternal side, Mr. Semmes' family were Welsh-Catholic. His grandfathers were both extensive land owners in Charles county, Maryland.

Speaking of his mother, Mr. Semmes said:

''She was a woman of great variety of information and sweetest culture. Her strength of mind was remarkable, and this wonderful faculty she retained unimpaired up to the ripe age of eighty, when she died. That was seventeen years ago. She was largely instrumental in the formation of the character of her children, and to her careful training and watchful care they owe much of their success in life. My mother was on terms of personal intimacy with every President of the United States, from Monroe to Lincoln, and she had associated with all the distinguished men and women in Washington for the greater part of half a century. This naturally threw her children into the most pleasant surroundings and companionship. I personally remember and knew every President of the United States from the time of Martin Van Buren.''

And here Mr. Semmes smiled pleasantly as he recalled the first time that he had ever seen Mr. Van Buren.

"It was at a children's party given in Washington at the residence of Mr. Forsythe, one of the cabinet officers. I was a little boy then, and was among the invited guests. We children were playing merry games, in which Mr. Forsythe led, when President Van Buren entered the room. I remember him well. He was dressed in a blue cutaway coat, with brass buttons, frilled shirt front, nankeen breeches and long silk hose and low-quarter shoes with silver buckles. He was a splendid-looking man, and we children soon got over our awe of the President when he entered so heartily into our games and dances."

Then Mr. Semmes recalled many facts of Mr. Van Buren's administration and the gay times at the capitol in Washington. Mr. Van Buren had been minister to England, and while there saw the magnificent gold service which was used on state occasions. When he became President of the United States he introduced gold spoons into the White House. This was considered a terrible piece of extravagance for a democratic country. His administration was characterized by his enemies as the most extravagant of the Presidents. In the next campaign, when he was a candidate for re-election, the "gold spoons" were used against him with telling vengeance. Everywhere the cry rang out in the North against Martin Van Buren's extravagance, and with this cry that of "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too," with the result that Harrison was elected. But succeeding years have shown that Mr. Van Buren's administration was the most economical of all the Presidents, notwithstanding the "gold spoons," as it was certainly one of the most brilliant.

Then Mr. Semmes recalled personal experiences with all the Presidents of those succeeding days, and his reminiscences form a delightful history of themselves. After graduating at Georgetown College, in which he took first honors for three successive years, he began the study of law in the office of Clement Cox, of Georgetown. He was then about eighteen years of age. A few months afterward he entered Harvard College, whence he graduated in 1845. Harvard Law School was then presided over by Associate Justice Story, then of the United States bench, and Prof. Greenleaf, author of the well-known work on "Evidence."

"Among my classmates," said Mr. Semmes, "were Rutherford B. Hayes, afterwards President of the United States; Henry C. Semple, nephew of the then President, John Tyler, and Mr. Burlingame, who afterwards became minister to China. While I was at Harvard I read the review of Judge Story's 'Commentary on the United States Constitution,' written by Judge Upshur, of Virginia. This book was the turning point in my political thought. Reflecting seriously on its spirit and teachings, I became a Democrat, and never once during the long line of sixty years that have nearly passed since then, have I swerved from its sacred principles. My family were all Whigs. Indeed, almost all the people of education and standing were Whigs in those days. The Democrats as yet, were little regarded, and one may imagine the feelings in my old and staunch Whig family, when I announced to them that I intended to forsake the political creed of my ancestors and that I was an out and out Democrat. My mother and father were bitterly opposed, but my conversion rested upon firm conviction in the undying principles of true Democracy. It was a remarkable book, that of Judge Upshur's review. I have never seen the work since, though I have often tried to procure it. Judge Upshur was a very excellent scholar and a vigorous writer. He was killed during President Polk's administration, or Mr. Tyler's. The book was loaned to me while at Harvard by my fellow-student, Henry C. Semple, who, by the way, was the father of Rev. Father Semple, president of the Jesuit's College of this city. Henry C. Semple afterwards became a distinguished lawyer of Montgomery, Alabama."

"I had the pleasure of seeing my whole family," continued Mr. Semmes, "converted some years later to the Democracy. When the so-called 'American Party' was formed among the Whigs, and Catholic churches and schoolhouses were burned, my mother changed her political tenets, and said that she would never be identified with a party that was so 'un-American,' and which could so ruthlessly destroy the houses of God and education. She became an unswerving Democrat, and converted my father to her views. The family followed, and we have all been Democrats ever since.

"I made my first political speech in behalf of the Democratic cause, at Georgetown, when Mr. Polk was a candidate for president. I am happy to say that that maiden effort won many to my side, though at that time my parents were still firm Whigs, and were horrified at one of their blood espousing the cause of the Democrats. But no truer Democrat ever lived than my dear old mother, as her subsequent life proved."

"When did you come to live in New Orleans?" asked the writer.

"In 1850, immediately after my marriage," and here a pleasant light lit up his face, as he reverted to his meeting with the beautiful Miss Myra E. Knox, daughter of Mr. William Knox, a prominent ante-bellum planter, and president of the Central Bank, of Montgomery, Alabama. Mrs. Semmes' mother was Miss Anna O. Lewis, a member of the distinguished Lewis and Fairfax families, of Virginia, and relatives of the Washingtons. "I was married in January, 1850," said Mr. Semmes, "and came to live in New Orleans. The civil law of Louisiana was very different from the common law, and I was obliged to study for three months in order to qualify for admission to the bar of the State. Our jurisprudence was based upon the laws of Spain and on the Napoleon code, which had been adopted by the Louisiana Legislature with such modifications as had been thought advisable. But I was determined to master every branch of my profession, for I loved civil law, and wished to have a profound knowledge of it from the twelve tables of Rome and the institutions of Justinian, to the Napoleon code. Passing a satisfactory examination before a committee appointed by the Supreme Court, I was admitted to practice, and in 1853, I formed a partnership with Matthew Edwards, who had been my classmate at Harvard. In 1855, when the excitement of the 'Know-nothing Party' ran high, the partnership was severed. I was invited to deliver an address in defense of the Catholics at Armory Hall, and openly attacked the principles of the Know-nothing party."

Mr. Semmes did not tell, however, how his vigorous utterances on that occasion brought him prominently into notice in political life, and he was at once elected a member of the Democratic State Central Committee, and afterwards to the House of Representatives of the State, by a large majority.

Reverting to the bar in 1850 in Louisiana, Mr. Semmes told many delightful reminiscences. He enjoyed the intimate friendship of such distinguished men as Alfred Hennen, John R. Grymes, Slidell, Christian Roselius, S. S. Prentiss, Judah P. Benjamin, Mr. Bonford, Charles Gayarre, Judge Walker and other typical representatives of the old Louisiana bench and bar. He also knew, intimately, Dr. Warren Stone, Dr. W. Newton Mercer, Dr. Augustas Cenas, and others equally distinguished in scientific, political and commercial fields.

And this led him to speak of the life and aristocracy of the old South. It seemed to be a theme upon which he loved to linger, for his face glowed with a softened light, and at times his voice grew tremulous with emotion, as he recalled scene after scene in that drama which led up to the most portentous event of these modern times, the civil war in America.

"No life," said he, "can ever again be like the life of those olden days. The South had an element in its society—a landed gentry—which afforded ample opportunity for extraordinary culture, elevated the standard of scholarship in the South, enlarged and emancipated social intercourse, and established schools of individual refinement. We had a vast agricultural country, and the pursuit of agriculture in the South had its fixed features. No life was like the plantation life of those days, and many old negroes who survive gladly testify to its alluring charms. The kindness of an old master or mistress comes back through the vista of receding years, like a sunset glow from a distant land, and no one but the Southern child who has experienced the loving, thoughtful care of an old negro mammy, can appreciate the bond of sympathy which often united the races.

"The people of the North could not understand all this. But the colonies of Virginia, Maryland and the Carolinas were from the first distinguished for their polite manners, their fine sentiment, their attachment to a sort of feudal life, their landed gentry, their love of field sports, and the prodigal aristocracy that dispensed its store in constant rounds of hospitality and gaiety. We had a rich population then, and, as I said before, dispensed a baronial hospitality. All was life and joy and affluence. The old tradition of colonial Southern manners was still followed out, for no traveler was allowed to go to a tavern after he had been the guest of one of these old families, but was handed over from family to family through entire States. The holidays were celebrated by master and slave with music and feasting, and petty litigation was at a low ebb. There was an old tradition, too, that gold was kept in chests among our early ancestors after the downfall of continental paper, and weighed in scales and loaned out to neighbors on terms of short payment, without note, interest or witness or security, so great was the proverbial honor of the South. It was hard, therefore, for the descendants of the Puritan exiles who established themselves upon the cold and rugged soil of New England to understand the manners and traditions of the descendents of the cavaliers who sought the brighter climate of the South, and told stories of their ancestors in their baronial halls in Virginia drinking confusion to roundheads and regicides.

"The South yielded to none in her love for the Union, but States'

Rights were the most marked peculiarity of the politics of the Southern people, and it was this doctrine that gave to the Union its moral dignity. The South, as a well-known writer said, bowed neither before an idol of gain nor the shadow of a name. She worshiped that picture of the Union which made it a peculiar association in which the State was sovereign, and these sovereign States were held by high considerations of good faith; by the exchanges of equity and comity, by the noble attractions of social order and the enthused sympathies of a common destiny of power, honor and patriotism and renown."

And still, with the pleasant touch of a wizard hand, Mr. Semmes lingered upon his fascinating theme, dwelling with infinite charm upon days that seem in this practical, money-making age, like gleanings from the pages of knight errantry and romance. And then he spoke of the stirring events that came with the years, and finally of that great, sad struggle, that swept over the Southland, burying the old life forever in its course. Of the causes that led up to that struggle, he spoke freely. He went over the intervening years when he was appointed by President Buchanan, United States District Attorney for Louisiana, and how he resigned this office in 1859, to accept the Attorney Generalship of the State. In January, 1861, events were rushing forward, and he was elected a member of the convention which passed the secession ordinance, January 26, 1861. "I was a member of the committee of fifteen, which drafted this ordinance," said Mr. Semmes.

"And somewhere carefully put away," added Mrs. Semmes, "I have still the pen with which you signed that ordinance."

"In September, 1861, I was called by President Davis to Montgomery, to consult with him as Attorney General of our State, as to the suspension of specie payment by the banks." The first loan ever made to the Confederacy, as testified by Mr. Memminger in a letter to the Confederate Congress, was by Mr. Knox, father of Mrs. Semmes. Mr. Memminger justly praises the devotion "of that patriotic gentleman" in this volunteer offer.

In November, 1861, Mr. Semmes was elected a member of the Confederate Congress at Richmond, and took his seat in the Senate with his colleague from Louisiana, General Edward H. Sparrow. He passed through Montgomery on his way to Richmond, and here Mrs. Semmes met her parents, who were delighted that a son-in-law of theirs had this high honor conferred upon him, so dearly did they love the South. Mrs. Semmes referred laughingly to the beautiful trousseau that her father presented her with to take to Richmond, as became the wife of a Confederate Senator. In Congress, Mr. Semmes was at once appointed a member of the Finance Committee, in connection with Honorable R. M. T. Hunter, of Virginia, and Honorable Robert Barnwell, of South Carolina, and a member of the Judiciary Committee, of which Honorable B. H. Hill was chairman. He was also chairman of the joint committee on the flag and seal of the Confederate States. As chairman of the joint committee on flag and seal, Mr. Semmes took an active part, and his efforts were of no little importance in the selection and adoption of an appropriate motto for the seal finally adopted. In conjunction with Mr. Hunter, he prepared the "tax in kind bill," which practically supported the Confederacy during the last two years of the war. He also wrote the report on retaliation, and the report of the Judiciary Committee on martial law.

But all these facts are matters of history. It was of that inner life of the Confederacy that he spoke most freely, those days of social life in Richmond, gay and brilliant as some olden court, and then varying in the scale of merriness as the end of the gamut was reached and Richmond found itself a doomed city.

"Yes, the social life in Richmond during the war was very beautiful, and characterized by that old-time grace and hospitality for which the South was famous. It was, indeed, the last chapter in the history of that olden life. We occupied a beautiful mansion known as the Cruikshanks house. It was one of the finest houses in Richmond, and almost a fac simile of that occupied by Presidant Davis."

"Indeed," said Mrs. Semmes, "I liked our house much better than I did the presidential mansion."

Mr. Semmes smiled and continued: "Our home was the center of a most brilliant coterie. Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, Vice-President of the Confederate States, was a bachelor, and asked to make his home with us. We also had Mr. Garland, afterwards a member of Mr. Cleveland's cabinet, and General Sparrow, my colleague. Of course, they did not want to accept my hospitality without paying board, and so we laughingly complied. My boarders during the last years of the war used to pay me about $900 a month, and we used to estimate the expenses of running our house at about $300,000 a year. Fancy this sum for household expenses, but you must remember that we were using Confederate money, and, as Mrs. Semmes used to say, we would send a whole basketful of money to market in exchange for provisions. Our boarders in reality paid us about $100 a month, and towards the close of the war the money was not even valued at that. I was not a rich man, but my father-in-law was one of the wealthy men of the South, and he kept us liberally supplied with funds."

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Semmes, "we used to get all manner of nice provisions and hampers from Montgomery, and never knew how they reached us so safely, for everything came to us contraband. Our table was always well supplied, and many were the brilliant dinners we gave. We often invited the senators from the border States, for some of these fared very badly, indeed; they had to live in one room, and on corn and beans and bacon, and as their States were very much divided, supplies sent them by their constituents were cut off, and money, too. They had a hard time of it, but they stood nobly by the cause to the end. We had great times in the first years of the war, when our cause seemed so sure of success and our boys were fighting so bravely, but towards the end Mr. Stephens and Mr. Garland, General Sparrow and Mr. Semmes used to come home with weary hearts."

"But you were always bright and cheerful to the end," said Mr. Semmes. "It was wonderful, the courage of the Southern women during the war. In Richmond, where at all hours, day or night, you could hear the roaring of the cannons and the echo of shot and shell; where bullets were often flying in the streets, the women kept up their social life. Parties and receptions and dinners were given night after night; when our boys in gray passed through the capital, all the women went out to greet them, waving handkerchiefs and bidding them Godspeed. Receptions were given in their honor, and a perpetual round of gayety was kept up. The women did this to cheer on the soldier boys. Many a group of handsome officers danced the night away and went forth to fight on the morrow, and were buried in the evening shadows on the battle field. There was General J. E. B. Stuart, the dashing cavalry officer, who, the night before he was killed, played in the charades at the home of my sister, Mrs. Ives, wife of Colonel Ives, who was an officer on President Davis' staff. Mrs. Ives' home was a great centre for the young folks. That night all the prettiest girls in Richmond were taking part in the charades, and some of the most brilliant officers of the army. There were present Mr. Davis, Mr. Stephens, Judah P. Benjamin, Secretary Mallory, Mrs. Mallory—in fact, all the cabinet officers and their wives, the representatives in Congress, justices of the Supreme Court, etc., and General Stuart was the observed of all observers, as he gaily led the charades. He was so brilliant, so handsome and daring, that he was called the Prince Rupert of the Confederacy, as he used to dash around Richmond on his noble charger, with his black plume flying in the breeze. That night he left the smiling throng with a flower that some pretty girl had just pinned in the lapel of his coat, and the next day news came that he who was always in the most advanced line of battle, he who was always ready for a fight or a frolic, had been killed, his bright blue eyes looking into the very face of death without a quiver, and ready for the worst.

"His remains were brought to Richmond, and every eye was dimmed with tears as the soldiers bearing the body of their dead general marched down the street, while the band played 'Maryland, My Maryland.' Only a few hours before that stalwart soldier himself had been singing 'Old Joe Hooker, will you come out of the Wilderness?' and now he was cold in death, and never would we look upon his like again."

Mrs. Semmes related with tears in her eyes how the news of Stonewall Jackson's death had been received in Richmond. Many refused to believe that this bravest Roman of them all was dead. She herself went out on the street to ascertain the truth, and as she approached the capitol she met some soldiers carrying a covered corpse and marching with bowed heads to the beat of the muffled drums. "Who is it that they are carrying," she asked with white lips. And the simple answer came back. "Stonewall Jackson."

"The death of General Jackson," said Mrs. Semmes, "cast a shadow on the fortunes of the Confederacy that reached to the catastrophe of the war. His death was not only a loss to his country; it was a calamity to the world. As some one has nobly said: 'It was a subtraction from the living generation of genius; the extinction of a great light in the temple of christianity.' Thousands followed him to the grave and consecrated it with their tears."

Then he spoke of Robert Lee, that grand old chieftain whose name is never mentioned to this day without throbbing heart by the old veterans of the South. "General Lee was a frequent visitor at our house in Richmond; he was then, as he is to-day, the great ideal of Southern chivalry and truth. Great in defeat as he was in victory, the annals of the world's history bears no purer or greater name than that of Robert Lee."

Many reminiscences did Mr. Semmes recall of Mason and Slidell, Yancey and Breckenridge, and Mallory and Stephens, Beauregard and Johnston. He remembered as though it were only yesterday, every incident of that war, and spoke of the death of Albert Sidney Johnston, the brave and peerless, whose loss, as Mr. Davis said in his message to Congress, was irreparable; whose last breath cheered his comrades on to victory, whose last thought was his country. "I never shall forget," continued Mr. Semmes, "how strong men wept when the special message of Mr. Davis was read on the floor of the Confederate Congress, and how sobs almost choked the voice of the reader as he concluded: 'Among the shining hosts of the great and good, who now cluster around the banner of our country, there exists no purer spirit, no more heroic soul than that of the illustrious man whose death I join you in lamenting.' "

"Tell about our visit to the battlefield of Manassas," said Mr. Semmes to his wife, as he warmed with his subject, and with a sweet pathos, Mrs. Semmes told how, after the famous First Manassas, it was resolved to erect a marble shaft on the spot where General Bartow had fallen, shot through the heart. General Bartow was one of the bravest and most promising spirits in the South. He had led the Georgia regiment, which had fought with the 4th Alabama like tigers in the strife. General Berrien, a brother-in-law of Dr. Semmes; Mr. and Mrs. Semmes, the doctor, General Sam Jones and Staff, all went out to Manassas early in the morning to see the shaft erected. For some reason or other it was impossible for Mr. Davis, who had been expected to be the orator of the day, to be present. At the last moment the Georgia regiment and General Sam Jones called upon Mr. Semmes to be the orator of the occasion.

"He was so totally taken by surprise," said Mrs. Semmes, "that he came up to me and whispered, 'I really don't know what to say on such short notice.' 'Yes you do,' I replied, 'just tell them about the bravery and heroism of our Southern boys; tell them how they are suffering and how they still cling to the cause which is so dear to us all.' "And he did," said Mrs. Semmes. "I think that it was the grandest speech he ever made in his life, even if he is my husband. Perhaps it was the time and place, but I know that we were all in tears as he spoke of our Southern boys and the brave man who had laid down his life for the cause. I shall never forget how Manassas looked that day; it seemed as though a hurricane had swept over the place. The battle had raged long and fiercely between two wooden houses known as the Henry and Robinson houses, at some distance from each other on the plateau. General Bartow had fallen near the Henry house. It had been a great victory for our men. The house was just riddled with bullets. I went in to look at it; all along the route, too, for over three miles were the evidences of the indescribable rout; a shapeless, morbid mass of bones and sinews, wood and iron, powder blackened trees, charred bridges. Oh, it was dreadful, dreadful and one of the most terrible pictures of the war."

"My old home of Warrenton saw much of the bloody battling," said Mrs. Semmes. "When General Stuart was defending Warrenton the women of the place showed their undaunted heroism. My own sister, Mrs. Payne, who was the wife of Major Rice W. Payne, turned her own home into a hospital for the Confederate wounded. The best rooms in the house were for the soldiers, and when sick and dying they were brought there, and she herself nursed them, making even the little children in the house play the nurse, too, by fanning the soldiers while they slept, and handing them water and so on. Several of her children contracted the fever. Four of the soldiers having died in my sister's home, they were buried with military honors. The children, happily, recovered, but my sister was taken ill and died, a victim to her love for the stricken South.

"Some amusing incidents occurred in Warrenton. When the Yankee soldiers would pass through and ask for food, the ladies growing tired and determined to save all sustenance for our boys in gray, determined to make the enemy pay for food. I had a cousin who was married to a Presbyterian minister by the name of Pollock. He was from Maine and was the tallest, thinest and most cadaverous looking man I ever saw. One day it was reported that my cousin had hidden some Yankee bones in her yard. The union soldiers were trying to gather up all the bones of those who were killed and bury them. A squad of union soldiers marched up to my cousin's house and said to her: 'We hear Madam, that you have a bag of Yankee bones hidden in your house.' She looked at the captain a moment, and answered smartly: 'Yes, I have a bag of Yankee bones here; come with me and I will show it to you.' She led the men into the chicken yard, where her tall, cadaverous husband was engaged in feeding the chickens, and pointing to him, she said: 'There is my bag of Yankee bones.'

"This cousin's name was Elizabeth. One day when she heard that some Confederate soldiers had been wounded at a distance, she mounted her horse to go and aid them. On the way the horse took fright at the sound of a gun and threw her against some rocks, badly injuring her in the face. Her husband, who was very pompous and slow in his language, hearing of the accident, hastened to her, and, entering the room, said: 'Tell me, Elizabeth, are you defaced?'

"She made her way, however, to the soldiers, and she and my sister had the church in Warrenton turned into a hospital to receive them, and there they were tenderly nursed—but some got well and others went to their eternal reward."

"Again events were hurrying forward, but not as at the beginning of the year 1861, when we all entered Richmond with such bright hopes. But the final catastrophy was delayed for a while yet. Colonel Dahlgren determined to make a raid upon Richmond, and when the news reached us, all there was to oppose him was a force of local soldiery and a battalion of department clerks. The members of Congress shouldered guns and mounted guard around Richmond. But the small force of department clerks and unskilled soldiers were a match for Dahlgren, and averted the plot he had formed to pour fire upon the devoted capital of the Confederacy. But we soldiers were hungry," said Mr. Semmes. "I had had nothing to eat all day, and the heartiest meal I ever enjoyed was a piece of dry bread and a raw onion that I asked of an old market woman as she passed me where I was keeping guard. That was the best onion I ever ate in my life. Dark days were coming, however, for it had become apparent to all that the South must yield, not in bravery, but in superiority of numbers. In Virginia, the supply of bread even was exhausted, and little more could be expected until after the next wheat crop came in. Provisions of all kinds were enormously high."

"For instance," said Mrs. Semmes, "at our New Year's dinner in 1864, we had to pay $110 for the turkey to grace the feast. That was one of the last big dinners that we had at our house."

"It was not such a big dinner in point of courses," said Mr. Semmes, "for we were getting reduced now, and money was worth nothing and provisions were high. Nevertheless, it was a good substantial dinner; we had our expensive Confederate turkey, and vegatables and game, and good bread, made at home, and nice dessert. We had Mr. Stephens and General Sparrow, and Mr. Garland from our home, and Bishop McGill and dear old Father Hubert to dine with us. I shall never forget that New Year's dinner. We all tried to be gay, but our hearts were inwardly sad. There was the usual visiting, customary in those days on New Year's day, but the old brilliancy and fire were fast ebbing away."

"Mr. Stephens never forgot that New Year's dinner," said Mrs. Semmes, and she took from an old scrap-book, carefully put away, an autograph letter from Mr. Stephens, dated "New Year's, 1866. My dear Mrs. Semmes: Two years ago to-day we were at your house, in Richmond, and had Bishop McGill at dinner. What changes have taken place since then, and what reminiscences crowd upon my mind in taking this short retrospect. A whole train of these mixed with many pleasant as well as sad memories was awakened by your letter, which lies on the table before me." And then he goes on to speak, does the great Confederate statesman, of many things already told in this sketch—incidents in which he was pleasantly interested and closed by wishing both her and Mr. Semmes long life and happiness.

There were rumors and rumors that the war would have to be brought to a close, but Robert E. Lee, on whom all eyes were turned, still held out bravely. A small slip of paper, sent to President Davis, as he sat in his pew in St. Paul's church, contained the most momentous news of the war. It advised that everything should be in readiness to evacuate Richmond the coming night, unless before that time dispatches should be received to the contrary. The slip of paper was from General Lee. Many of the cabinet officers had sent their families from Richmond the previous week as also the congressmen. Mr. Semmes had sent Mrs. Semmes in a box-car, by the Richmond and Danville road, towards Montgomery. A week later he joined her in Georgia, and in Augusta heard of Lee's surrender. Thence the way was made by wagon and stage to Montgomery. Reaching here Mrs. Semmes heard that her husband would be pursued and she determined to save him. She drove to a farm-house, some miles distant from Montgomery, and asked the farmer to give her husband shelter. All this was without Mr. Semmes' knowledge. "Bring him to me," said the loyal old Southerner, "and he can stay at my farm and be known as the uncle of my children." But in a few days Mr. Knox sent word to his daughter that concealment was impossible; that it was known everywhere that Mr. Semmes was in Alabama and that he would join her in her father's house. This was already occupied by Yankee soldiers, but they were very courteous and kind to us, said Mrs. Semmes.

Speaking of the surrender, Mr. Semmes said:

"Though the sword was surrendered we did not surrender one jot or tittle of the principles for which we fought; they still live, and time is fully vindicating their truth. A few days later came the news that Jefferson Davis had been taken prisoner and confined in Fortress Monroe; perhaps it was the most fortunate thing that could have happened to Mr. Davis. Immediately he became the scape-goat of the Southern people; their sorrows had to be borne by him and he stood for the cause for which they had fought, and perhaps he would suffer the death penalty for them. The trial never came off, but for all that, Jefferson Davis returned, the people's idol—the great chieftain of the South. And so he remains to this day."

In October, 1865, Mr. Semmes went to Washington and saw President Johnson. The President asked him what he had done for the South? Mr. Semmes answered: "All that a man could do, by words and deeds, to promote the Confederate cause, and now he wanted to resume in peace the practice of his profession."

"Well, go home and work," said Mr. Johnson. He immediately returned to New Orleans, having borrowed $100 for that purpose, not being possessed of another cent in the world. His palatial home in this city, with its fine furniture and mirrors, and magnificent library, had been confiscated when the city fell into the hands of the Federal forces, under General Butler. He resumed the practice of his profession in partnership with Mr. Mott, and rapidly rose to the head of the Louisiana bar.

The principal factors in those stirring scenes, of which he was such a part, have nearly all passed away. He and Mr. Garland and one other Senator, perhaps are all that remain of the Confederate Congress. The years have passed on and a new South has grown on the ruins of the old, and of this South Mr. Semmes is still a conspicuous figure and active worker. But as he himself said, the old life was full of grace and beauty, and has, for him, the peculiar charm of an autumn twilight's lingering adieu.

[From the Wilmington, N. C., *Star*, March 12, 1897.]

THE FORTY-FOURTH N. C. INFANTRY.

Historical Sketch Of.

This brief record of the organization, movements and achievements of the 44th Regiment North Carolina Troops, could not have been written except for the assistance of Captains W. P. Oldham, Robert Bingham, Abram Cox and Lieutenants Thomas B. Long and Richard G. Sneed, officers of the regiment, who participated in its career, and especially am I under obligations to Captain John H. Robinson, of the 52nd North Carolina, who was detailed during the latter part of the campaign of 1864, at the request of General Wm. McRae, to serve on his staff as A. A. G. in place of Captain Louis G. Young, who had been severely wounded. The facts stated in a memorial address delivered by the writer in Wilmington, N. C., on May 10, 1890, on the life and character of General William McRae, in so far as they are connected with the operations of the regiment, and its participation in the various engagements described have been used without reserve, as they are known to be correct; nor has there been any hesitancy in quoting from the language of that address when appropriate to a description of events constituting alike a part of the history of the regiment as well as of the brigade.

CHAS. M. STEDMAN.

The 44th Regiment North Carolina Troops (Infantry) was organized at Camp Mangum, near Raleigh, N. C., on the 28th of March, 1862, with George B. Singletary as its colonel; Richard C. Cotten, captain Co. E, its lieutenant-colonel, and Elisha Cromwell, captain Co. B, as its major. Colonel Singletary was killed in a skirmish with Federal troops at Tranter's creek in Eastern North Carolina on the 5th day of June, 1862. He was an officer of extraordinary merit, and would have unquestionably attained high distinction but for his untimely end. On the 28th of June, 1862, Thomas C. Singletary, his brother, was elected colonel in his stead. Lieutenant-Colonel Cotten resigned on account of advanced age on the 10th day of June, 1862, and Major Elisha Cromwell was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, to fill the vacancy caused by his resignation. The vacancy caused by the promotion of Major Elisha Cromwell was filled by the election of Tazewell L. Hargrove, captain Co. A, on June 10, 1862. On the 24th day of July, 1862, Lieutenant-Colonel Cromwell resigned, and Major Tazewell L. Hargrove was elected in his place, and on the 28th of July, 1862, Charles M. Stedman, captain Co. E, was promoted and elected major. The staff and company officers are named as they appear in the following list, and in the order of their promotion:

Adjutants—Stark Armistead Sutton, John A. Jackson, R. W. Dupree.

Ensign—W. S. Long.

Sergeant-Majors—John H. Johnston, Alexander S. Webb, E. D. Covington.

Quartermaster-Sergeant—Isham G. Cheatham.

Ordnance-Sergeant—Robert J. Powell.

Commissary-Sergeant—D. F. Whitehead.

Chaplains—John H. Tillinghast, Richard G. Webb.

Surgeons—William T. Sutton, J. A. Bynum.

Assistant Surgeons—J. A. Bynum, William J. Green.

Quartermasters—William R. Beasley, William L. Cherry.

Commissary—Abram Cox.

Company A—Captains—Tazewell L. Hargrove, Elkanah E. Lyon, Robt. L. Rice.

First Lieutenant—Elkanah E. Lyon, Robert L. Rice, Richard G. Sneed, A. J. Ellis.

Second Lieutenants—Robert L. Rice, William R. Beasley, John B. Tucker, Richard G. Sneed, Robert Winship Stedman.

Enlisted men, 148.

Company B—Captains—Elisha Cromwell, Baker W. Mabry, Robert C. Brown.

First Lieutenants—Baker W. Mabry, Robert C. Brown, Thomas M. Carter.

Second Lieutenants—Thomas M. Carter, Robert C. Brown, Charles D. Mabry, Elisha C. Knight.

Enlisted men, 135.

Company C.—Captains—William L. Cherry, Macon G. Cherry.

First Lieutenants—Abram Cox, Andrew M. Thigpen, Samuel V. Williams.

Second Lieutenants—Andrew M. Thigpen, Macon G. Cherry, Samuel V. Williams, Reuben E. Mayo, Samuel Tappen.

Enlisted men, 131.

Company D—Captain—L. R. Anderson.

First Lieutenants—Cornelius Stephens, John S. Easton.

Second Lieutenants—John S. Easton, James M. Perkins, George W. Parker, Thomas King.

Enlisted men, 116.

Company E—Captains—R. C. Cotten, Charles M. Stedman, James T. Phillips, John J. Crump.

First Lieutenants—Charles M. Stedman, James T. Phillips, John J. Crump, N. B. Hilliard.

Second Lieutenants—R. C. Cotten, Jr., James T. Phillips, John J. Crump, Thos. B. Long, N. B. Hilliard, C. C. Goldson, S. J. Tally.

Enlisted men, 183.

By reason of his health Lieutenant Thomas B. Long resigned in July, 1862. He was a most accomplished officer; brave, competent and true, he was respected by all.

Company F.—Captains—David B. DeBerry, John C. Gaines.

First Lieutenants—John C. Gaines, John C. Montgomery.

Second Lieutenants—John C. Montgomery, Alexander M. Russell, Geo. W. Montgomery.

Enlisted men, 127.

Company G.—Captain—Robert Bingham.

First Lieutenant—S. H. Workman.

Second Lieutenants—George S. Cobb, James W. Compton, Fred. N. Dick, Thomas H. Norwood.

Enlisted men, 129.

Company H.—Captains—William D. Moffitt, James T. Townsend, R. W. Singletary.

First Lieutenants—James T. Townsend, William H. Carter, Thomas H. Norwood.

Second Lieutenants—Daniel L. McMillan, R. W. Singletary, Moses Haywood, E. A. Moffitt, R. W. Dupree.

Enlisted men, 141.

Company I.—Captains—Downing H. Smith, John R. Roach.

First Lieutenants—J. J. Bland, John R. Roach.

Second Lieutenants—John R. Roach, John A. Jackson, J. M. Lancaster.

Enlisted men, 120.

Company K.—Captains—Rhett R. L. Lawrence, W. P. Oldham.

First Lieutenants—Joseph W. Howard, W. P. Oldham.

Second Lieutenants—David Yarborough, Bedford Brown, J. H. Johnson, A. S. Webb, Joseph J. Leonard, Rufus Starke.

Enlisted men, 144.

On May 19, 1862, the regiment was ordered to Tarboro, North Carolina, thence it proceeded to Greenville, North Carolina, and for a few weeks was engaged in outpost and picket duty in that section of the State, during which time it participated in no affair of consequence, save the skirmish at Tranter's Creek, which, though otherwise unimportant, was to the regiment most unfortunate, in that its accomplished commander lost his life.

From eastern North Carolina the regiment was ordered to Virginia and there assigned to the brigade of General J. Johnston Pettigrew, one of the very ablest commanders of the Army of Northern Virginia. Not only the 44th regiment, but the entire brigade, which consisted of five regiments—the 11th North Carolina, the 26th North Carolina, the 44th North Carolina, the 47th North Carolina, and the 52nd North Carolina, felt the impress of his soldierly qualities. It was ever a matter of regret to the officers and men of the regiment that no opportunity was offered them of manifesting their appreciation of his great qualities by their conduct on the battlefield under his immediate command. The other regiments of his brigade were with him at Gettysburg and contributed to his imperishable renown by their steadfast valor, but the 44th North Carolina whilst *en route*, was halted at Hanover Junction, Virginia, to guard the railroad connections there entering, and thus protecting General Lee's communications with Richmond. Colonel T. C. Singletary with two companies, remained at the Junction. Major Charles M. Stedman, with four companies, commanded north of the Junction and the bridges of the Fredericksburg, and of the Central (now C. & O.), Railroad across the South Anna and the Little River, four in number, were entrusted to Lieutenant-Colonel Hargrove, who posted one company at each bridge, remaining personally with Company A, at Central's bridge, across the South Anna, the post of the greatest danger.

On the morning of the 26th of June, 1863, the Federal troops, consisting of the 11th Pennsylvania Cavalry, two companies of a California cavalry regiment and two pieces of artillery, about 1,500 all included, commanded by Colonel, afterwards General Spear, appeared before Lieutenant-Colonel Hargrove and his small force of forty men, stationed in a breastwork on the south side of the river, built to be manned by not less than 400 men. Before Colonel Spear made his first attack, Lieutenant-Colonel Hargrove abandoned the breastwork as being entirely untenable by so small a force, fell back to the north side of the river, posted his men under cover along the river bank, and for two hours successfully resisted repeated efforts to capture the bridge by direct assault, although assailed by a force outnumbering his own at least thirty-five to one. Failing in a direct attack, Colonel Spear sent 400 men across the river by an old ford, under cover of a violent assault in front from the south, and was about to assail Lieutenant-Colonel Hargrove in his rear, which was entirely unprotected, when Company G, consisting of forty men, having been ordered from Central bridge over the river at Taylorsville, more than three miles distant, arrived and occupied the breastwork north of the river, at its intersection with the railroad, and about 200 yards from the bridge, thus protecting the rear of Company A. Company G had scarcely got into position when the charge of 400 cavalry, intended for the unprotected rear of Company A, was delivered against Company G, protected by the breastwork, and was repulsed, as were two other charges made at intervals of about fifteen minutes, while attacks were made simultaneously on Company A, from across the river with like results.

During a lull in the fighting, the Federal force on the north side, was reinforced by 400 men, and an assault on both Companies A and G was (at the same time) ordered. Colonel Spear crossed the river and ordered the attack made up the river bank against Company G's unprotected right, and Company A's unprotected left flank, at the abutment of the bridge. The enormous odds prevailed, but only after a most desperate and hand to hand conflict, with pistol, sabre and bayonet, in which Confederates and Federals were commingled. In the final assault Company A lost half of its men. The loss of Company G was not heavy. The Federal loss exceeded the entire number of Confederate troops engaged. Colonel Spear retreated after burning one bridge instead of four. He stated in the presence of his own command and that of Lieut. Col. Hargrove, that "the resistance made by the Confederates was the most stubborn he had known during the war; that he supposed that he was fighting 400 infantry instead of eighty, and that his expedition had entirely failed of its object, which was to cut General Lee's communications with Richmond." No more gallant fight was made during the entire Civil War, than by Lieutenant-Colonel Hargrove's command. He won the admiration of both friend and foe by his personal gallantry, and only surrendered when overpowered and taken by sheer physical force.

General Pettigrew having been mortally wounded on the retreat from Gettysburg, Colonel William W. Kirkland, of the 21st North Carolina regiment, was promoted to Brigadier-General, and assigned to the command of Pettigrew's brigade, about the 10th of August, 1863.

ON THE MARCH.

The brigade left camp at Rapidan station, where it had been in cantonment, on the 8th of October, 1863, and marched rapidly with a view of engaging General Meade at Culpeper Courthouse. General Meade fell back and avoided a conflict at Culpeper Courthouse, but was overtaken at Bristoe station. Here on the 14th of October, 1863, a bloody and disastrous engagement was precipitated between Cooke's and Kirkland's brigades, and the bulk of Warren's corps, supported by a powerful artillery with a railroad embankment as a fortification. In this fight, so inopportune and ill-advised and not at all in accordance with the views of General Lee, the 44th regiment greatly distinguished itself. Advancing through an open field directly upon the line of fortifications of the Federal artillery, it sustained a heavy loss without flinching. Three different couriers rode up to the regiment and delivered a message to fall back. The order was disregarded and the regiment moved steadily on under heavy fire of both artillery and infantry, and when close upon the works, with the shout of victory in the air, only retreated under peremptory orders from Lieutenant-General A. P. Hill. The loss of the regiment in this engagement in killed and wounded was large. This was the first time the conduct of the regiment fell under the observation of Colonel Wm. MacRae, of the 15th North Carolina Regiment, and afterwards its brigade commander. He was struck with admiration at the splendid conduct of the men, and often afterwards referred to their steady valor upon the field. It endeared the regiment to him, for he loved brave men, and it became his habit to frequently place himself with the colors of the regiment, for, said he, "If I am with the 44th regiment and am lost, I shall always be found in the fore-front of the fighting."

THE WILDERNESS.

General Lee, having received information that General Grant had commenced the passage of the Rapidan on the night of the 3rd of May, 1864, broke up his cantonments on the 4th, and prepared to meet him. The 44th North Carolina, with Kirkland's brigade, left camp near Orange Courthouse on the 4th, and bivouacked the same night at Verdiersville, about nine miles from the battlefield of the

Wilderness. Two roads led in parallel lines through the dense thicket which gave its name to the territory upon which the battle was fought. One was known as the Orange Plank Road, and the other as the Turnpike. The 44th marched by way of the Plank Road, and became heavily engaged about 2 o'clock of the afternoon of the 5th. The right rested immediately upon the Plank Road, and next in line to it, with its left on the road, was the 26th North Carolina regiment. This immediate locality was the storm centre of the fight, and it is doubtful if any more violent and sanguinary contest occurred during the entire Civil War than just here. The road was swept by an incessant hurricane of fire, and to attempt to cross it meant almost certain death. It was at this point of the line that three pieces of Confederate artillery were seriously menaced with capture. The horses belonging to the guns had all been killed and disabled, whilst the gunners were subjected to an incessant and murderous fire.

Lieutenant R. W. Stedman, of Co. A, volunteered to drag the guns down the road, out of danger, if a detail of forty men were furnished. Forty men immediately stepped to his side and said they would follow him, although they all knew the effort was full of peril. The work was done successfully, but only three of the volunteers escaped unhurt. Lieutenant Stedman was severely wounded by a grape shot. For his personal gallantry in this action he was honorably mentioned in high terms of praise in an official order from division headquarters. The loss of the regiment in the engagements of the 5th and 6th was exceedingly heavy; a large proportion of its officers were killed and wounded; amongst the latter the major of the regiment. Both officers and men won the special commendation of brigade and division commanders. On the 8th the regiment moved with the brigade towards Spotsylvania Courthouse. On the 10th Heth's and Anderson's divisions, commanded by Early, had a serious conflict with a portion of Grant's army, which was attempting to flank General Lee by what was called the Po River road. In this engagement the 44th suffered severely and fought with its accustomed valor.

Captain J. J. Crump, of Co. E, elicited by his conduct warm commendation from the General commanding.

SPOTSYLVANIA COURT HOUSE.

On the 12th the regiment was assigned its position directly in front of Spotsylvania Court House, and was in support of a strong force of Confederate artillery. Repeatedly during the day it was charged by the Federal columns, their advance always being heralded and covered by a heavy artillery fire. Every assault was repulsed with great loss to the assailants, whose advance was greeted by loud cheers from the 44th regiment, many of the men leaping on the earthworks and fighting from under cover. The loss during this engagement was comparatively slight. The major commanding the regiment, was again wounded, and sent to a hospital in Richmond, and was not able to rejoin his regiment until a few days before the battle at Ream's Station.

The regiment participated in all the engagements in which its brigade took part, from Spotsylvania Court House to Petersburg, constantly skirmishing and fighting as Grant continued his march on Lee's flank. On the 3d of June, 1864, it was heavily engaged with the enemy near Gaines' Mill. In this fight, General W. W. Kirkland, commanding the brigade, was wounded. Pursuing its march and almost daily skirmishing, the regiment reached Petersburg on on the 24th day of June, 1864, and commenced the desultory and dreary work of duty in the trenches. During the latter part of July, 1864, the regiment left Petersburg for Stoney Creek, and whilst on the march, Colonel William MacRae, of the 15th North Carolina regiment, joined the brigade and assumed command, under orders. This gallant officer was promoted to the rank of brigadier-general in August, 1864, and from that time, never left the brigade, of which the 44th was a part, until the last day at Appomattox. From Stoney Creek, the regiment returned to Petersburg.

REAM'S STATION.

The regiment bore its part with conspicuous good conduct in the brilliant engagement at Ream's station, on the 25th of August, 1864.

Upon the investment of Petersburg, the possession of the Weldon road became of manifest importance, as it was Lee's main line of communication with the South, whence he drew his men and supplies. On the 18th of August, 1864, General G. K. Warren, with the 5th corps of Grant's army and Kautz's division of cavalry, occupied the line of the Weldon road at a point six miles from Petersburg. An attempt was made to dislodge them from this position on the 21st, but the effort failed. Emboldened by Warren's success, Hancock was ordered from Deep creek bottom to Ream's station, ten miles from Petersburg. He arrived there on the 22nd and promptly commenced the destruction of the railroad track. His infantry force consisted of Gibbons' and Miles' divisions, and in the afternoon of the 25th he was reinforced by the division of Orlando B. Wilcox, which, however, arrived too late to be of any substantial service to him. Gregg's division of cavalry with an additional brigade commanded by Spear, was with him. He had abundant artillery, consisting in part of the 10th Massachusetts battery, Battery B, 1st Rhode Island, McNight's 12th New York battery, and Woemer's 3rd New Jersey battery.

On the 22nd Gregg was assailed by Wade Hampton with one of his cavalry divisions, and a sharp contest ensued. General Hampton, from the battlefield of the 22nd, sent a note to General R. E. Lee, suggesting an immediate attack with infantry. That great commander, realizing that a favorable opportunity was offered to strike Hancock a heavy blow, directed Lieutenant-General A. P. Hill to advance against him as promptly as possible. General Hill left his camp near Petersburg on the night of the 24th, and marching south halted near Armstrong's Mill, about eight miles from Petersburg. On the morning of the 25th he advanced to Monk's Neck Bridge, three miles from Ream's station, and awaited advice from Hampton. The Confederate force actually present at Ream's station, consisted of Cooke's and MacRae's brigades of Heth's divisions, Lane's, Scales' and McGowan's brigades of Wilcox's division, Anderson's brigade of Longstreet's corps, two brigades of Mahone's division, Butler's and W. H. F. Lee's division of cavalry, and a portion of Pegram's battalion of artillery.

Being the central regiment of the brigade, MacRae's line of battle was formed on it, as was customary. Just previous to the assault upon General Hancock's command, the regiment was posted in the edge of a pine thicket, about 300 yards from the breastworks held by the Federal troops. When the order was given to advance, the men threw themselves forward at a double-quick in a line as straight and unbroken as they presented when on parade, and without firing a gun, mounted the entrenchments and precipated themselves amongst the Federal infantry on the other side, who seemed to be dazed by the vehemence of the attack, and made a feeble resistance after their ranks were reached.

A battery of artillery captured by the regiment, was turned upon the retreating columns of the enemy. It was manned by sharpshooters of the 44th, who had been trained in artillery practice. Captain Oldham, of Company K, sighted one of the guns repeatedly, and when he saw the effect of his accurate aim upon the disarmed masses in front, was so jubilant, that General MacRae, with his usual quiet humor, remarked: "Oldham thinks he is at a ball in Petersburg."

The Federal loss in this battle was between six and seven hundred killed and wounded, and 2,150 prisoners, 3,100 stands of small arms, twelve stands of colors, nine guns and caissons. The Confederate loss was small, and fell principally upon Lane's brigade; it did not exceed 500 in killed and wounded. The casualties in the 44th regiment were trifling, as well as other regiments of the brigade, as Hancock's men in its front fired wildly above the mark, being badly demoralized by the fire of the Confederate artillery, under cover of which MacRae's men advanced to the assault.

James Forrest, who carried the colors of the regiment, became famous for his chivalrous devotion to the flag, and his gallantry upon every field.

On the night of the 22nd of August, 1864, the regiment returned with MacRae's Brigade to its position on the line of entrenchments at Petersburg, held by General Lee's right, and continued to perform the routine of duties incident to such a life until the 27th day of October, 1864.

BURGESS' MILL.

The enemy having forced back our cavalry, and penetrated to a point on our right known as Burgess' Mill, on the 27th of October, 1864, General MacRae was ordered to attack, with the understanding that he should be promptly reinforced by one or more brigades. Reconnoitering the enemy's position, he pointed out at once the weak part of their line to several officers who were with him and ordered his brigade to the assault. It bore down everything in its front, capturing a battery of artillery, and dividing the corps which it had assailed. The Federal commander, seeing that MacRae was not supported, closed in upon his flanks and attacked with great vigor. Undismayed by the large force which surrounded him, and unwilling to surrender the prize of victory already within his grasp, MacRae formed a portion of his command obliquely to his main line of battle, driving back the foe at every point, whilst the deafening shouts and obstinate fighting of his brigade showed their entire confidence in their commander, although every man of them knew their situation to be critical, and their loss had already been great. Awaiting reinforcements, which long since ought to have been with him, he held his vantage ground at all hazards, and against enormous odds. No help came whilst his men toiled, bled, and died. Approaching night told him that the safety of his brigade demanded that he return to his original position. Facing his men about, they cut their way through a new line of battle which had partially formed in their rear. In this encounter the 44th North Carolina bore a brilliant part; it drove the Federal line, everywhere in its front, steadily to the rear. Lieutenant R. W. Stedman, of Company A, with less than fifty men, charged and captured a battery of artillery which was supported by a considerable force of infantry. This battery was disabled and left, as it was impossible to bring it off the field when the regiment was ordered to return to the position it occupied at the commencement of the fight. The affair at Burgess' Mill was marred by the misunderstanding of his orders by an officer in high rank, by which he failed to reinforce as instructed, General MacRae, causing a heavy loss to his brigade.

From Burgess' Mill the regiment again returned to its old position in the entrenchments at Petersburg. On the 2nd of April, 1865, the Confederate lines having been pierced and broken through, the regiment under orders commenced its retreat towards Amelia Courthouse, which place it reached on the 4th of April. Its line of march was marked by constant and bloody engagements with the Federal troops, which followed in close pursuit but who were entirely unable to produce the slightest demoralization or panic. At Sutherlin's station the fight was severe. On the night of the 5th it left Amelia Courthouse and reached Appomattox on the morning of the 9th, where, together with the bleeding remnants of the Army of Northern Virginia it stacked its arms, and its career was ended.

The "*esprit de corps*" of the regiment was of the very highest order. Neither disease, famine nor scenes of horror well calculated to freeze the hearts of the bravest ever conquered its iron spirit. The small remnant who survived the trials of the retreat from Petersburg, and who left a trail of blood along their weary march from its abandoned trenches to Appomattox Courthouse, were as eager and ready for the fray on that last memorable day as when with full ranks and abundant support they drove the Federal troops before them in headlong flight on other fields. This spirit especially manifested itself in the love of the regiment for its flag, which was guarded by all its members with chivalrous devotion and which was never lost or captured on any field. The first flag was carried from the commencement of its campaign until about January 1, 1865, when a new one was presented in its stead, for the reason that so much of the old flag had been shot away that it could not be distinctly seen by other regiments during brigade drills, and as the 44th was always made the central regiment, upon which the others of the brigade dressed in line of battle, as well as on parade, a new flag had become a necessity.

The new battle flag was carried by Color Sergeant George Barber, of Co. G. until the night of April 1st, 1865, when crossing the Appomattox, he wrapped a stone in it and dropped it in the river, saying to his comrades about him, "No enemy can ever have a flag of the 44th North Carolina Regiment." The wonderful power which the high order of "*esprit de corps*" exerted for good amongst the officers and men, is illustrated by an incident which is worthy to be recorded amidst the feats of heroes.

A private by the name of Tilman, in the regiment, had on several occasions attracted General MacRae's favorable attention and, at his request, was attached to the color guard. Tilman's name was also honorably mentioned in the orders of the day from brigade headquarters.

Soon thereafter, in front of Petersburg, the regiment became severely engaged with the enemy and suffered heavy loss. The flag several times fell, as its bearers were shot down in quick succession. Tilman seized it and again carried it to the front. It was but an instant and he, too, fell. As one of his comrades stooped to raise the flag again, the dying soldier touched him, and in tones made weak by the approach of death, said, "Tell the General I died with the flag." The tender memories and happy associations connected with his boyhood's home faded from his vision as he rejoiced in the consciousness that he had proved himself worthy of the trust which had been confided to him.

The old battle flag of the regiment, tattered and torn by ball and shell, its staff riddled and its folds in shreds, was presented to Mrs. Della Worth Bingham, wife of Captain Robert Bingham, Co. G, by the Major commanding, as a mark of respect and esteem in behalf of officers and men to a woman who had won their affectionate regard, and whose husband had ever followed it with fidelity and fortitude upon every field where it waved. Captain Bingham, whose home is in Asheville, N. C., still has it in his possession.

Its folds shall become mouldy with the lapse of years. The time will come when the civil war shall only be remembered as a shadow of days long passed, but the memories of the great deeds of the sons of Carolina who followed that flag, and who sleep in unknown graves upon the fields of Northern Virginia, shall survive unshaken amidst the ruins of time.

GENERAL RALEIGH E. COLSTON, C. S. ARMY.

A Tribute to the Memory of the Gallant and Accomplished Soldier.

AN ODE BY HIM.

A Monument Proposed to be Erected over his Remains in Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, Virginia.

For years as he lay helpless on a bed of physical anguish, which was only partially alleviated by opiates, the fortitude with which the accomplished gentleman and gallant soldier bore his constant suffering, was as pathetic as his gallantry in the field had been impressive. The representative of a family long seated in the State, an ancestor, William Colston, having been for years the clerk of Richmond county in the Seventeeth century, in General Colston were united the traits of the Virginian which are held in such regard.

General Colston was twice married. His first wife was Louise M. Gardiner, the widowed daughter of Captain John Bowyer, of "Thornhill," near Lexington, Rockbridge county, Virginia. Of this union two daughters survive: Mrs. Louise E., wife of Captain James D. Ragland, of Petersburg, Virginia, and Mrs. Mary F., wife of Captain A. D. Lippitt, of Wilmington, North Carolina.

The spirit of good-will and charity which pervaded his being in the last days of his pilgrimage, is manifested in his own words which preface an address of his which was published in Vol. XXI, of the *Southern Historical Society Papers*, pp. 38–49:

"Prejudices on both sides have melted away and there are now no better friends than those who fought each other in the blue and gray. Mr. Beecher's prophecy proved conspicuously false, and all the Southern land is now dotted with monuments growing more numerous each year, erected to the memory of her fallen heroes. Peace has made us in many respects the most powerful nation in the world, and the most prosperous.

"We shall always cherish the memory of our struggle, which was inevitable, and in which we acted our part honorably and gloriously; and now looking to the future and realizing the magnificent destiny placed before us and our children, as one people, with one country, and one flag, we accept the verdict of Fate, and say: It it well!"

The virtues of General Colston endeared him to a wide circle of friends. Some of them in this city have expressed the desire that a suitable monument be raised by subscription over his remains, which rest in our beautiful Hollywood Cemetary, and that a portrait in oil of him be added to the appealing collection of Southern Chieftains, which now grace the walls of the Hall of R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1, of Confederate Veterans in this city. The zeal which impelled Captain John E. Laughton, Jr., now Commander of the Camp, as Chairman of the Committee, to secure these portraits, cannot be too highly commended. All desiring to aid toward the objects stated, may send their subscriptions to Captain Laughton, who will duly acknowledge them.

GENERAL RALEIGH E. COLSTON.

The members of the Confederate Veterans' Association of the District of Columbia, in regular meeting assembled, January 21, 1897, unanimously resolved:

1. That we mourn the death of our beloved and honored comrade Raleigh Edward Colston.

General Colston was born of Virginia parentage in the city of Paris, France, on October 31, 1825. In the year 1842, when seventeen years old, he came to America with a passport as a citizen of the United States issued by the American Minister, General Lewis Cass. In July, 1843, he entered the Virginia Military Institute as a cadet, and graduated in 1846. He was at once employed as assistant teacher of French. He was afterwards elected professor of French, and in the year 1859 he was also elected professor of military history and strategy, and of political economy, at his alma mater. During the twelve years which elapsed between his graduation and this last promotion, Professor Colston was a diligent and successful student, in almost every department of human knowledge. He became master of many languages, and familiar with their literature. He was expert in mathematics and the physical sciences, especially those most useful in war.

In April, 1861, by order of the Governor of Virginia he marched in command of the corps of cadets from Lexington to Richmond, where he, and his cadets were for sometime employed in drilling and setting up as soldiers, the recruits who were assembling for the war.

In May, 1861, he was commissioned as colonel of the 16th Regiment of Virginia Infantry then stationed at Norfolk. In December, 1861, he was commissioned as brigadier-general, and assigned to the command of a military district extending from Smithfield, Va., to Weldon, N. C., and including 15,000 troops. In April, 1862, he and his brigade were, upon his request, ordered to Yorktown, Va., to reinforce General Magruder. He participated in numerous assaults and skirmishes on the peninsula, and in the battles of Williamsburg and Seven Pines.

In June, 1862, General Colston was stricken down with a severe attack of fever and jaundice, from which he did not recover until the following December; when he reported for duty and was assigned to the command of a brigade of Southwestern Virginians, and was ordered to Petersburg.

In April, 1863, by request of Stonewall Jackson, who had been for ten years his colleague in the faculty of the Virginia Military Institute, and knew him well, General Colston was assigned to the command of a brigade in Trimble's division, of Jackson's corps.

At Chancellorsville, at 6 o'clock P. M., May 2, 1863, the hour when Stonewall Jackson ordered his corps of 26,000 men to disclose their presence in rear of the right flank of General Hooker's grand army, Jackson's command was formed, with Rodes' division in front, Trimble's division under Colston (Trimble being disabled), in the second line two yards in the rear, and A. P. Hill's division in supporting distance in column. At the word, the "men burst with a cheer upon the startled enemy, and like a disciplined thunderbolt, swept down his line and captured cannon before they could be reversed to fire." "Rodes, who led with so much spirit, said, that the enemy taken in flank and rear, did not wait for an attack. Colston's division followed so rapidly, that it went over the enemy's work at Lodall's Tavern with Rodes' troops, and both divisions fought with mixed ranks until dark." These extracts are from General Fitzhugh Lee's life of General Lee, in which he gives a graphic and picturesque account of this great event, which rounded out and finished the career of Stonewall Jackson.

Colston was, on duty, possibly a little impetuous.

After the death of Jackson, General Colston was ordered to report to General Beaureguard, and was placed in command of a brigade of Georgians at Savannah, and also in command of the defences of St. Augustine river. He was appreciated as a scientific soldier.

In the spring of 1864, when General Butler landed at City Point and threatened Petersburg, General Colston was ordered to Petersburg, where he remained in command of the lines south of the

Appomattox until General Lee came with the Army of Northern Virginia. During that period General Colston kept the enemy at bay, and repelled several assaults upon our lines; in one of which his horse was shot.

In August, 1864, he was placed in command of the city of Lynchburg, and ordered to strengthen its defences. There he remained on duty until after the surrender, holding the city committed to his keeping.

In every field of duty General Colston served with distinguished gallantry, fidelity and ability.

After the war he was without resources, except his intellect, attainments and character. He delivered lectures in Baltimore, Richmond, Raleigh and other cities, on the life and character of his colleague, friend and commander, Stonewall Jackson. Later he established in Wilmington, N. C., a military academy in the midst of the officers and men whose brigade commander he had once been, and conducted it successfully until March, 1873, when he accepted military service under the Khedive of Egypt, as one of his general staff, with a rank equivalent to that of colonel, to aid in the organization and discipline of his army.

Colston continued in that service until 1879, when he resigned; England having assumed control of Egypt and required the Khedive to reduce his army and discharge his American officers. During that period he commanded two expeditions of great importance sent for the exploration of the great south country lying between Egypt and the equator. The first occupied him from October, 1873, to May, 1874; the second from 1874 to 1876. His services in these expeditions, for which his scientific attainments, and his capacity and experience as a soldier eminently fitted him, were very valuable and were highly appreciated by his government. To attest the esteem and honor in which General Colston was held, the Khedive obtained for him from the Sultan, the firman and decoration of "Knight Commander of the Turkish Imperial Order of the Osmanieh;" a distinction which is never granted except for eminent and meritorious public services.

During the last expedition he was called upon to exhibit the highest virtues which ever adorn mankind. Marching with his command over deserts of sand, hundreds of miles in extent, with watering places distant four or five days journey apart, under the burning rays of a tropical sun, and in a temperature reaching sometimes 160 degrees, General Colston became ill. He was also thrown from his camel and injured by the fall. The result was paralysis of his legs, accompanied with great pain about the region of his liver. He could neither walk nor ride. But his intellect was bright, and his spirit undaunted. He was carried hundreds of miles across deserts in a litter supported on the shoulders of four Arab soldiers, who were relieved every half hour. He always remembered affectionately these strange, but kind and gentle men who were detailed for the duty.

The surgeon advised and insisted that he should turn over the command to the next in rank, and go direct to Cairo for proper attention and treatment. He refused. He was the only American left with the force; had been obliged to send one home to Cairo on account of his illness, but he had been notified that the government had sent another American officer by another route to meet him at El Obeid hundreds of miles away. He knew that if he gave up, the expedition would be a failure, and the American staff would be discredited in Egypt. He declared his purpose to remain in command, and march (in the litter) with his army until he could meet the officer sent out to relieve him. When at El Obeid he turned over the command to Major Prout, Colston was wholly paralyzed from his waist down, and was given up to die by the attending surgeons. Reaction and relaxation, following relief from the tension of so great responsibility, would probably have been fatal to most men under the circumstances. But his vigorous constitution, cherished by habits of virtuous life, and his indomitable pluck enabled him to rally. After remaining at El Obeid for six months in the care of an order of charitable sisters, he got well enough to be carried to Khartoum, 300 miles across the desert, in a litter rigged up between two camels.

"Courage and constancy; steadfast to the last." These immortal words of Lee addressed to his army, doubtless recurred to Colston's memory, and helped to sustain him in his dire distress.

General Colston brought back to America a considerable sum of money in gold, the savings of his Egyptian pay—enough probably to satisfy his modest wants for life. Some of his friends in Wall street undertook to make a great fortune for him, and he lost it all. Thrown again upon his own personal resources, he delivered lectures and wrote for magazines on subjects with which his great learning and large experience had made him familiar. In the year 1882 he was offered the professorship of natural philosophy, mechanics and astronomy in the Virginia Military Institute. This was a great temptation. It offered him a berth for life, with most congenial surroundings. But he declined the offer, because, he said, he did not consider himself competent to teach astronomy, as it ought to be taught there. He had not made a specialty of astronomy.

Modesty, self-sacrifice, conscientiousness, absolute truthfulness, virtues which adorned his whole life, attained supreme radiance here.

In August, 1882, he was appointed a clerk in the Surgeon-General's library division of the War Department. He discharged his duties so well, that for several years after he became unable to go to the office, his work was sent to him to be performed in his bedroom. In May, 1894, he was removed on account of his physical disability. Thrown again upon the world absolutely penniless, his spirit was bright as ever. He never murmured.

Then the Confederate Soldiers' Home at Richmond, Virginia, threw wide its doors. His veteran comrades opened their arms and hearts, and said: "Come to us beloved and honored friend, and be our guest." And there, with the light of love, friendship, and admiration shining all about him, he passed the painful remnant of his days. He was not debtor. He gave more than he received. To the last, amid all his suffering, he was bright, cheerful, witty, and charming. To the many who gladly sought his company, he gave knowledge, instruction, and entertainment; and more than all, the pleasure of the sweet and edifying society of a lovely man.

He died on July 29, 1896, and was buried with military honors.

2. Resolved, That we remember with gratitude, pride, and pleasure, his exalted character, his pure and manly life, and we cherish the remembrance.

3. Resolved, That our sorrow is not without hope. He served his generation faithfully and well. He lived unselfish, died poor, and entered with clean hands the court of divine equity.

4. Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes, and copies thereof sent to the daughters of the deceased.

(Signed.) R. B. LEWIS,
President Confederate Veteran Association,
Washington, D. C.

(Attest.) CHAS. C. IVEY,
Secretary C. V. A.

February 4, 1897.

Ode to the Confederate Soldiers' Monument in Oakdale Cemetery, Wilmington, N. C.

Dedicated to the Ladies' Memorial Association, of Wilmington, N. C.

By General R. E. Colston.

This Ode was delivered at the Anniversary Supper of the 3rd Regiment Association, on May 10, 1872, in reply to the second regular toast:

"OUR DEAD."

Erect upon a granite base
  He looks toward the glowing West;
How stern and sad his noble face,
  How watchful!—tho' he stands at rest.

He seems to scan with steadfast gaze
  The foeman's dark'ning line of blue;
Does he perceive across the haze
  The glancing bay'nets flashing through?

One hand with ev'ry clinched nerve
  Grips hard the gun o'er which he bends;
The other hangs in graceful curve
  Which rounds the sinewy fingers' ends.

Behold!—no carpet-knight is he,
  His manly grace is Nature's own;
In ev'ry feature one may see
  The light that's caught from battle alone.

His garments rough are old and worn,
  Hard used the shoes upon his feet,
That belt and cartridge-box were borne
  In many a victory and retreat.

Upon this soldier's stalwart form
  No stars, no bars to mark his grade,
And on his modest uniform
  Not ev'n an humble worsted braid.

He's but a private!—All unknown,
  He gives his strength, his blood, his life,
Content to fall, obscure, alone,
  Unheeded in the deadly strife.

What flag, what State his fealty claim?
"C. S." upon his belting's plate,
"N. C." upon his cap, proclaim
The soldier of the "Old North State."

Oh who stands here? Whose image this,
Instinct with life tho' cast in bronze?—
The type so true, so vivid is
That ev'ry heart at once responds:

"I ought to know, I've seen that face,
In fight, on march, by bivouac's flame,
Tho' now I can't recall the place,
Nor who he was, nor what his name.

Yet sure, I know that shape, that head,
Like half-forgotten friends they seem;
No doubt he's numbered with the dead,
But I have seen him,—'tis no dream.

O triumph of the Sculptor's skill
Which thus could strike the magic chord,
And cause the Southern heart to thrill
And stir once more its mem'ries' hoard!

This man of bronze, we know right well,
We greet his grave, familiar face,
And thus, we do confess the spell
Of GENIUS,—king of time and space.

For in this wondrous work of Art
A form was giv'n by plastic hand
To the IDEAL of our heart,
The SOLDIER-TYPE of Southern land!

And in this pile that towers above
And lifts its crest toward the sky,
Forever shine true woman's love
And constant faith which ne'er can die.

O soldier of perennial bronze
Erect upon the granite gray,
Stand at thy post, till from Death's bonds
Thy comrades burst, on Judgment Day.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, Jan. 20, 1898.]

GENERAL LEE'S BIRTHDAY.

The Anniversary very Generally Observed in Richmond.

LIGHT OF THE CAMP FIRE OF R. E. LEE CAMP, NO. 1, C. V.

Many Veterans Gather in its Genial Glow—Captain R. S. Parks delivers a Splendid Oration—Howitzers Salute the Monument.

The anniversary of the birth of General Robert E. Lee was celebrated in Richmond yesterday by the closing of the State and city offices, the banks, and many commercial institutions. Salutes were fired in honor of the event, and from the masthead of nearly every flagpole in the city, the colors of the Confederacy floated to the breeze.

The holiday was generally observed. The particular celebrations of the anniversary, however, took place at the Soldier's Home, and at Lee Camp, where orations were delivered, and carefully prepared programmes were carried out. A salute of seventeen guns was fired at the Home at noon, and a platoon of the Howitzers fired another salute at 5 o'clock beneath the shadow of the monument to the great General, erected in the western portion of the city.

AROUND THE CAMP FIRE.

At night, Lee Camp kindled a camp-fire, the genial glow of which shed nothing but radiance and charm. Within the magic circle were gathered distinguished veterans from all over the State, and the guests of honor were the members of both houses of the Legislature.

The yearly celebration of the birthday of General Robert E. Lee, is the prime event in the calendar of the Camp, and no effort is spared to make it delightful and successful. All along the Southern lines, the camp-fires are lighted on each recurring January 19th, in honor of the great leader, but no fire burns more brightly than that of the Richmond camp, or attracts to it a more distinguished body of men. It was a night of great festivity; a genial and whole-souled hospitality was dispensed, and warm indeed was the welcome extended to all who came to pay a tribute by their presence, to the memory of the dead chieftain. The feature of the evening was the address delivered by Captain R. S. Parks. It was received with unbounded enthusiasm, and was said by many of those present to be the finest eulogy ever delivered within the walls of Lee Camp.

Following the exercises came a social session of unrestrained mirth and good-fellowship. The good humor of the occasion was infectious and irresistible, and even old men, whose locks were hoary, and whose forms were bent with age, danced and sang, and seemed to grow young again. Old Southern melodies struck pleasantly on the ear, and the familiar songs were sung over and over again. Refreshments were served in great abundance, and the hour for parting came all too soon.

THE FORMAL PROGRAMME.

It was nearly a quarter-past 8 o'clock when First-Lieutenant-Commander A. C. Peay, in the absence of Commander Laughton, called the assemblage to order, and in a few words recalled the "sacred cause" which they had come together to celebrate. The doxology was sung by all, standing, after which Hon. J. Taylor Ellyson was called upon and offered a short, but fervent, prayer for a benediction upon those who had come together to commemorate the memory of their chieftain, and asked that they might follow his example, as he had endeavored to follow that of his Divine Master.

GREETINGS FROM WASHINGTON.

The following telegram from the Confederate Veterans' Association, of Washington, D. C., was read and received with applause:

WASHINGTON, D. C., *January 19, 1898.*

R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1, Confederate Veterans, Richmond, Va.:

The Confederate Veterans' Association of Washington assembled to honor the name of our great leader, General R. E. Lee, send loving greetings to their comrades of Richmond, and remember with them a vow to keep green his memory.

ROBERT I. FLEMING,
President.

Adjutant J. Taylor Stratton was instructed to telegraph the following reply:

RICHMOND, VA., *January 19, 1898.*

COLONEL ROBERT I. FLEMING, *President Confederate*
Veterans' Association, Washington, D. C.:

R. E. Lee Camp, Confederate Veterans, reciprocates your kindly greeting, and pledges eternal fidelity to the memory of our illustrious chieftain.

A. C. PEAY,
Lieutenant-Commander, Commanding.

CAPTAIN PARKS' FINE ADDRESS.

Captain Parks was then introduced as the orator of the evening, and was cordially received. After an appropriate introduction, he said:

Borne on the rapid, tireless wings of time, nearly thirty-three years have passed since guns were stacked, flags were furled, and the Southern soldier, with heavy heart, turned his steps homeward. But with every recurring spring time, the people throughout the Southland, upon such days and at such places as may be fixed, meet together, strew the graves of the dead soldiers with flowers, each feeling that whatever part he may perform, he is engaged in a work made obligatory by a lofty sense of patriotism. Associations of various names have been formed, all of which have for their object the commemoration of the Confederate dead, and the keeping green in the minds of the rising generation all that pertains to the struggle in which the blood of the South was poured out like water. Here we meet to-day in the far-famed city of Richmond, whose every street has been trodden by armed men, whose adjacent fields have been crimsoned by the blood of her sons, and whose historic hills have echoed and re-echoed with the scream of shot and shell as they sped on their mission of death, mingled with the shout of victory, or the yell of defiance.

CONSTITUTE A SUBLIME SPECTACLE.

How suggestive such an occasion. These gatherings of the people of the South to decorate the graves of those who died in defence of the Southern cause, and to commemorate the deeds of valor of an army whose banners went down in an unsuccessful struggle, constitute the sublimest and yet most remarkable spectacle that the world has ever seen. Were these men rebels against constitutional government? If they were, then it would be treason in us to honor their memory; vindicate their principles, and praise their deeds. They were not rebels, and the world will yet know it, and accord to them their meed as patriots.

For what did the South contend? Time would not suffice, nor would it be appropriate to give in detail the causes that led up to the war, nor to discuss the various issues that arose, which produced bittter feeling and stirred up sectional animosities. I assert that the South fought for the preservation of individual liberty and a right of local self-government, which we honestly believed were endangered by the usurpation of power by the Federal Government, and a tendency to centralization and the ultimate destruction of the autonomy of the States.

The germ of free institutions is in the personal consciousness of the individual man, that he is born into the world as a creature of God, with responsibility to Him for the proper use of his God-given powers, and that to work out his personal destiny upon this personal accountability, he needs to be free from the constraints with which despotism would bind his body, mind, heart, and conscience.

RIGHT OF SELF-GOVERNMENT.

When the man has this idea planted in his soul, it becomes a moral force which dreads treason to the Almighty Sovereign more than all the threats of human authority, and makes resistance to tyrants obedience to God. The personal right of the man to his liberty is asserted from his deepest self-consciousness against the government that would abridge or destroy it. The great battle that was fought by our fathers at the formation of the Federal Constitution in 1787 was for the protection of this right of self-government, and in opposition to the centralization of power in the Federal head. They believed that centralization of power in the general government would show itself in a too great tendency to control, regulate and direct the industry and enterprise of the individual man. They believed that such a centralization of power would build up a paternal government, the *patria potestas* of ancient despotism, and merging the man into the mass and directing the destiny of all, would sacrifice the interest of the toiling, home-staying citizen to the grasp and greed of the few fawning parasites, who crowd the lobby and swarm the corridors of legislative bodies. They believed that paternity in government would beget class legislation, which instead of leaving each man to enjoy the fruits of his own toil, would pool the earnings of society, upon which to fatten its favorite children in palaces of splendor, while it would starve its foundlings in hovels of squalor and misery.

It was for local self-government as embodied in the doctrine of States' Rights, as we had learned it from our fathers, that the South fought. It had grown with our growth; strengthened with our strength, and become the very warp and woof of our natures. To us it was a principle, not a shadowy sentiment; but a principle whose foundations were deep down below the grasp of political earthquakes, and whose spires pierced the stars beyond the sweep of storms of fanaticism. The bitter feelings and sectional animosities to which I have referred became intensified as the years went by. The Constitution of our fathers, as we understood it, was set at naught, and its provisions, as we construed them, were disregarded, and that solemn compact which to us was sacred, was declared by many leading men of the North to be "a league with death and a covenant with hell."

SECESSION OF THE STATES.

In the fall of 1860, the crisis came. The people of the South, feeling that the time had come when they should resume the powers delegated to the Federal Government, called conventions, and one State after another passed acts of secession, by which they undertook to secede from the Union of States, resumed the delegated powers, and sever their connection with the Federal Government. They did not make war upon any one. They only asked to be let alone. They asked for no property, and demanded nothing except the recognition of their rights to govern their own affairs. These States formed another union of States, known as the Confederate States of America. Our northern brethren did not interpret the Constitution as we did. They denied our right to sever connection with the Union. They declared that we were rebels in a state of rebellion, and they resorted to arms to enforce the laws of the United States, and to compel obedience to its authority. We believed we were right, and, believing this, we had the manhood to dare maintain it. The gage of battle was tendered, and we accepted it. To arms, to arms, was echoed throughout the land. The bugle-call was heard from every hilltop, and throughout every valley. Fathers, husbands, sons, brothers, and sweethearts, gave the farewell kiss, and pressed forward to repel the foe, that as we honestly believe, was invading our territory. From every State came the sons of the South. From the plains of Texas, from the States washed by the Gulf, from across the Father of Waters, from Tennessee, Kentucky, and Maryland, from the Carolinas and Florida, from every State of the Southland they came. They came from the farm, from the store, from the office, and workshop; from every trade and profession, till Virginia bristled with bayonets, from the driftwood of the Ohio to the sands of the seashore. There were those who were not of our race, but were adopted from other climes, who stood with us. I would not forget them.

Some months ago, while in this city, I visited the Jewish Cemetery, and saw the plat dedicated to the graves of those of that race who fell in the Southern army. Had I ever felt disposed to deride those people, and give them the cold shoulder, I could do so no more. They touched elbow with us, and died for us. We know what part they played in the history of the past, and if I read the lines of prophecy correctly, they will have an important part yet to act in the great drama of life, and I do believe that the descendants of Judah will yet herd their flocks amid the hills of Assyrian kings, and sing songs to the Messiah beneath the white stars of the Chaldean sky. All, all were our comrades—

"Who, living, were true and tried for us,
And, dying, sleep side by side for us."

THE SOUTH'S GALLANT SONS.

Without an army, without munitions of war, with our ports blockaded, and cut off from the rest of the world, with only our own resources to rely upon, the South in a few months sent into the field an army of volunteers that in gallantry, undaunted courage and powers of endurance was seldom equalled, and never excelled in ancient or modern times. For four years the Southern army, with no place to recruit from except our own homes, met in the open field an army of vastly superior numbers, with money and army stores in abundance, and with the world to draw from to swell its ranks. Those who were our enemies have furnished indisputable proof of the dash and terrible fighting qualities of the Southern army. While the pension system of the Federal Government is the most stupendous fraud ever perpetrated upon a long-suffering people, it furnishes a monument to the chivalry of the Southern soldier, that speaks with a trumpet's tongue and a thunder's voice. Think of it. Thirty-three years after the close of the war there are more pensioners upon the list, basing their claims upon service in the Federal army, directly or indirectly, than the Southern Confederacy ever had men in the field, including the living and the dead.

On and on rolled the surging, fiery billows of war, till scarcely a home in the Southland was beyond the roar of cannon and the rattle of musketry. Stronger and stronger grew the Federal army; weaker and weaker grew the Southern, till at last our chieftain, Robert E. Lee, beside whom as man and soldier, there is no one to place who can claim to be his peer, surrendered the remnant of the gallant army. Our flag was furled, our hopes were blasted, our cause was lost.

LEE THE CENTRAL FIGURE.

Amid all these stirring scenes who was the central figure? Around whom did all the hopes of the people cluster? To whom did the people of the Southland look in the darkest hour with a confidence that knew no wavering? To that grand man and great commander, Robert E. Lee. And what shall I say of him? Language which my feeble ability enables me to command, is inadequate to express my admiration for him, and my conception of his greatness as man and soldier. The Southland, ploughed with graves and reddened with blood, that can look the proudest nation fearlessly in the face, and whose sons he led to battle, will ever cherish for him the highest regard and the deepest affection. Aye, more, his fame is not bounded by the country of which he was a citizen, but it has gone across the waters, and wherever there is a heart upon whose altar burn the fires of liberty, and a soul that appreciates all that is great and good, there the name of Robert E. Lee is enshrined, and when the monuments we may build to his memory shall have crumbled into dust, his virtues will still live—a high model for the imitation of generations yet unborn. As has been beautifully said, "he was a foe without hate; a friend without treachery; a soldier without cruelty, and a victim without murmuring. He was a public officer without vices; a private citizen without wrong; a neighbor without reproach; a Christian without hypocracy, and a man without guilt. He was Caesar without his ambition; Frederick without his tyranny; Napoleon without his selfishness, and Washington without his reward. He was obedient to authority as a servant, and royal in authority as a king. He was as gentle as a woman in life; pure and modest as a virgin in thought; watchful as a Roman vestal; submissive to law as Socrates, and grand in battle as Achilles."

The profession of the soldier has been honored by his renown, the cause of education by his virtues, religion by his piety.

> "The greatest gift a hero leaves his race
> Is to have been a hero."

In the ancient East, it is said, the wandering Arabs are searching for treasures buried in the tombs of their monarchs. He whose memory we commemorate, on this, the ninety-first anniversary of his birth, has no treasures buried with him. The treasures of his life were brave, noble, unselfish deeds, which he left behind him to make the sons of men wiser, nobler and better.

OUR PRINCIPLES STILL LIVE.

I said our cause was lost, but it was lost only in the sense that we did not accomplish that for which we struggled, but the principles for which we contended still live. Clouds may obscure the sun, but it still shines; truth may be crushed to the earth, but it will rise again; principles of justice and right may be trampled under the feet of demagogues and fanatics, but they still survive. All else may change and decay. Passing away is written upon all material things. "The grass of the field withereth; the flower thereof fadeth, the wind passeth over it, and it is gone." The tiny leaf springing from the expanding twig changes its color from summer beauty to autumnal loveliness, and falls in withered worthlessness to the ground, teaching man who treads upon it a lesson of his own destiny. The granite peaks that stand like sentinels keeping watch over the valleys below, that have withstood the frost of centuries, around whose heads the lightnings of Heaven have harmlessly played, and on whose crest the lurid bolt as it leaped from the bosom of the storm-cloud has spent its force in vain, will succumb to the corroding touch of time and pass away. But the principles of right, which spring from the Eternal Throne, will survive "the wreck of matter and crush of worlds," and shine with resplendent lustre when illumined by the pure light of eternity.

The struggle was ended, the soldier perished, but the principles for which he fought survive, and I believe that the time will come when the Southern soldier will not only stand acquitted, but justified by the verdict of the world.

What means this building with the significant name of "Lee Camp?" What means the hundreds of similar organizations all over the Southland? They speak in no unmeaning language. They tell us that though our cause is lost in the sense that the independence of the Southern Confederacy was not achieved; that though we were wasted and worn and all was lost, we saved our honor and our manhood, and we cannot forget our heroes. Sacred history tells us that one of the disciples proposed that three tabernacles should be raised on the mount of transfiguration, and in all ages of the world heroic deeds of men and nations have been commemorated by their fellow-citizens. Show me a land where there are no churches whose spires point heavenward, commemorative of the great work finished on Calvary, as told in that Book, suspended as it were in the zenith of the moral heaven, bidding all men to look, believe, and live; show me a land where there are no tombs of marble, no statues of bronze, no monuments of granite, erected to commemorate heroic, self-sacrificing deeds, and I will show you a people lost to every lofty emotion, without an ennobling sentiment, fit subjects to be the dupes of demagogues and the slaves of the ambitious. No, no; we cannot forget the boys who wore the gray and offered their lives for what they believed to be right.

"On fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread;
While glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead."

MEN OF THE NOBLEST TYPE.

Raise monuments to their memory, and with each returning season strew their graves with flowers of field and garden, and by these things let your children and children's children be taught that the heroes of the Lost Cause were not rebels and traitors, but men of the noblest type, who were ready to do, to dare, and to die in obedience to the call of duty. Go on with the work, and the brave, the true of every land, will approve such conduct. No one who wore the blue, and who was a soldier, will say aught against it. Only those who were peace-like in war and warlike in peace will condemn. "He jests at scars who never felt a wound." We covet not their praise, nor will we be deterred by their censure.

A few more words and I am done. To the rising generation I would deliver a message. Soon "taps" for "lights out" will sound for all who wore the gray, and they will go to answer roll-call on the other shore. Will you permit the memory of their deeds of daring, their knightly valor, their devotion to principle, to perish from off the earth, or will you take up the work when other hands shall droop and fail, and see that they shall live in the history of coming years? True, they fought and lost, but is that all?

Is that all? Was duty naught?
Love and Faith made blind with tears?
What the lessons that they taught?
What the glory that they caught
From the onward sweeping years?

Here are they who marched away,
Followed by our hopes and fears;
Nobler never went than they
To a bloodier, madder fray,
In the lapse of all the years.

Garlands still shall wreathe the swords
That they drew amid our cheers;
Children's lispings, women's words,
Sunshine, and the songs of birds
Greet them here through all the years.

With them ever shall abide
All our love and all our prayers.
"What of them?" The battle's tide
Hath not scathed them. Lo, they ride
Still with Stuart down the years.

Where are they who went away,
Sped with smiles that changed to tears?
Lee yet leads the lines of gray—
Stonewall still rides down this way;
They are Fame's through all the years.

GIVEN VOTE OF THANKS.

Captain Parks was frequently applauded during his speech, and at its close he received quite an ovation.

Captain Stratton moved that the thanks of the camp should be extended to the distinguished speaker for his eloquent and patriotic oration, and the motion was seconded, though before it could be put Captain Alex. Archer moved to amend it so as to include the thanks of the entire audience.

The amendment was accepted, and the motion adopted by a rising vote.

The Tony Miller Combination played several selections, and Mr. Eugene Davis, Sr., by special request, sang several dialect songs, which were liberally applauded.

JUDGE FARRAR SPEAKS.

Judge F. R. Farrar was called upon by Commander Peay, and responded very happily. He prefaced his remarks with a graceful compliment to Captain Parks, and said he had no desire to mar the perfect autonomy, as he wittily termed it, of the occasion, by any words of his. He was induced to proceed, however, and with his well-known versatility, he flitted from grave to joy, and touched many a tender chord in the hearts of his listeners. Leaving the platform, he took one of the violins belonging to the Miller Combination, and played some old fashioned Virginia reels and other music, which fairly delighted his hearers.

Refreshments were served in the committee rooms adjoining the camp hall, and the rest of the evening was spent in telling war stories, singing, playing, and impromptu speech making.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Times*, August 22, 1897.]

IMPRISONED UNDER FIRE.

Six Hundred Gallant Confederate Officers on Morris Island, S. C., in Reach of Confederate Guns.

They were held in Retaliation, and Two of them Relate the Experiences of Prison Life—Stories of Captain F. C. Barnes and Captain R. E. Frayser.

A list of the officers under fire, as above, including those as well from Maryland, North Carolina, Texas, Mississippi, South Carolina, Florida, Alabama, Missouri, Kentucky, and Tennessee, has been given in Vol. XVII, *Southern Historical Society Papers*, pp. 34–46, but as the list from Virginia herewith is more complete and definitely descriptive, it is meet that it should be printed now.

Further and graphic experience of the "hardships, sufferings and hazards" of the "Six Hundred," is given in the "narrative" of Colonel Abram Fulkerson, of the 63d Tennessee infantry, *Southern Historical Society Papers*, Vol. XXII, pp. 127–146.—EDITOR.

During the seige of Charleston the powerful Federal guns located on Morris Island could send their shells into the lower part of the city, where their explosion caused great destruction of houses, and danger to the inhabitants of that part of the town. As a means of protecting the residents, Major-General Sam Jones, commanding the Confederate forces in Charleston, notified Major-General J. G. Foster, of the United States army, that he had placed five generals and forty-five field officers of the United States army, "in a part of the city occupied by non-combatants, the majority of whom are women and children. It is proper that I should inform you that it is a part of the city which has been for many months exposed day and night to the fire of your guns."

This letter was sent on the 13th of June, 1864. Forthwith General Foster sent a copy of the letter to General Halleck, at Washington, and thereupon he ordered 600 Confederate officers to be taken from Fort Delaware and placed on Morris Island under the fire of the Confederate guns, in retaliation for the act of General Jones.

Of these 600 officers, a list of the Virginians is given herewith, among whom will be found the name of Second Lieutenant C. F. Crisp, 10th Infantry, Luray, Page county. This second lieutenant was the late Speaker of the House of Representatives. Among others of the 600 not named with the Virginians, but well-known in Richmond, were Captain Thomas Pinckney, 4th cavalry, Charleston, S. C., and Colonel A. Fulkerson, 63rd Tennessee Infantry, Rogersville.

The only Richmond man in the lot was Second Lieutenant S. H. Hawes, Page's Virginia Battery. The story of the transportation and life of the 600 is told by Captain F. C. Barnes, then second lieutenant 56th Virginia Infantry, and Captain R. E. Frayser, signal officer, New Kent county. During a recent visit to Richmond, Captain Barnes, who is now an honored citizen of Chase City, was induced to give the following account of his experiences:

CAPTAIN BARNES' STORY.

Captain Barnes said:

I was captured in Pickett's charge at Gettysburg, Pa., on July 3, 1863. There my prison life commenced. After confinement in several prisons, I was taken to Johnson Island, Lake Erie, which was a prison exclusively for commissioned officers.

On the 9th of February, 1864, the names of 600 officers from lieutenant to colonel were called, and when we responded were placed in line and marched to the wharf, and there carried over to Sandusky in Ohio. None were aware of their destination, but supposed we were selected for exchange.

We remained all night in Sandusky, where it was very cold, but we were comfortable and enjoyed some privileges, not being strictly guarded. We left the next day on a train, and when we landed it was in Philadelphia.

There we were imprisoned in the State Armory, where we were comfortable. We staid there some weeks, and then were under strict guard by negro soldiers.

We left there on the 16th of June on a steamer for Washington city. On the way a plan was devised to seize the guard, capture the boat and run ashore. All were united, but the plot was foiled by the boat running up under a fort on the river. The commanding officer must have had some intimation or suspicion of our purpose, for from the fort, a gunboat went up the river with our steamer.

Arriving in Washington we were taken to the Old Capitol, where we remained several weeks, with light rations, and then were carried to Fort Delaware. From this place we were taken on the 20th of August, 1864, and carried to a large ocean steamer, *Crescent City*, then lying in the bay below the breakwater.

We sailed the next day for parts unknown, but still believing we were going to be exchanged. During the voyage we ran aground on Cape Romain, off the coast of South Carolina, when a large lot of coal had to be thrown off to lighten the ship, before sailing again. While stranded, a large gunboat came in sight and created great commotion among the officers and guard of the boat. They were apprehensive that an attempt would be made for our release, but there was no demonstration of that kind.

After sailing again, nearly all of us were placed in the hull of the boat and guarded more rigidly. We were kept out of sight of land for two weeks or more, and finally landed at Morris Island, S. C. This was on the 7th of September, and the first intimation we had of our destination.

Several officers knew the place, and all were soon informed. Our treatment on board the steamer was very rough, with scanty rations and brackish water. An officer died on the way and was given a burial at sea.

After landing at Morris Island we were placed under fire of our own guns in front of a Federal battery, which was shelled from Fort Sumter. The first evening and night the shelling was very heavy but none of us were killed. It seemed our guns got the range and fired over us. One morning while Captain Findley, of Virginia (now a preacher in Augusta county), J. E. Cobb, H. Coffry and myself were in our small tent just after Captain Findley had read a chapter in a Bible, which I now have and in which I placed all the notes of all my travels, a large shell fell right at our feet and covered us all with sand, but fortunately did not explode nor break up our accustomed worship.

We were guarded by negro troops commanded by Colonel Hallowell, who was a heartless man, and under him the most cruel treatment was experienced. We were not allowed any privileges, and often fired into by the guards for the most trivial offence and several men were wounded.

There was a plan on foot to tunnel out and make our escape, but the equinoctial storm flooded our work and it caved in. Another attempt was made by digging out, but our scheme was reported to the authorities by a traitor of our number and we abandaned the idea.

We left Morris Island on the 21st of October, and on the 22d landed at Fort Pulaski, Georgia. This was a nice prison, commanded by Colonel Brown, of New York, a kindhearted officer who allowed us the grounds in the fort for exercise, and good rations were furnished.

In the bringing in to prisoners of a barrel of hard tack, a barrel of brown sugar was brought by mistake, and before the error could be remedied, the sugar was devoured by the officers who had not tasted anything sweet for a long time.

On November 19th, about one-half of the 600 were taken to Hilton Head, S. C., arriving there the next day. Here retaliation was practiced in its most cruel form. Our rations for forty-five days consisted of five ounces corn meal and a half pint of brackish water per man, and occasionally some sour pickle.

The sufferings were intense and many died. Wharf rats were caught and eaten. The barracks were framed buildings about 30x90 feet, no windows, and bunks of pine poles, one blanket to four men.

Lamps were burning all the time and the rats were cooked over them. After the rats were all consumed, dogs and cats which came in the way were caught and speedily devoured. One old bob-tail gray cat long escaped, but was finally caught and a feast made over it.

Lieutenant S. H. Hawes, of Richmond, narrowly missed a feast on a fat dog, which came about thus:

Some of his comrades boasted of having had rat stews; and he did have an invitation to a cat supper. A Missourian (Captain Perkins) caught a cat, killed and cooked it for his mess of four. One of the mess, as a special favor, sent Lieutenant Hawes an invitation to the feast, and he accepted to the extent of looking at them as they ate. It was very kind to invite him, but he couldn't "go" cat. It was suggested that as he was so squearmish about cat, maybe he would take some "Ponto" stew if offered.

"Ponto" was a beautiful half-grown, well-fed, fat setter puppy, belonging to the Federal officer in charge of our guard. This young dog came to our quarters every day to have a frolic with the prisoners. Hawes agreed to accept invitation and to eat some of the dog supper when prepared, for the puppy was young, cleanly-washed, fat and healthy.

Perkins thereupon agreed to catch and kill "Ponto" and prepare the feast. The next morning the dog came bounding into the prison yard as soon as the gate was opened, as was his habit, but most positively declined all of Perkins' advances, notwithstanding his friendship heretofore. As soon as he looked into Perkins' eyes doubt took possession of him.

"Ponto" sniffed danger in the air, tucked tail and ran for the gate, and foreswore his prison friends ever after. His unreasoning suspicions prevented the feast.

Captain R. E. Frayser, also of Richmond, was the most active man in the grape-vine telegraph business. What news he couldn't bring in wasn't worth knowing. His having been in the Signal Corps possibly accounted for his success in that line.

Grape-vine news was terribly twisted and rarely straight.

Nevertheless it gave us something to talk about.

When forty-five days expired flour, meat and bread were brought in and wood needed for cooking, utensils furnished and the men were allowed all they wanted to eat.

After such a long deprivation, many killed themselves from overeating. The meal was old and wormy, but it had to be eaten. Those who had survived the trying ordeal through which we passed, were taken from Hilton Head on the 5th of March, 1865, and carried to Fort Monroe on the 8th of March, after a very rough trip at sea.

From there we were taken to Fort Wool, and on the 11th of March, sailed for Fort Delaware, where we landed on the 12th, next day.

Of the 600 whose names were called at Johnson's Island on the 9th of February, 1864, only 293 of the number answered the call at Fort Delaware on their return after months of perils, trials, sufferings and tribulations.

Fort Delaware, taken altogether, was the dirtiest, filthiest and most unhealthy prison I ever saw, and I was there three times during my captivity. The remnant of the 600 remained at Fort Delaware until the general exchange in June, 1865.

F. C. Barnes.

Captain R. E. Frayser's Experience.

Captain Frayser was very reluctant in agreeing to write out some of his reminiscences of the imprisonment of the 600 at Morris Island.

While a great portion of his time has been devoted to journalism since the war, he has written very little about the conflict between the States, nor does he talk much about it. The whole of his time is now given to the practice of law, and he is doing well in this profession. The narrative written by Captain Frayser follows:

"In August, 1864, orders were issued by the Federal Government that 600 Confederate officers confined at Fort Delaware should should be sent to Morris Island, near Charleston, S. C., and placed under fire. There had been sent previously fifty general and field officers to the same point for the same purpose. But after some little delay these officers were exchanged. The 600 were somewhat elated at first, thinking they too would very soon be in 'Dixie,' after leaving Fort Delaware. But in this they were greatly disappointed. On the arrival of the *Crescent City*, the steamer that conveyed them to Charleston harbor, these officers were disembarked and marched along the beach to a most formidable stockade, located between batteries Gregg and Wagner, all in full view of Fort Sumter, which resembled at that day a huge brick kiln. It had withstood some terrific attacks, but in this dismantled condition the Confederate flag still waved triumphantly over this impregnable fortress.

"The first night in the pen was not at all pleasant, firing commenced early that night, and fragments of Confederate shell thrown from Fort Moultrie fell in the pen.

"The Confederates at the time were not aware of the presence of the Confederate prisoners, but they soon learned that the Confederate prisoners were exposed to the fire of Fort Moultrie, and there was a change in the guns at that fort. The dead line was a conspicuous feature in the appointments of this abode, where the six hundred lingered for forty-five days, suffering all the pangs of hunger that one can imagine; two ounces of salt pork or beef, with damaged ship bread, in a very limited quantity, and that inhabited with worms, ranging from a quarter to half an inch long, with black heads. When this was not given to the prisoners, they had doled out to them, stale grit with abundance of fat worms. These dainties given to the Confederates twice a day, made many sick, who were sent to the hospital, where they died. The death rate was alarming, with cruel treatment, the climate, and miserable water, the weak had to succumb to the inevitable. Forty-five days on such food was harsh treatment indeed. The reader may ask, what was all this for? Well, for "fighting against the best government the world ever saw."

A COUNTER MOVE.

"The Confederates were told at the time, this was a counter move on the military chess-board, by the Federal Government, for alleged ill-treatment of Andersonville prisoners, said to be confined in the lower portion of Charleston, to prevent that part of it from being destroyed by the heavy seige guns in Gregg and Wagner, that were firing on Charleston night and day, having a powerful auxiliary in the *Swamp Angel*, the nearest gun to Charleston. At the expiration of forty-five days, the prisoners placed under fire, were removed and put on board a steamer and sent to Fort Pulaski. Here the retaliation was continued, causing many deaths. The fort being somewhat crowded, a portion of the prisoners were sent to Hilton Head. Here as elsewhere, there was great suffering. Being immediately on the coast, the atmosphere was very damp and cold; rats and cats were killed in great numbers, and consumed by the starving Confederates. In war, a real soldier gives hard blows and expects the same in return; but it looks a little inhospitable to see one's adversary, with his knapsack full, and with no inclination to divide rations.

"A soldier can eat almost anything when he gets in a real tight place. The historian says that in the memorable retreat from Moscow, the King of Naples, when driven by hunger, enjoyed cat and horse flesh, so it was with the suffering Confederates sent to Morris Island. They did not hesitate to devour everything that came within their reach—cats, dogs, rats, etc. I cannot at this late day recall all the incidents connected with this distressing and protracted imprisonment, but I will mention one. The writer had on his person a finger ring and a $50 Confederate note. The two were sold for $10 and put in sutler stores, which were purchased at most exhorbitant prices. Sergeant Lennox, who belonged to the 54th Massachusetts regiment, which guarded the Confederates, and whose home was in Boston, was very kind to the writer. With this money Lennox bought bread, molasses and many other things. This he had to do in a most surreptitious manner, for it was a violation of orders, and had it been known, Lennox would have been severely punished. The 54th regiment was composed wholly of colored men, with the exception of the officers. The writer thinks that it was commanded by Colonel Hallowell, of Philadelphia.

"Immediately after the war the writer knew a number who had gone through this trying ordeal, as follows: Captain Jones R. Christian and Jesse Child, of Richmond, and Captain Henry St. George Coalter and Captain Darracott, of Hanover county. These have responded to the last roll-call, and those who now survive are Lieutenant S. Horace Hawes, Captain DePriest, and the writer, of Richmond, and Captain Barnes, of Chase City, Captain W. C. Nunn, West Point, Va."

Following are the Virginia members of the "Six Hundred:"

LIEUTENANT–COLONELS.

Charles B. Christian, Forty-ninth Infantry, Allen's creek, Amherst county.
James C. Council, Twenty-sixth Infantry, St. Steven's Church.

MAJORS.

Richard Woodrum, Twenty-sixth Battalion, Union, Monroe co.
Peter V. Batte, Forty-fourth Battalion, Petersburg.
William H. Hood, Petersburg Militia, Berlin, Southampton co.
D: A. Jones, General M. Jones' staff, Harrisonburg.
Thomas P. Branch, General Ransom's staff, Petersburg.

CAPTAINS.

J. McD. Carrington, Charlottesville Battery, Charlottesville.
E. E. DePriest, Twenty-third Infantry, Richmond.
W. P. Carter, Page's Battery, Millwood, Clarke county.
George W. Mercer, Twenty-ninth Battery, Rural Retreat.
J. H. Johnson, Twenty-fifth Virginia, Franklin, Pendleton co.
J. J. Dunkle, Twenty-fifth Infantry, Franklin, Pendleton co.
H. C. Dickinson, Second Cavalry, Liberty, Bedford county.
J. W. Mathews, Twenty-fifth Infantry, Beverly, Randolph co.
H. A. Allen, Ninth Infantry, Portsmouth.
R. E. Frayser, Signal Officer, New Kent Courthouse.
J. R. Christian, Third Virginia, New Kent Courthouse.
L. Harmon, Twelfth Cavalry, Staunton.
A. Dobyns, Forty-second Infantry, Jacksonville, Floyd county.
J. W. Helm, Forty-second Infantry, Jacksonville, Floyd county.
A. R. Humes, Twenty-first Cavalry, Abidgdon.
W. P. Duff, Fifteenth Infantry, Jonesville, Lee county.
D. C. Grayson, Tenth Infantry, Luray, Page county.
A. N. Finks, Tenth Infantry, Madison Courthouse.
F. W. Kelly, Fiftieth Infantry, Tazewell county.

T. M. Gobble, Forty-eighth Infantry, Abingdon.
W. S. McConnell, Forty-eighth Infantry, Estillville.
W. L. Guthrie, Twenty-third Infantry, Prince Edward county.
James Dunlap, Twenty-sixth Battery, Union, Monroe county.
A. M. Edgar, Twenty-seventh Infantry, Lewisburg.
J. A. Lipps, Fiftieth Infantry, Wise Courthouse.
J. O. B. Crocker, Ninth Infantry, Norfolk.
T. B. Horton, Eleventh Infantry.
R. C. Gillispie, Forty-fifth Infantry, Fort Worth, Texas.
R. H. Miller, Forty-fourth Infantry, Buckingham county.
J. M. Hillsman, Forty-fourth Infantry, Amelia county.
T. H. Board, Fifty-eighth Infantry, Bedford county.
J. M. Hughes, Forty-fourth Infantry, Scottsville, Albemarle co.
Isaac Kuykendall, Seventh Cavalry, Romney.
J. M. Lovett, Twenty-second Cavalry, Hampshire county.
W. T. Mitchell, Sixth Cavalry, Pittsylvania county.
T. A. Moon, Sixth Cavalry, Halifax county.
A. M. King, Fiftieth Infantry, Saltville, Lee county.
B. G. Brown, Seventh Infantry, Brown's Cove, Albemarle co.
Charles D. McCoy, Twenty-fifth Infantry, Charlottesville.
William C. Nunn, Fifth Cavalry, Little Plymouth.
Peyton Alfriend, Thirty-ninth Militia, Petersburg.
Bruce Gibson, Sixth cavalry, Upperville, Fauquier county.
George W. Nelson, General Pendleton's staff, Beaver Dam, Hanover county.
C. J. Lewis, Eighth Cavalry, Charleston, Kanawha county.

ADJUTANTS.

D. M. Leyton, Twenty-fifth Infantry, Mount Meridian.
B. B. Howelett, Fifth Cavalry, Cobb's creek.
O. H. P. Lewis, Thirty-first Infantry, Beverly, Randolph county.
W. W. Boggs, Twentieth Cavalry, Wheeling.
J. Arrington, Forty-second Infantry, Campbell Courthouse.
D. W. Garrett, Forty-second Infantry, Morgantown, Ga.
H. T. Coalter, Fifty-third Infantry, King William Courthouse.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

Thomas O. Moss, Twenty-third Infantry, Louisa Courthouse.
H. Fry, Thirty-seventh Infantry, Wheeling.
W. E. Hart, Page's Battery, King William Courthouse.
B. C. Maxwell, Cutshaw's Battery, Westham Locks.

J. Ogden Murray, Seventh Cavalry, Richmond.

W. Asberry, Sixteenth Infantry, Target Hill, Wayne county.

B. D. Merchant, Fourth Cavalry, Manassas Junction.

James H. Childs, Warrenton.

S. T. Carson, Fifth Infantry, Steel's Tavern, Augusta county.

Jesse Child, Forty-second Infantry, Richmond.

George H. Killian, Fifth Infantry, Waynesborough.

J. W. Gilkerson, Twenty-fifth Infantry, Mint Springs, Augusta county.

M. E. Bowers, Twenty-fifth Infantry, Franklin, Pendleton county.

W. L. Hunter, Forty-third Battalion (Cavalry), Waynesborough.

W. L. Bernard, Thirty-seventh Battalion (Cavalry), Rocky Mount, Franklin county.

T. S. Mitchell, Forty-second Infantry, Martinsville, Henry county.

P. W. Dalton, Forty-second Infantry, Martinsville, Henry county.

H. L. Hoover, Twenty-fifth Infantry, Staunton.

T. J. Kirk, Fourth Infantry, Christiansburg.

T. C. Chandler, Forty-seventh Infantry, Bowling Green.

A. R. Angell, Forty-second Infantry, Rocky Mount, Franklin county.

G. W. Finley, Fifty-sixth Infantry, Clarksville.

W. McGaulley, Ninth Cavalry, Warsaw.

J. C. Allen, Seventh Cavalry, Edinburg, Shenandoah county.

L. B. Doyle, Fifth Infantry, Lexington.

J. W. A. Ford, Twentieth Cavalry, Lewisburg.

A. W. Edwards, Fifteenth Cavalry, Princess Anne county.

W. H. Morgan, Eleventh Infantry, Campbell county.

J. D. Greener, Fiftieth Infantry, Tazewell county.

C. P. Harper, Twenty-first Infantry, Mecklenburg.

Isaac Coles, Sixth Cavalry, Peytonsburg.

S. M. Dent, Fifth Cavalry, Alexandria.

Erasmus L. Bell, Tenth Infantry, Luray.

C. D. Hall, Forty-eighth Infantry, Lee, Page county.

Henry C. Howlett, Fifth Cavalry, Petersburg.

Earl C. Andis, Fourth Infantry, Elk Creek.

Jefferson W. A. Funk, Fifth Infantry, Winchester.

John F. Lytten, Fifth Infantry, Long Glade.

James W. Gellock, Twenty-seventh Infantry, Lexington.

James W. McDowell, Twenty-sixth Battalion, Lewisburg.

A. G. Hudgins, Confederate States Navy, Richmond.

C. B. Eastham, Tenth Infantry, Harrisonburg.

J. H. Hawkins, Tenth Infantry, McGaheysville.
T. P. Doyle, Thirty-third Infantry, Staunton.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

Drury Lacy, Twenty-third Infantry, Prince Edward Courthouse.
S. J. Hutton, Thirty-seventh Infantry, Glade Spring Depot.
M. H. Duff, Thirty-seventh Infantry, Lodi, Washington county.
E. A. Rosenbalm, Thirty-seventh Infantry, Lodi, Washington county.
S. A. Johnson, Twenty-third Infantry, Louisa, Washington co.
J. W. Groom, Twenty-third Infantry, Louisa, Washington co.
Alex. B. Cooke, Twenty-third Infantry, Louisa, Washington co.
R. C. Bryan, Forty-eighth Infantry, Abingdon.
J. T. Fulcher, Thirty-seventh Infantry, Abingdon.
J. S. King, Thirty-seventh Infantry, Abingdon.
S. H. Hawes, Page's Virginia Battery, Richmond.
F. King, Page's Virginia Battery, King William county.
R. Massie, Cutshaw's Virginia Battery, Covesville.
George F. Keiser, Fifth Infantry, Greenville.
John T. Gannaway, Fiftieth Infantry, Chatham Hill.
R. W. Legg, Fiftieth Infantry, Turkey Cove.
R. S. Bowie, Thirty-seventh Infantry, Abingdon.
F. Foussie, Twenty-fifth Infantry, Weston.
W. L. Enos, Twenty-sixth Infantry, Wood's Cross Roads, Gloucester county.
A. B. Cauthorn, Twenty-sixth Infantry, King and Queen Courthouse.
John M. Lambert, Fifty-second Infantry, Greenville.
W. P. R. Leigh, Fifth Cavalry, Gloucester Courthouse.
W. N. Hendrix, Twenty-fifth Infantry, Fairmount.
John G. Brown, Forty-ninth Infantry, Front Royal.
W. H. Hatcher, Forty-second Infantry, Liberty,
W. B. Carder, Fourth Infantry, Marion, Smyth county.
T. J. King, Forty-second Cavalry Battalion, Martinsville, Henry county.
T. M. Gravely, Forty-second Infantry, Martinsville, Henry co.
J. P. Kelly, Fourth Infantry, Newburn, Henry county.
P. Hogan, Fourth Infantry, Lexington.
J. W. Mauck, Tenth Infantry, Harrisonburg.
S. D. Bland, Eighteenth Cavalry, Franklin, Pendleton county.

C. Frates, Third Infantry, Petersburg.

S. W. Garey, Third Infantry, Norfolk.

F. C. Barnes, Fifty-sixth Infantry, Marysville, Charlotte county.

J. H. Allen, Forty-eighth Infantry Battalion, Ballardsville, Boone county.

H. G. Brinkley, Forty-first Infantry, Norfolk.

C. F. Crisp, Tenth Infantry, Luray, Page county.

S. H. Finks, Tenth Infantry, Madison Courthouse.

J. Long, Tenth Infantry, Bridgewater, Rockingham county.

John A. Donaghe, Tenth Infantry, Parnassus.

J. J. Hervitzie, Thirty-seventh Infantry, Lebanon.

J. A. Burnett, Fiftieth Infantry, Blountville, Sullivan county, Tennessee.

W. S. Gilmer, Thirty-seventh Infantry, Lebanon.

J. W. Harris, Fifty-eighth Infantry, Bedford county.

J. S. Hix, Forty-fourth Infantry, Goochland.

Thomas R. Applebury, Forty-fourth Infantry, Fluvanna county.

John W. Hughes, Forty-fourth Infantry, Cobham Depot.

William A. Dawson, Twenty-seventh Infantry, Callands.

D. B. Cannoy, Fourth Infantry, Elk creek.

W. W. George, Twenty-sixth Battalion, Princeton, Mercer co.

W. G. Herrington, Twenty-fifth Battalion, Shelby, Cleveland county, N. C.

R. C. Campbell, Fifty-third Infantry, King William county.

J. Walker Frasier, First Cavalry, Loudoun county.

C. P. Johnson, McNeil's Battalion, P. R. Hampshire county.

P. B. Akers, Eleventy Infantry, Lynchburg.

L. Green, Fifth Cavalry, Petersburg.

H. C. Jones, Fiftieth Infantry, Gladesville.

J. S. Hempstead, Twenty-fifth Infantry, Dubuque, Ia.

W. D. Dodson, Fifth Cavalry, Danville.

Robert B. Hart, Fifth Cavalry, Stevensville.

John W. Davis, Twentieth Cavalry, Clarksburg.

Hopkins Harden, Nineteenth Infantry, Scottsville.

Francis R. Haynes, Twenty-fourth Cavalry, Cobb's Creek.

Thornton J. Berry, Twenty-fifth Infantry, Salt Lick.

Norman D. Embry, Twenty-fifth Cavalry, Pineville.

Alex. R. Humphries, Twenty-sixth Battalion, Lewisburg.

C. D. Fitzhugh, First Cavalry, Hagerstown, Md.

Seven Virginia Officers Whose Names Were Omitted from the List.

Editor of The Times:

Sir,—The list of the Virginia officers given in the article on the gallant 600 in the *Times* of last Sunday will be highly appreciated by all survivors as well as by the many friends. It has been read, re-read, reflected and meditated upon until the dark mirror of memory is before me, the lights of fancy are rising, faint and undefined images are appearing from every quarter. The lights increase, the figures grow plainer and plainer. I know them; they are the forms of former prison friends and associates—shabbily dressed, torn, tattered and threadbare—they don't look like gentlemen. This is a matter of the slightest moment—they were my comrades in the sorsowful past and I love them. Yet I like not having to recall them in the bygone events through which they moved; hence the value of the printed roster. Here are seven Virginia officers whose names have been omitted in the list. They all embarked with the 600 on the *Crescent City;* they all returned to Virginia before the close of the war, and doubtless they are all now dead.

Colonel Woolfolk, Orange county, Va., ranking officer of the Virginians.

Major Evan Rice, Tappahannock, Va.

Captain Chalkley, Chesterfield county, Va.

Captain Fitzgerald, Norfolk, Va.

Captain Haskins, Northern Valley of Virginia.

First Lieutenant Charles R. Darracott, Sturdevant's Battery, Richmond, Va.

Midshipman Leftwich, Lynchburg, Va.

Respectfully,

George Hopkins.

Glen Allen, Va., August 27, 1897.

[From the Charleston *News and Courier*, January, 1898.]

JUDAH P. BENJAMIN.

[See *Ante*, pp. 297-302.]

We are indebted to the Hon. James Sprunt, of Wilmington, N. C., for another interesting contribution in regard to the early life of Judah P. Benjamin. He is confirmed in his opinion that Mr. Benjamin lived in Fayetteville, N. C., and attended the "Fayetteville Academy," where he attained distinction in his studies, and was prepared for college. His conviction is based upon "the competent testimony of the venerable R. C. Belden, Esq., of this State" (North Carolina), "who was an intimate friend and schoolmate of young Benjamin." We publish both Mr. Sprunt's letter, and Mr. Belden's statement to-day.

In the absence of other testimony, we would say that Mr. Sprunt had made out his case; the most that we can concede, however, in view of abundant testimony upon the subject, is that Mr. Benjamin may have been a pupil at the Fayetteville Academy for perhaps a year. Indeed, this is all that Mr. Belden claims. It is admitted generally, that the Benjamins came to the United States when Judah was only four or five years of age, and Mr. Ezekiel says that the time of their immigration was 1815. Mr. Belden says that Judah and his brother Solomon, and his sister Hannah, "came to Fayetteville in 1825, lived with their uncle and aunt, and became pupils in the Fayetteville Academy," and that "Judah was a classmate of mine during his stay in Fayetteville." Continuing, Mr. Belden says: "Mr. Levy" (Judah's uncle), "desiring to enlarge his business, removed with his sister" (Mrs. Wright), "and the Benjamins to New Orleans, in 1826.

If they prove anything, these statements prove that Judah could not have been in Fayetteville much more than one year; if, indeed, he were ever there at all, except with the Confederate Cabinet on its flight from Richmond at the close of the war in 1865. If he arrived in Fayetteville on January 1, 1825, and departed thence on December 31, 1826, he could not have been in Fayetteville more than two years. It is admitted by Mr. Belden that the Benjamins came to Charleston from the West Indies, and the time of their arrival here, as nearly as can be reckoned, was in the year 1815. He did not go to Fayetteville, if at all, until 1825, and must have been fifteen years old that year, and must have lived in Charleston for at least ten years before he became Mr. Belden's classmate, unless it shall transpire that Mr. Belden really attended school with Judah at the old brick school-house in St. Michael's alley, Charleston.

There is no doubt that Mr. Benjamin lived in Charleston, and went to school in this city. He told Mr. Levin that such was the case. Mr. B. C. Hard, of Williamston, S. C., who is still living, says that he was in Judah's class; that Judah was a very bright pupil, and quoted Shakespeare while playing marbles; that his teacher was Robert Southworth. Among his classmates, or school-fellows, were N. Russell Middleton, T. Leger Hutchinson, W. J. Hard, Mitchell King, —— Wilson, B. C. Hard, Stephen Thomas and others—all for many years residents of this city. The Hebrew Orphan Society paid for his schooling. The store in which his father did business was situated in King street, near Clifford street, and his aunt, Mrs. Wright, as we were told yesterday upon good authority, also did business in this city. Probably when she moved to Fayetteville, in 1825, she took her nephew and niece with her.

If further evidence were needed to prove that the Benjamins lived in Charleston it can be found in the records of the United States Court in Charleston, which show that the elder Benjamin obtained his naturalization papers here. After the war, when Judah wished to enter the English Bar, it was necessary for him to prove that he was born a British subject, and the proof of his father's application for American citizenship was found on file in the United States Court at Charleston.

Mr. Benjamin was a great man, and we are not surprised that many cities should claim the honor of his residence. We hope that the Hon. Francis Lawley, of London, will not omit Charleston from his story of the "Life of Judah P. Benjamin." But for the care which was taken of his friend and confidant in this old town, probably the world would never have known him; the world, as we all know, is full of "mute, inglorious Miltons."

[From the Baltimore *Sun*, November 2, 1897.]

FREEDOM FOR THE SLAVES.

How President Lincoln was Brought to the Point of Issuing His Proclamation.

It was in the closing days of September, 1862, says the New York *Mail and Express*, that Abraham Lincoln formally announced that on the January 1, following, he would declare all slaves free in the States then at war with the government. To Frank B. Carpenter, the artist, Lincoln gave a very interesting account of the manner in which he prepared and submitted to the cabinet the proclamation.

"It had got to be," he said, "midsummer, 1862. Things had gone on from bad to worse, until I felt that we had reached the end of the rope on the plan of operations we had been pursuing; that we had about played our last card, and must change our tactics or lose the game. I now determined upon the adoption of the emancipation policy, and, without consultation with, or the knowledge of the cabinet, I prepared the original draft of a proclamation, and, after much anxious thought, called a cabinet meeting upon the subject. This was the last of July, or the first part of the month of August, 1862. This cabinet meeting took place, I think, upon a Saturday. All were present excepting Mr. Blair, the Postmaster-General, who was absent at the opening of the discussion, but came in subsequently. I said to the cabinet that I had resolved upon this step, and had not called them together to ask their advice, but to lay the subject matter of a proclamation before them, suggestions as to which whould be in order after they had heard it read.

"Various suggestions were offered. Secretary Chase wished the language stronger in reference to the arming of the blacks. Mr. Blair, after he came in, deprecated the policy on the ground that it would cost the administration the fall elections. Nothing, however, was offered that I had not already anticipated and settled in my own mind, until Secretary Seward spoke. Said he: 'Mr. President, I approve of the proclamation, but I question the expediency of its issue at this juncture. The depression of the public mind, consequent upon our repeated reverses, is so great that I fear the effect of so important a step. It may be viewed as the last measure of an exhausted government—a cry for help; the government stretching forth its hands to Ethiopia, instead of Ethiopia stretching forth her hands to the government.' His idea was that it would be considered our 'last shriek' on the retreat. 'Now,' continued Mr. Seward, 'while I approve the measure, I suggest, sir, that you postpone its issue until you can give it to the country supported by military success, instead of issuing it, as would be the case now, upon the greatest disasters of the war.'

"The wisdom of the Secretary of State struck me with very great force. It was an aspect of the case that in all my thought upon the subject I had entirely overlooked. The result was that I put the draft of the proclamation aside, as you do your sketch for a picture, waiting for a victory. From time to time I added or changed a line, touching it up here and there, waiting the progress of events. Well, the next news we had was of Pope's disaster at Bull Run. Things looked darker than ever. Finally came the week of Antietam. I determined to wait no longer. The news came, I think, on Wednesday, that the advantage was on our side. I was then staying at the Soldiers' Home. Here I finished writing the second draft of the preliminary proclamation; came up on Saturday, called the cabinet together to hear it, and it was published the following Monday."

An incident of the last-mentioned cabinet meeting not mentioned by Lincoln was related to Mr. Carpenter by Secretary Chase. The President, he said, began by remarking that the time for the annunciation of the emancipation policy could no longer be delayed. Public sentiment, he thought, would sustain it, many of his warmest friends and supporters demanded it, and he had promised his God that he would do it. The last part of this was uttered in a low tone, and appeared to be heard by no one but Mr. Chase, who was sitting near him. He asked the President if he correctly understood him.

Mr. Lincoln replied: "I made a solemn vow before God that if General Lee were driven back from Pennsylvania I would crown the result by the declaration of freedom to the slaves."

[From the Richmond, Va., *Times*, Jan. 30, 1898.]

THE CONFEDERATE DEAD.

A Beautiful Poem by A. C. GORDON, of Staunton.

To the Editor of the Times:

In reading the excellent address of Capt. R. S. Parks to the veterans [see *ante* pp. 354–364], as reported in your paper, and the beautiful and fitting verses with which he closed, it occurred to me that you would enjoy, if you have never seen it, or read it, the entire poem as delivered by the author, the Hon. A. C. Gordon, of Staunton, Va., upon the occasion of unveiling the monument erected to the Confederate dead at Staunton, Va., and I enclose you a copy. The late Professor George Fred. Holmes told the writer of this that he considered Mr. Armistead Gordon's poem "the finest on such an occasion he had read since the war." With many other distinguishing qualities, I am happy that Virginia has in this son one who writes so beautifully in verse.*

G. JULIAN PRATT.

Waynesboro, Va., January 25, 1898.

THE CONFEDERATE DEAD.

"The grief that circled his brow with a crown of thorns was also that which wreathed them with the splendor of immortality."—*Castelar's "Savonarola."*

I.

Where are they who marched away,
  Sped with smiles that changed to tears,
Glittering lines of steel and gray
Moving down the battle's way—
  Where are they these many years?

Garlands wreathed their shining swords;
  They were girt about with cheers,
Children's lispings, women's words,
Sunshine and the songs of birds—
  They are gone so many years.

---

* He has written as well in prose, it may be assumed, for, as fellow student with Thomas Nelson Page at the University of Virginia, he yielded to the latter (it has been admitted), some conceptions—upon which our dialect writer rose to fame and wealth.

"Lo! beyond their brave array
  Freedom's august dawn appears:"
Thus we said: "The brighter day
Breaks above that line of gray."—
  Where are they these many years?

All our hearts went with them there,
  All our love, and all our prayers;
What of them? How do they fare,
They who went to do and dare,
  And are gone so many years?

What of them who went away
  Followed by our hopes and fears?
Braver never marched than they,
Closer ranks to fiercer fray.—
  Where are they these many years?

II.

Borne upon the Spartan shield
  Home returned that brave array
From the blood-stained battle-field
They might neither win nor yield;
  That is all, and here are they.

That is all, The soft sky bends
  O'er them, lapped in earth away;
Her benignest influence lends,
Dews and rains and radiance sends
  Down upon them, night and day.

Over them the Springtide weaves
  All the verdure of her May:
Past them drift the sombre leaves
When the heart of Autumn grieves
  O'er their slumbers.—What care they?

What care they, who failed to win
  Guerdon of that splendid day—
Freedom's day—they saw begin,
But that, 'mid the battle's din,
  Faded in eclipse away?

All is gone for them. They gave
  All for naught. It was their way
Where they loved. They died to save
What was lost. The fight was brave.
  That is all; and here are they.

III.

Is that all? Was duty naught?
  Love and Faith made blind with tears?
What the lessons that they taught?
What the glory that they caught
  From the onward sweeping years?

Here are they who marched away,
  Followed by our hopes and fears;
Nobler never went than they
To a bloodier, madder fray,
  In the lapse of all the years.

Garlands still shall wreathe the swords
  That they drew amid our cheers;
Children's lispings, women's words,
Sunshine, and the songs of birds
  Greet them here through all the years

With them ever shall abide
  All our love and all our prayers.
"What of them?" The battle's tide
Hath not scathed them. Lo, they ride
  Still with Stuart down the years.

Where are they who went away,
  Sped with smiles that changed to tears?
Lee yet leads the lines of gray—
Stonewall still rides down this way;
  They are Fame's through all the years.

INDEX.

Abbeville, S. C., Distinguished men of, 56.
Alabama Heroine, An, 45.
Alexandria, Retrocession of, 197.
Allen, Major Wm., 139.
Ambulance Corps, The Richmond, Members of, 113.
Anderson, General Joseph R., 211.
Appomattox, Surrender at, 20, 263.
Archer, Colonel Fletcher H., 12.
Ashford, Col. John, 257
Atkinson, Col. John Wilder, 38, 139.
Averill, Col. J. H., 267.

Baldwin, Joseph G , 22.
Barlow, Captain J. W., 139.
Barker, Capt. F. C., 366.
Barnes, Gen. W. F., 78.
Beauregard, Gen. G. T., 206
Benjamin, Judah P., Sketch of, 297, 378.
Bennett, Captain Frank, 171.
Bingham, Capt. Robert 345.
Blacknall, Col. C. C., 168, 173.
Blacknall, Dr. Geo. W., 168.
Blacknall, Dr. Oscar, 168.
Blacknall, Maj. T. H., 168.
Blake, Capt. T. B., 139, 286.
Blow, Capt. W. N , 275
Boonsboro, Battle of, 162, 276
Boyd, Miss Belle, 165.
Boy Heroes at Cold Harbor, 234.
Brandy Station, Battle of, 148, 168.
Bristow Station, Battle of, 339.
Bullock, C. S. N., Irvine S., 117.
Burkittsville, Charge at, 148
Burgess' Mill, Battle of, 15, 343.

Cedar Creek, Battle of, 173.
Cedar Run, Battle of, 98, 161.
Centreville, Battle of, 100.
Chambersburg, Battle of, 259.
Chancellorsville, Disparity of Confederate and Federal forces at, 109, 169, 348.
Chantilly, Battle of, 99.
Christian, Maj. E. J., killed, 159.
Christie, Col. D. H., killed, 166.
Clark, George, 84.
Clayton, Capt. Robert, 139.
Cleery, Major F. D , 5.
Cobb, Gen T. R. R., Legion of, 147.
Coinage Debate in 1852, 200.
Cold Harbor, Battle of, 160, 171, 209, 234.
Colston, Gen. R. E., Tribute to, 346; Ode by, 352.
Confederate Cause, The, 21, 357.
Confederate Dead, The, Poem by A. C. Gordon, 382.
Confederate Forces, Total of, 308.
Confederate Navy, The Shenandoah, 116; Alabama, Florida, 126.
Council, Col J. C., 12.
Cowardin, Lieut. John L., 139.
Crater, Charge at the, 285.
Crutchfield's Artillery Brigade; Operations of April, 1865, 38, 139, 285.
Cumberland Grays, 21st Va. Infantry, Roster and Record of, 264.
Custer, Gen. Geo. A., 239.

Danville, Explosion at, April, 1865, 271.
Davis, Pres't Jefferson, 69; at Manassas, 94.
Davis, Sam, A Southern Hero, Tribute to by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, 231.
Deloney, Col. W. G., 147.
Drewry's Bluff, Battle of, 206.
Duke, Col. R. T. W., 138.
Duncan, Col. R. P., 17.

Early, Gen. Jubal A., 109, 153.
Early, Capt. W. T., 135.
Ennals, Bartholomew, 181.
Ewell, Gen. R. S., 40, 105.
Ezekiel, H. T., 297.

Farrar, Judge F. R., 364.
Fayette Artillery, in the Movement on New Berne, N. C., 288.
Federal Forces, Total of the, 303.
Five Forks, Battle of, 16.
Fitzhugh, Maj. P. H., killed, 14.
Fleming, Robt. I., 355.
Fleming, W. L., 45.
Flowers, Col. Geo. W., 245.
Forrest, Gen. N. B., Ability of, 45, 54.
Frayser, Capt R. E., 369.
Frazier's Farm, Battle of, 98, 209, 211.
Fredericksburg, Battle of, 96.
Fugitive Slaves' Law, Author of, 190.
Fulkerson, Col. Abram, 365.

Gaines, E. W., 288.
Gaines' Mill, Battle of, 97.
Garland, Jr , Gen. Sam'l, 157.
Garrett, Col., killed, 171.
Gettysburg Failure, Cause of the, 60.
Georgia Battalion, Casualties in, April, 1865, 43.
Gibbs, Maj. W. H., 38.
Gill, Serg't-Maj W F., killed, 161.
Gloucester County (Va.) Confederate dead of, 1, 20.
Goode, Col. J. Thomas, 3, 16.
Gordon, A. C., 382.
Gordon, Gen. John B., 105.
Green, Lieut. J. M., 281.
Gregg, Gen. Maxey, 107
Gregory, Maj. W. F. C., 5.
Grimball, Lieut. John, C. S. N., 116.
Grimes, Gen. Bryan, 167.
Groveton, Battle of, 99.

Hagood, Gen. J., Brigade of, 13, 223.
Hamilton, Col. D. H., 237.
Hampton Roads Conference, by Hon. John H. Reagan, 68.

Hare, Lt., killed, 357.
Hare's Hill, Battle of, 175
Harpers' Ferry, Capture of, 254.
Harris, Col. David Bullock, 6.
Harrison, Capt. C. Shirley, 139, 285.
Hatcher's Run Battle of, 175.
Hayes, R. B., 163, 321.
Hensley, Major J. O., 139.
Hill, Gen. A. P., 255.
Hill, Gen. D. H., 107, 156.
Hill, Major J. C., 14.
Hobson, Col. Edwin L., 105.
Hoke, Col. W. J., 258, 261.
Holmes, Gen. T H , 4, 215.
Hopkins, George, 377.
Howletts, Charge at, 12.
Hunter, R. M. T., Sketch of, 193.
Hyman, Col. J. H., 263.

Iverson, Gen. Alfred, 165.

Jackson, Gen. T. J., His Career and Character, 91; his corps, English estimate of, 92; fatal wounding of, 256; incidents in his life at West Point, 309; in a duel, 312; death of, 328.
Jenkins, Gen. M , 7.
Johnson, Gen. B. R., 13, 19, 90.
Johnson, Gen. B. T., 173.
Johnson, Gen. Edward, 170.
Johnston, Gen. Joseph E., 154, 157, 161; his negotiations with Sherman, 272.
Jones, Lt.-Col., killed, 9.
Jordan, Col. R. D., 166.
Jordan, Surgeon, killed, 165.
Jordan, Capt. Wm , 17.

Kemper, Col. Del., 7.
Kernstown, Battle of. 314.
Knight, Capt. J. S., killed, 166.
Knox, Myra E., 323.

Lamb, Hon. John, 208.
Laughton, Jr., Capt. John E., 347.
Lee Camp, No. 1., C. V., 91.
Lee, Gen. Fitzhugh, 276.
Lee, Gen. G. W. Custis, 38, 286.
Lee, Gen. R. E , Surrender of, 300; Birthday of, observed, 354
Lee, Stephen D., 103.
Lee, Gen. W. H. F., 277.
Leigh, Benj. Watkins, 187.
Lewis, R. B., 351.
Lincoln, Abraham, 69, 380.
Lyons, Capt. J. L., 184.

McClellan, Gen. G. B., 154.
McCrady, Col Edward, 237.
McDowell, Miss Lillie, 281.
McGowan, Gen. Sam'l, 211.
Magruder, Gen. J. B., 154, 217.
McGuire, Dr. Hunter, 91.
McIntire, Adj't D. N., 257.
McLaws, Gen Fayette, 101.
Mahone, Gen. Wm., 82.
McLaughlin, Maj, M. McR., 257.
McRae, Col. D. K., 153, 157, 164.
McRae, Gen. Wm., 339.
McRae, Capt., killed, 257.
Malvern Hill, Battle of, 95, 160, 183, 208, 212.
Manassas, Battle of, 4.
Marshall, Col. E. G., 78.
Marigny, Col. M,, 182.
Maryland Campaign, The, 226.
Mason, Hon. J. M., Tribute to, 186.
Maury, Gen. D. H , 45, 309.
Mechanicsville, Battle of, 160, 249.
Miller, Walter L., 60.
Monocacy, Battle of, 174.
Morris Island, 131. Six hundred Confederates under Fire on; their hardships, 365.
Mosby's Men, Hanging of by Gen. Custer, 239.

N. C. Infantry, History and officers of the 23d, 151; 38th, 245, badges to for gallantry, 257; 44th, 334.
N. C. Forces in the C. S. Army, 343.

Page, Col. Powhatan R., 5, 7; killed, 14.
Page, Thomas Nelson, 382.
Parks, Capt. R. S., Address of, 356.
Pegram, Gen. John, killed, 175.
Pender's Brigade, 249, 259.
Perrin, Col. Abner. 17.
Petersburg, Operations before in 1864, 10; Slaughter at in 1864, 222, 345.
Petigru, James Louis, Sketch of, 55.
Pettigrew, Gen. J. J , 337, 338.
Pickett, Gen. Geo. E., 288.
Pratt, G. Julian, 382.
Prentiss, Sergeant S., Sketch of, 23.
Private Soldier, The, Address by Hon. R. T. Bennett, 302.

Reams' Station, Battle of, 261, 341.
Richmond, Va., Burning of, April, 3, 1865, 135, 267; Retreat from, 135, 139, 285, 332.
Rion, Maj. Jas. H., 223.
Rockbridge 2d Battery, Its Roster and Career, 281.
Rockbridge 2d Dragoons, Roster & Record, 177.
Rogers, Colonel George T., 84.

Sailor's Creek, Battle of, 17, 39, 139; C. S. A. prisoners at, 143.
Sansom, Miss Emma, 45.
Saunders, General J. C. C., 84.
Schimmelfinnig, General Alex., 8.
Semmes, Hon. T. J., Reminiscences of, 317.
Semple, Major H. C., 321.
Seven Days' Battles, 161.
Seven Pines, Battle of, 157, 158, 208, 215.
Sharpsburg, Battle of, 95, 106, 164.
Shenandoah, Career and Officers of, 116.
Shepherdstown, Battle of, 254.
Signal Corps, C. S. A., The, 130.
Slaves, Proclamation freeing them, 378.
Slidell, Hon. John, 191.
Smith, General G. W., 158, 222.
Smith, General W. F., 5, 13.
Soldiers of 200 years, The greatest, 92.
Southanna Bridge, Battle of, 337.
South Carolina, Operations in, 1863–4, 7.
South, Life in the, before 1861, 324.
South Mountain Gap, Battle of, 162.
South, Righteous Cause of the, 357.
Spinola Family, The, 188.
Spotsylvania C. H., Battle of, 170, 261, 340.
Sprunt, Hon. James, 378.
Starke, Colonel A. W , 3, 4.
Stedman, Charles M.. 334.
Stewart, Colonel W. H., 77, 285.
Stiles, Major Robert, 39.
Strange, Major James, 135.
Streight, Colonel A. D., Capture of, 45.
Stribling, Robert M., 67.
Sumter, Fort, 131.
Sussex Light Dragoons, Roll of, 273.

Tabb, Colonel W. B., 3, 17.
Taft, A. W , 130.
Thomas, Hon. W. M., 222.
Tilman, Heroism of Color-Bearer, 345.
Tupper, Lieutenant F., killed, 42.
Turner, Lieutenant J. M., 41.
Tyler, President John, 321.
Tyrrell, Henry, 77.

Valley Campaign, Jackson's, 103.
Volunteer Soldier, The, 103.
Von Browaer, Baron, 181.

Waggaman, Colonel Eugene, 10th Louisiana Infantry, sketch of, 180.
Wall, H. C., 151.
Wallace, General W. H., 15.
Watterson, Henry, 1, 8.
Washington, Colonel L. Q., 193.
Waterloo, Battle of, 219.
Watkins, Major H. C., 5.
West Virginia Campaign, 3.
Whitaker's Mill captured, 4.
White Horse, Incident of the officer on the, 105.
Whiting, Gen. W. H. C., 10, 215.
Wiatt, Chaplain W. E., 16.
Wilcox, Ella Wheeler, 231.
Wilderness, Battle of the, 259, 339.
Wilson, Lt. Samuel, 139.
Winchester, Battle of, 97.
Wise, Barton Haxall, 1, 205.
Wise's Brigade, Career of, 1.
Wise, Capt. Geo. D., killed, 14.
Wise, Gen. Henry A., 1, 186, 206.
Wise, Gen. Peyton, Native of, 14.
Wright, Gen. G. J., 147.
Wright, Gen. H. G., 287.

Yorktown, Defense of, 155.
Young, Gen. P. M. B., Tribute to, 146; his defense of Savannah, 150.